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AUGUST, 1919

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

VOLUMES III. & IV.

Ahora bien, dixo el Cura, traedme, senor huésped, aquesos libros, que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondió el, y entrando, en su aposento, sáco dél una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriéndola, halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—Don Quixote, Part I. Capitulo 32.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart answered the host; and, going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—Jarvis's *Translation*.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.

BURNS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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TALE II.—CONTINUED.

OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER I.

My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawk's may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I ne'er be!

Old Ballad.

WE left Morton, along with three companions in captivity, travelling in the custody of a small body of soldiers who formed the rear-guard of the column under the command of Claverhouse, and were immediately under the charge of Serjeant Bothwell. Their route lay towards the hills in which the insurgent presbyterians were reported to be in arms. They had not prosecuted their march a quarter of a mile ere Claverhouse and Evandale galloped past them, followed by their orderly-men, in order to take their proper places in the column which preceded them. No sooner were they past than Bothwell halted the body which he commanded, and disencumbered Morton of his irons.

'King's blood must keep word,' said the dragoon. 'I promised you should be civilly treated so far as rested with me.—Here, Corporal Inglis, let this gentleman ride alongside of the other young fellow who is prisoner; and you may permit them to converse together at their pleasure, under their breath, but take care they are guarded by two files with loaded carabines. If they attempt an escape, blow their brains out.—You cannot call that using you uncivilly,' he continued, addressing himself to Morton, 'it's the rules of war, you know.—And, Inglis, couple up the parson and the old woman, they are fittest company for each other, d—n me; a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of cant or fanatical

nonsense, let them have a strapping with a shoulder belt. There's some hope of choaking a silenced parson; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his own treason will burst him.'

Having made this arrangement, Bothwell placed himself at the head of the party, and Inglis, with six dragoons, brought up the rear. The whole then set forward at a trot, with the purpose of overtaking the main-body of the regiment.

Morton, overwhelmed with a complication of feelings, was totally indifferent to the various arrangements made for his secure custody, and even to the relief afforded him, by his release from the fetters. He experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the hurricane of passion, and, no longer supported by the pride and conscious rectitude which dictated his answers to Claverhouse, he surveyed with deep dejection the glades through which he travelled, each turning of which had something to remind him of past happiness and disappointed hope. The eminence which they now ascended was that from which he used first and last to behold the ancient tower when approaching or retiring from it, and it is needless to add, that there he was wont to pause, and gaze with a lover's delight on the battlements, which, rising at a distance out of the lofty wood, indicated the dwelling of her, whom he either hoped soon to meet or had recently parted from. Instinctively he turned his head back to take a last look of a scene formerly so dear to him, and no less instinctively he heaved a deep sigh. It was echoed by a loud groan from his companion in misfortune, whose eyes, moved, perchance, by similar reflections, had taken the same direction. This indication of sympathy, on the part of the captive, was uttered in a tone more coarse than sentimental; it was, however, the expression of a grieved spirit, and so far corresponded with the sigh of Morton, in turning their heads their eyes met, and Morton recognized the stoled countenance of Cuddie Headrigg, bearing a rueful expression, in which sorrow for his own lot was mixed with sympathy for the situation of his companion.

"Hegh, sirs!" was the expression of the cidevant ploughman of the Mains of Tillietudlem; "it's an unco thing that decent folk should be harled through the country this gate, as if they were a warld's wonder."

"I am sorry to see you here, Cuddie," said Morton, who, even in his own distress, did not loose feeling for that of others.

"And sae am I, Mr. Henry," answered Cuddie, "baith for mysel and you; but neither of our sorrows will do muckle gude that I can see. To be sure, for me," continued the captive agriculturist, relieving his heart by talking, though he well knew it was to little purpose,—"to be sure, for my part, I hae nae right to be here ava', for I never did nor said a word against either king or curate; but my mother, puir body, coulna haud the auld tongue o' her, and we maun baith pay for't, it's like."

'Your mother is their prisoner likewise?' said Morton, hardly knowing what he said.

'In troth is she, riding ahint ye there like a bride wi' that auld carle o' a minister, that they ca' Gabriel Kettledrummle—De'l that he had been in the inside of a drum or a kettle either, for myshare o' him! Ye see, we were nae sooner chased out o' the doors o' Milnwood, and your uncle and the housekeeper banging them to and bearing them ahint us, as if we had the plague on our bodies, than I says to my mother, What are we to do neist, for every hole and bore in the country will be steekit against us, now that ye hae affronted my auld leddy, and gar't the troopers tak up young Milnwood? Sae she says to me, Binna cast doun, but gird yousel up to the great task o' the day, and gi'e your testimony like a man upon the mount o' the Covenant.'

'And so I suppose you went to a conventicle?' said Morton.

'Ye sall hear,' continued Cuddie.—'Aweel, I kenn'd na muckle better what to do, sae I e'en ga'ed wi' her to an auld daft carline like hersel, and we gat some water-broo and bannocks, and money a weary grace they said, and mony a psalm they sung, or they wad let me win to, for I was amaist famished wi' vexation. Aweel, they had me up in the grey o' the morning, and I behoved to rhig awa' wi' them, reason or nane, to a great gathering o' their folk at the Miry-sikes, and there this chield, Gabriel Kettledrummle, was blasting awa' to them on the hill-side, about lifting up their testimony, nae doubt, and ganging down to the battle of Ramoth Gilead, or some sic place. Eh, Mr. Henry! but the carle gae them a screed o' doctrine!

Ye might hae heard him a mile down the wind—He routed like a cow in a fremd loaning.—Weel, thinks I, there's nae place in this country they ca' Roman Gilead—it will be some gate in the west moorlands; and or we win there I'll 'see to slip awa' wi' this mother o' mine, for I winna rin my neck into a tether for ony Kettledrummle in the country side.—Aweel,' continued Cuddie, relieving himself by detailing his misfortunes, without being scrupulous concerning the degree of attention which his companion bestowed on his narrative, 'just as I was wearying for the tail o' the preaching, cam word that the dragoons were upon us—Some ran, and some cried stand, and some cried down wi' the Philistines—I was at my mother to get her awa' sting and ling or the read-coats cam up, but I might as weel hae tried to drive our auld fore-a-hand ox without the goad—de'il a step wad she budge—Weel, after a', the cleugh we were in was strait, and the mist cam thick, and there was gude hope the dragoons wad hae missed us if we could hae held our ain tongues; but, as if auld Kettledrummle himsel hadna made din aneuch to waken the very dead, they behoved a' to skirl up a psalm that ye wad hae heard as far as Lanrick!—Aweel, to mak a lang tale short, up cam my young Lord Evandale, skelping as fast as his horse could trot, and twenty red-coats at his back. Twa or three chields wad needs fight, wi' the pistol and the whinger in the tae hand, and the Bible in the t'other, and they got their crowns weel clowred; but there was nae muckle skaith done, for Evendale aye cried to scatter us, but to spare life.'

'And did you not resist?' said Morton, who probably felt, that, at that moment, he himself would have encountered Lord Evendale on much slighter grounds.

'Na, truly,' answered Cuddie, 'I keepit aye before the auld woman, and cried for mercy to life and limb; but twa o' the red-coats cam up, and ane o' them was gaun to strike my mother wi' the side o' his broad-sword—So I gat up my kebbie at them, and said I wad gi'e them as gude. Weel, they turned on me, and clinked at me with their swords, and I garr'd my hand keep my head as weel as I could till Lord Evendale cam up, and then I cried out I was a servant at Tillietudlem—ye ken yoursel he was aye judged to hae a look after the young leddy—and he bade me fling doun my kent, and sae me and my mother yielded

ourse's prisoners.—I'm thinking we wad hae been letten slip awa', but Kettledrummle was ta'en near us, for Andrew Wilson's naig that he was riding on had been a dragooner, lang syne, and the sairer Kettledrummle spurred to win awa', the readier the dour beast ran to the dragoons when he saw them draw up—Aweel, when my mother and him forgathered, they set till the sodgers, and I think they gae them their kale through the reek! Bastards o' the whore of Babylon was the best words in their wame. Sae then the kiln was in a bleeze again, and they brought us a' three ou wi' them to mak us an example, as they ca't.

'It is most infamous and intolerable oppression,' said Morton, half speaking to himself; 'here is a poor peaceable fellow, whose only motive for joining the conventicle was a sense of filial piety and he is chained up like a thief or murderer, and likely to die the death of one, but without the privilege of a formal trial, which our law indulges to the worst malefactor! Even to witness such tyranny, and still more to suffer under it, is enough to make the blood of the tamest slave boil within him.'

'To be sure,' said Cuddie, hearing and partly understanding what had broken from Morton in resentment of his injuries, 'it is no right to speak evil o' dignities—my auld leddy aye said that, as nae doubt she had a good right to do, being in a place o' dignity hersel; and troth I listened to her very patiently, for she aye ordered a dram, or a sowp kale, or something to us, after she had gi'en us a hearing on our duties. But de'il a dram, or kale, or ony thing else—no sae muckle as a cup o' cauld water doe thae lords at Edinburgh gie us; and yet they are heading and hanging amang us, and trailing us after thae blackguard troopers, and taking our goods and gear as if we were outlaws. I canna say I tak it kind at their hands.'

'It would be very strange if you did,' answered Morton, with suppressed emotion.

'And what I like warst o' a',' continued poor Cuddie, is, thae ranting red-coats coming amang the lassies and taking awa' our joes. I had a sair heart o' my ain when I passed the Mains down at Tillietudlem this morning about parritch-time, and saw the reek coming out at my ain lum-head, and kenn'd there was some ither body than my auld mither sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was e'en sairer when I saw that hellicat trooper, Tam Hal-

liday, kissing Jenny Dennison afore my face. I wonder women can hae the impudence to do sic things; but they are a' for the red-coats. Whiles I hae thought o' being a trooper mysel, when I thought naething else wad gae doun wi' Jenny—and yet I'll no blame her ower muckle neither, for maybe it was a' for my sake that she loot Tam touzle her tap-knots that gate.'

'For your sake?' said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to bear a singular coincidence with his own.

'E'en sae, Milnwood, replied Cuddie; "for the puir quean gat leave to come near me wi' speaking the loon fair, (d—n him, that I suld say sae) and sae she bade me God speed, and she wanted to stap siller into my hand;—I'se warrant it was the tae half o' her fee and bountith, for she wared the ither half on pinners and pearlings to gang to see us shoot yon day at the popinjay.'

'And did you take it, Cuddie?' said Morton.

'Troth did I no, Milnwood; I was sic a fule as to fling it back to her—my heart was ower grit to be behadden to her, when I had seen that loon slavering and kissing at her. But I was a great fule for my pains; it wad hae dune my mother and me some gude, and she'll ware't a' on duds and nonsense.'

There was here a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's bounty, and Henry Morton in considering from what motives, or upon what conditions, Miss Bellenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Evendale in his favour.

'Was it not possible,' suggested his awakening hopes, 'that he had construed her influence over Lord Evendale hastily and unjustly? Ought he to censure her severely, if submitting to dissimulation for his sake, she had permitted the young nobleman to entertain hopes which she had no intention to realize? Or what if she had appealed to the generosity which Lord Evendale was supposed to possess, and had engaged his honour to protect the person of a favoured rival?'

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurred ever and anon to his remembrance, with a pang which resembled the sting of an adder.

'Nothing that she could refuse him!—was it possible to

make a more unlimited declaration of predilection? The language of affection has not, within the limits of maidenly delicacy, a stronger expression. She is lost to me wholly, and for ever; and nothing remains for me now, but vengeance for my own wrongs, and for those which are hourly inflicted on my country.'

Apparently, Cuddie, though with less refinement, was following out a similar train of ideas; for he suddenly asked Morton, in a low whisper,—"Wad there be ony ill in getting out o' thae chields' hands, an' ane could compass it?'

'None in the world,' said Morton; 'and if an opportunity occurs of doing so, depend on it I for one will not let it slip.'

'I'm blythe to hear ye say sae,' answered Cuddie. 'I am but a puir silly fallow, but I canna there wad be muckle ill in breaking out by strength o' hand, if ye could mak it ony thing feasible. I am the lad that will ne'er fear to lay on, if it were come to that; but our auld leddy wad hae ca'd that a resisting o' the king's authority.'

'I will resist any authority on earth,' said Morton, 'that invades tyrannically my chartered rights as a freeman; and I am determined I will not be unjustly dragged to a jail, or perhaps a gibbet, if I can possibly make my escape from these men either by address or force.'

'Weel, that's just my mind too, aye supposing we hae feasible opportunity o' breaking loose. But then ye speak o' a charter; now these are things that only belang to the like o' you, that are a gentleman, and it might na bear me through, that am but a husbandman.'

'The charter that I speak of,' said Morton, 'is common to the meanest Scotchman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself, and which every man who is free-born is called upon to defend, for his own sake and that of his countrymen.'

'Hegh, sirs!' replied Cuddie, 'it wad hae been lang or my Leddy Margaret, or my mither, either, wad hae found out sic a wiselike doctrine in the Bible! The tane was aye graning about giving tribute to Cæsar, and the tither is as daft wi' her whiggery. I hae been clean spoilt, just wi' listening to twa blethering auld wives; but if I could get a gentleman that wad let me tak on to be his servant, I am

confident I wad be a clean contrary creature; and I hope your honour will think on what I am saying, if we were ance fairly delivered out o' this house of bondage, and just tak me to be your ain wally-de-shamle."

'My valet, Cuddie?' answered Morton, 'alas! that would be sorry preferment, even if we were at liberty.'

'I ken what ye're thinking—that because I am landward bred, I wad be bringing ye to disgrace afore folk; but ye maun ken I'm gay gleg at the uptak; there was never ony thing dune wi' hand but I learned gay readily, 'septing reading, writing, and cyphering; but there's no the like o' me at the fit-ba', and I can play wi' the broadsword as weel as Corporal Inglis there. I hae broken his head or now, for as massy as he's riding ahint us.—And then ye'll no be gaun to stay in his country?'—said he, stopping and interrupting himself.

'Probably not,' replied Morton.

'Weel, I care na a boddle. Ye see I wad get my mither bestowed wi' her auld graning tittie, auntie Meg, in the Gallow-gate o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad neither burn her for a witch, or let her fail for fau't o' food, or hang her up for an auld whig wife; for the provost, they say, is very regardful o' sic puir bodies. And then you and I wad gang and pouss our fortunes, like the folk i' the daft auld tales about Jock the Giant killer and Valentine and Orson; and we wad come back to merry Scotland, as the sang says, and I wad tak to the stilts again, and turn sic furs on the bonnie rigs o' Milnwood holms, that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them.'

'I fear,' said Morton, 'there is very little chance, my good friend Cuddie, of our getting back to your old occupation.'

'Hout, sir—hout, sir,' replied Cuddie, 'it's aye gude to keep up a hardy heart—as broken a ship's come to land.—But what's that I hear?—never stir, if my auld mither is na at the preaching again! I ken the sough o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blawing through the spence; and there's Kettledrummle setting to wark, too—Lord's sake, if the sodgers anes get angry, they'll murder them baith, and us for company!'

Their farther conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which arose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in unison with that of the old wo-

man, tones like the grumble of a bassoon combined with the screaking of a cracked fiddle. At first, the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to condole with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

'Woe, woe, and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!' exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle—'Woe, and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials!'

'Ay—ay—a black cast to a' their ill-fa'ar'd faces, and the outside o' the loof to them at the last day,' echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

'I tell you,' continued the divine, 'that your rankings and your ridings—your neighings and your prancings—your bloody, barbarous, and inhuman cruelties—your benumbing, deadening, and debauching the consciences of poor creatures by oaths, soul-damning and self-contradictory, have risen from earth to Heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come—hugh! hugh! hugh!'

'And I say,' cried Mause, in the same tune, and nearly at the same time, 'that wi' this auld breath o' mine, and it's sair ta'en down wi' the asthmatics and this rough trot'——

'De'il gin they wad gallop,' said Cuddie, 'wad it but gar her haud her tongue!'

'Wi' this auld and brief breath,' continued Mause, 'will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalcations, and declinings of the land—against the grievances and the causes of wrath.'

'Peace, I pr'ythee—Peace, good woman,' said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause's better wind, 'peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar.—I say, I uplift my voice and tell ye, that before the play is played out—ay, before this very sun gaes down, ye sall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharpe that's gone to his place; nor a sanctuary-breaking Holofernes, like

bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Bluidy-face; like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca' Serjeant Bothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her meal-ark his ain; neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, sarcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you.'

'That shall they never, I trow,' echoed Mause; 'cast-aways are they ilk ane o' them—besoms of destruction, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the Temple—whips of small cords knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their warldly gudes and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's done, only meet to mak latchets to the de'il's brogues.'

'Fiend hae me,' said Cuddie, addressing himself to Morton, 'if I dinna think our mither preaches as weel as the minister!—But it's a sair pity o' his hoast, for it aye comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang routing he made air this morning is sair again him too—De'il an I care if he wad roar her dumb, and than he wad hae't a' to answer for himsel—It's lucky the road's rough, and the troopers are no taking muckle tent to what they say wi' the rattling o' the horses feet; but an' we were anes on saft grund, we'll hear news o' a' this.'

Cuddie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the prisoners had not been much attended to while drowned by the clang of the horses hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the moorland, where the testimony of the two zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And, accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and green sward, and Gabriel Kettledrummle had again raised his voice with, 'Also I uplift my song like that of a pelican in the wilderness'——

'And I mine,' had issued from Mause, 'like a sparrow on the house-tops'——

When, 'Hollo, ho!' cried the corporal from the rear; 'rein up your tongues, the devil blister them, or I'll clap a martingale on them.'

'I will not peace at the commands of the profane,' said Gabriel.

'Nor I neither,' said Mause, 'for the bidding of mony ane ly potsherd, though it be painted as red as a brick of the Tower of Babel, and ca' itsel a corporal.'

'Halliday,' cried the corporal, 'hast got never a gag about thee, man?—We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead.'

Ere any answer could be made, or any measure taken in consequence of the corporal's motion, a dragoon galloped towards Serjeant Bothwell, who was considerably a-head of the party he commanded. On hearing the orders which he brought, Bothwell instantly rode back to the head of his party, ordered them to close their files, to mend their pace, and to move with silence and precaution, as they would soon be in presence of the enemy.

CHAPTER II.

Quantum in nobis, we've thought good
To save the expense of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation,
Of treaty, and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
This bloody duel without blows.

BUTLER.

The increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their zealous captives the breath, if not the inclination, necessary for holding forth. They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had, for some time, accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tillietudlem. A few birches and oaks still feathered the narrow ravines, or occupied in dwarf clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were gradually disappearing; and a wide and waste country lay before them, swelling into hills of dark heath, intersected by deep gullies; being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and, during summer, the disproportioned channels for diminutive rivulets that winded their puny way among heaps of stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury, like so many spendthrifts dwindled down by the consequences of former

excesses and extravagance. This desolate region seemed to extend farther than the eye could reach, without grandeur, without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to such more favoured spots of the country as were adapted to cultivation and fitted for the support of man; and thereby impressing irresistibly the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of nature, and the comparative inefficacy of the boasted means of amelioration which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes, that they impose an idea of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers; so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. Thus the members of a caravan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller, whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion, that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half a mile, the body of the cavalry to which his escort belonged, creeping up a steep and winding path, which ascended from the more level moor into the hills. Their numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially, and at different points, among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the column of horses and men, that, showing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, crawled slowly along the face of the hill, their force and their numbers seeming trifling and contemptible.

'Surely,' said Morton to himself, 'a handful of resolute men may defend any defile in these mountains against such a small force as this is, providing that their bravery is equal to their enthusiasm.'

While he made these reflections, the rapid movement of the horsemen who guarded him soon traversed the space which divided them from their companions; and ere the front of Claverhouse's column had gained the brow of the hill which they had been seen ascending, Bothwell, with

his rear-guard and prisoners, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in some places steep, and in others boggy, retarded the progress of the column, especially in the rear; for the passage of the main body, in many instances, potched up the swamps through which they passed, and rendered them so deep, that the last of their followers were forced to leave the beaten path, and find safer passage where they could.

On these occasions, the distresses of the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle and of Mause Headrigg were considerably augmented, as the brutal troopers, by whom they were guarded, compelled them, at all risks which such inexperienced riders were likely to incur, to leap their horses over drains and gullies, or to push them through morasses and swamps.

'Through the help of the Lord I have leaped over a wall,' exclaimed poor Mause, as her horse was, by her rude attendants, brought up to leap the turf inclosure of a deserted fold, in which feat her curch flew off, leaving her grey hairs uncovered.

'I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing—I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me,' exclaimed Kettledrummle, as the charger on which he was mounted plunged up to the saddle-girths in a *well-head*, as they call the springs which supply the marshes, the sable streams beneath spouting over the face and person of the captive preacher.

These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among their military attendants; but events soon occurred which rendered them all sufficiently serious.

The leading files of the regiment had nearly attained the brow of the steep hill we have mentioned, when two or three horsemen, speedily discovered to be a part of their own advanced guard, who had acted as patrole, appeared returning at full gallop, their horses much blown, and the men apparently in a disordered flight. They were followed upon the spur by five or six riders, well armed with sword and pistol, who halted upon the top of the hill, on observing the approach of the Life Guards. One or two who had carabines dismounted, and taking a leisurely and deliberate aim at the foremost rank of the regiment, discharged their pieces, by which two troopers were wound-

ed, one severely. They then mounted their horses, and disappeared over the ridge of the hill, retreating with so much coolness as evidently showed, that, on the one hand they were undismayed by the approach of so considerable a force as was moving against them, and conscious, on the other, that they were supported by numbers sufficient for their protection. This incident occasioned a halt through the whole body of cavalry; and while Claverhouse himself received the report of his advanced guard, which had been thus driven back upon the main body, Lord Evandale advanced to the top of the ridge over which the enemy's horsemen had retired, and Major Allan, Cornet Grahame, and the other officers, employed themselves in extricating the regiment from the broken ground, and drawing them up upon the side of the hill in two lines, the one to support the other.

The word was then given to advance; and in a few minutes the first line stood on the brow and commanded the prospect on the other side. The second line closed upon them, and also the rear guard with the prisoners; so that Morton and his companions in captivity could, in in like manner see the form of opposition which was now offered to the further progress of their captors.

The brow of the hill on which the royal Life Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground, which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manœuvres of cavalry, until nigh the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gulley, or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water out of which peats and turfs had been dug, and here and there by some straggling thickets of alders which loved the moisture so well, that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch, or gulley, the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the purpose of defending the broken ground and ditch which covered their front, the body of insurgents

appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with fire-arms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill, the whole front of which was exposed and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was the third line consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on the poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were in general but indifferently armed, and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the advanced guard of the royalists, might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and motionless, as the grey stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the one half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however, the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers, but, above all, the ardour of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill which rose above the array of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women and even the children, whom zeal, opposed to persecution, had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement by which their own

fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised, when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and kettle-drums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that rang along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The wanderers, in answer, united their voices and sent forth in solemn modulation, the two first verses of the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish kirk:

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name's in Israel great,
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Zion is his seat.
There arrows of the bow he brake,
The shield, the sword, the war,
More glorious thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far."

A shout, or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza; and, after a dead pause, the second verse was resumed by the insurgents, who applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetical of the issue of their own impending contest:—

"Those that were stout of heart were spoil'd,
They slept their sleep outright,
And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.
When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a dead sleep cast."

There was another acclamation, which was followed by the most profound silence.

While these solemn sounds, accented by a thousand voices, were prolonged amongst the waste hills, Claverhouse looked with great attention on the ground, and on the order of battle which the wanderers had adopted, and in which they determined to await the assault.

'The churles,' he said, 'must have some old soldiers with them; it was no rustic that made choice of that ground.'

'Burley is said to be with them for certain,' answered Lord Evandale, 'and also Hackstoun of Rathillet, Paton of Meadowhead, Cleland, and some other men of military skill.'

'I judged as much,' said Claverhouse, 'from the style in which these detached horsemen leapt their horses over the ditch, as they returned to their position. It was easy to see that there were a few round-headed troopers amongst them, the true spawn of the old Covenant. We must manage this matter warily as well as boldly. Evandale, let the officers come to this knoll.'

He moved to a small moss-grown cairn, probably the resting-place of some Celtic chief of other times, and the call of, 'Officers to the front,' soon brought them around their commander.

'I did not call you round me, gentlemen,' said Claverhouse, 'in the formal capacity of a council of war, for I will never turn over on others the responsibility which my rank imposes on myself. I only want the benefit of your opinions, reserving to myself, as most men do when they ask advice, the liberty of following my own.—What say you, Cornet Grahame? Shall we attack these fellows who are bellowing yonder? you are youngest and hottest, and therefore will speak first whether I will or no.'

'Then,' said Cornet Grahame, 'while I have the honour to carry the standard of the Life Guards, it shall never, with my will, retreat before rebels. I say, charge, in God's name and the King's!'

'And what say you, Allan?' continued Claverhouse, 'for Evandale is so modest we shall never get him to speak till you have said what you have to say.'

'These fellows,' said Major Allan, an old cavalier officer of experience, 'are three or four to one—I should not mind that much upon a fair field, but they are posted in a very formidable strength, and show no inclination to quit

it. I therefore think, with deference to Cornet Grahame's opinion, that we should draw back to Tillietudlem, occupy the pass between the hills and the open country, and send for reinforcements to my Lord Ross, who is lying at Glasgow with a regiment of infantry. In this way we should cut them off from the Strath of Clide, and either compel them to come out of their strong-hold, and give us battle on fair terms, or, if they remain here, we will attack them so soon as our infantry has joined us, and enabled us to act with effect among these ditches, bogs, and quagmires.'

'Pshaw!' said the young Cornet, 'what signifies strong ground, when it is only held by a crew of canting, psalm-singing old women?'

'A man may fight ne'er the worse,' retorted Major Allan, 'for honouring both his bible and psalter. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old.'

'Their nasal psalmody,' said the Cornet, 'reminds our major of the race of Dunbar.'

'Had you been at that race, young man,' retorted Allan, 'you would have wanted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you had to live.'

'Hush, hush, gentlemen,' said Claverhouse, 'these are untimely repartees.—I should like your advice well, Major Allan, had our rascally patroles (whom I will see duly punished) brought us timely notice of the enemies' numbers and position. But having once presented ourselves before them in line, the retreat of the Life Guards would argue gross timidity, and be the general signal for insurrection through the west. In which case, so far from obtaining any assistance from my Lord Ross, I promise you I should have great apprehensions of his being cut off before we could join him, or he us. A retreat would have quite the same fatal effect upon the King's cause as the loss of a battle—and as to the difference of risk or of safety it might make with respect to ourselves, that, I am sure, no gentleman thinks a moment about. There must be some gorges or passes in the morass through which we can force our way; and, were we once on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the Life Guards who supposes our squadrons, though so weak in numbers, are unable to

trample into dust twice the number of these unpractised clowns.—What say you, my Lord Evandale?'

'I humbly think,' said Lord Evandale, 'that, go the day how it will, it must be a bloody one; and that we shall lose many brave fellows, and probably be obliged to slaughter a great number of these misguided men, who, after all, are Scotchmen and subjects of King Charles, as well as we are.'

'Rebels! rebels! and undeserving the name either of Scotchmen or of subjects,' said Claverhouse; 'but come, my lord, what does your opinion point at?'

'To enter into a treaty with these ignorant and misled men.'

'A treaty, and with the rebels having arms in their hands? Never while I live,' answered his commander.

'At least send a trumpet and flag of truce, summoning them to lay down their weapons and disperse,' said Lord Evandale, 'upon promise of a free pardon—I have always heard that had that been done before the battle of Pentland-hills, much blood might have been saved.'

'Well,' said Claverhouse, 'and who the devil do you think would carry a summons to these head-strong and desperate fanatics? They acknowledge no laws of war. Their leaders, who have been all most active in the murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, fight with a rope round their necks, and are likely to kill the messenger, were it but to dip their followers in loyal blood, and to make them as desperate of pardon as themselves.'

'I will go myself,' said Evandale, 'if you will permit me. I have often risked my blood to spill that of others, let me now do so in order to save human lives.'

'You shall not go on such an errand, my Lord,' said Claverhouse; 'your rank and situation render your safety of too much consequence to the country in an age when good principles are so rare.—Here's my brother's son, Dick Grahame, who fears shot or steel as little as if the devil had given him armour of proof against it, as the fanatics say he has given to his uncle. He shall take a flag-of-truce and a trumpet, and ride down to the edge of the morass to summon them to lay down their arms and disperse.'

'With all my soul, Colonel,' answered the Cornet; 'and I'll tie my cravat on a pike to serve for a white flag—the

rascals never saw such a penon of Flanders lace in their lives before.'

'Colonel Grahame,' said Evandale, while the young officer prepared for his expedition, 'this young gentleman is your nephew and your apparent heir; for God's sake, permit me to go. It was my counsel, and I ought to stand the risk.'

'Were he my only son,' said Claverhouse, 'this is no cause and no time to spare him. I hope my private affections will never interfere with my public duty. If Dick Grahame falls, the loss is chiefly mine; were your lordship to die, the King and country would be the sufferers.—Come, gentlemen, each to his post. If our summons is unfavourably received, we will instantly attack, and, as the old Scottish blazon has it, God save the right!'

CHAPTER III.

With many a stout thwack and many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.

Hudibras.

Cornet Richard Grahame descended the hill, bearing in his hand the extempore flag of truce, and making his managed horse keep time by bounds and curvets to the tune which he whistled. The trumpeter followed. Five or six horsemen, having something the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the presbyterian army, and, meeting in the centre, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the morass would permit. Towards this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Grahame directed his horse, his motions being now the conspicuous object of attention to both armies; and, without disparagement to the courage of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

When he had arrived right opposite to those, who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Grahame commanded his trumpeter to sound a parley. The insur-

gents having no instrument of martial music wherewith to make the appropriate reply, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leaguer.

'To summon you in the King's name, and in that of Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, specially commissioned by the right honourable Privy Council of Scotland,' answered the Cornet, 'to lay down your arms and dismiss the followers whom you have led into rebellion, contrary to the laws of God, of the King, and of the country.'

'Return to them that sent thee,' said the insurgent leader, 'and tell them that we are this day in arms for a broken Covenant and a persecuted Kirk; tell them that we renounce the licentious and perjured Charles Stuart, whom you call King, even as he renounced the Covenant, after having once and again sworn to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, really, constantly, and sincerely, all the days of his life, having no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant, and no friends but its friends. Whereas, far from keeping the oath he had called God and angels to witness, his first step, after his incoming into these kingdoms, was the fearful grasping at the prerogative of the Almighty, by that hideous Act of Supremacy, together with his expulsing, without summons, libel, or process of law, hundreds of famous faithful preachers, thereby wringing the bread of life out of the mouth of hungry, poor creatures, and forcibly cramming their throats with the lifeless, saltless, foisenless, lukewarm drammock of the fourteen false prelates, and their sycophantic, formal, carnal, scandalous creature-curates.'

'I did not come to hear you preach,' answered the officer, 'but to know in one word, if you will disperse yourselves, on condition of a free pardon to all but the murderers of the late Archbishop of St. Andrews; or whether you will abide the attack of his majesty's forces, which will instantly advance upon you.'

'In one word, then,' answered the spokesman, 'we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together, as brethren in righteousness. Whosoever assails us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!'

'Is not your name,' said the Cornet, who began to recollect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, 'John Balfour of Burley?'

'And if it be,' said the spokesman, "hast thou aught to say against it?'

'Only,' said the Cornet, 'that as you are excluded from pardon in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, it is to these country people and not to you that I offer it; and it is not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat.'

'Thou art a young soldier, friend,' said Burley, 'and scant well-learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know that the bearer of a flag of truce cannot treat with the army but through their officers; and that if he presume to do otherwise, he forfeits his safe-conduct.'

While speaking these words, Burley unslung his carabine, and held it in readiness.

'I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer,' said Cornet Grahame.—'Hear me, good people; I proclaim, in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting'——

'I give thee fair warning,' said Burley, presenting his piece.

'A free pardon to all,' continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents—'to all but'——

'Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul—amen,' said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Grahame dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The poor young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, 'My poor mother!' when life forsook him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less affrighted attendant.

'What have you done?' said one of Balfour's brother officers.

'My duty,' said Balfour, firmly. 'Is it not written, thou shalt be zealous, even to slaying? Let those who dare, now venture to speak of truce or pardon!'

Claverhouse saw his nephew fall. He turned his eye on Evandale, while a transitory glance of indescribable emo-

tion disturbed, for a second's space, the serenity of his features, and briefly said, 'You see the event.'

'I will avenge him or die!' exclaimed Evandale; and, putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop, and that of the deceased Cornet, which broke down without orders, and each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These forces formed the first line of the royalists. It was in vain that Claverhouse exclaimed, 'Halt, halt! this rashness will undo us.' It was all that he could accomplish by galloping along the second line, entreating, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

'Allan,' he said, as soon as he had rendered the men in some degree more steady, 'lead them slowly down the hill to support Lord Evandale, who is about to need it very much.—Bothwell, thou art a cool and a daring fellow'—

'Ay, muttered Bothwell, 'you can remember that in a moment like this.'

'Lead ten file up the hollow to the right,' continued his commanding officer, 'and try every means to get through the bog; then form and charge the rebels in flank and rear, while they are engaged with us in front.'

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and obedience, and moved off with his party at a rapid pace.

Mean time, the disaster which Claverhouse had apprehended did not fail to take place. The troopers, who, with Lord Evandale, had rushed down upon the enemy, soon found their disorderly career interrupted by the impracticable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the morass as they attempted to struggle through, some recoiled from the attempt and remained on the brink, others dispersed to seek a more favourable place to pass the swamp. In the midst of this confusion, the first line of the enemy, of which the foremost rank knelt, the second stooped, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive fire that emptied at least a score of saddles, and increased tenfold the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord Evandale, in the mean time, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, had been able to clear the ditch, but was no sooner across than he was charged by the left body of the enemy's cavalry, who, encouraged by the

small number of opponents that had made their way through the broken ground, set upon them with the utmost fury, crying, 'Woe, woe to the uncircumcised Philistines! down with Dagon and all his adherents!'

The young nobleman fought like a lion; but most of his followers were killed, and he himself could not have escaped the same fate but for a heavy fire of carabines, which Claverhouse, who had now advanced with the second line near to the ditch, poured so effectually upon the enemy, that both horse and foot for a moment began to shrink, and Lord Evandale, disengaged from his unequal combat, and finding himself nearly alone, took the opportunity to effect his retreat through the moss. But notwithstanding the loss they had sustained by Claverhouse's first fire, the insurgents became soon aware that the advantage of numbers and of position were so decidedly theirs, that, if they could but persist in making a brief but resolute defence, the Life Guards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks, exhorting them to stand firm, and pointing out how efficacious their fire must be where both men and horse were exposed to it; for the troopers, according to custom, fired without having dismounted. Claverhouse, more than once, when he perceived his best men dropping by a fire which they could not effectually return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points, and renew the battle on firm ground and fiercer terms. But the close fire of the insurgents joined to the natural difficulties of the pass, disappointed his attempts in every point.

'We must retreat,' he said to Evandale, 'unless Bothwell can affect a diversion in our favour. In the mean time, draw the men out of fire, and leave skirmishers behind these patches of alder-bushes to keep the enemy in check.

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Bothwell with his party was earnestly expected. But Bothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with.—His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in

front of a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

'Follow me, my lads,' he called to his men; 'never let it be said that we turned our backs before these canting round heads.'

With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, he shouted, 'Bothwell! Bothwell!' and throwing himself into the morass, he struggled through it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury, that he drove them back above a pistol-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this point, and that his men, though more numerous, were unequal to the regulars in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way, and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result ensued more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers, on either side, instantly paused, and looked on as if the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two redoubted swordsmen. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they paused, as if by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

'You are the murdering villain, Burley,' said Bothwell, griping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—'you escaped me once, but'—(he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down) 'thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me.'

'Yes,' replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, 'I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where thou should'st never lift it again; and God so do to me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word.'

'Then a bed of heather, or a thousand merks!' said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unre-

lenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

Several horses passed over them in the melee without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left griped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle,—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless; as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no farther defence, but looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed,—'Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!'

'Die, wretch!—die,' said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword.—'Die, blood-thirsty dog! die, as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing.'

'And FEARING nothing!' said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.

To catch a stray horse by the bridle, throw himself upon it, and rush to the assistance of his followers, was with Burley, the affair of a moment. And as the fall of Bothwell had given to the insurgents all the courage of which it had deprived his comrades, the issue of this partial con-

test did not remain a moment undecided. Several soldiers were slain, the rest driven back over the morass and dispersed, and the victorious Burley, with his party, crossed it in their turn, to direct against Claverhouse the very manœuvre which he had instructed Bothwell to execute.—He now put his troop in order, with the view of attacking the right wing of the royalists; and, sending news of his success to the main body, exhorted them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh, and work out the glorious work of the Lord by a general attack upon the enemy.

Meanwhile, Claverhouse, who had in some degree remedied the confusion occasioned by the first irregular and unsuccessful attack, and reduced the combat in front to a distant skirmish with fire-arms, chiefly maintained by some dismounted troopers whom he had posted behind the cover of the shrubby copses of alders which, in some places, covered the edge of the morass, and whose close, cool, and well-aimed fire greatly annoyed the enemy, and concealed their own deficiency of numbers,—Claverhouse, while he maintained the contest in this manner, still expecting that a diversion by Bothwell and his party might facilitate a general attack, was accosted by one of the dragoons, whose bloody face and jaded horse bore witness he was come from hard service.

'What is the matter, Halliday?' said Claverhouse, for he knew every man in his regiment by name—'Where is Bothwell?'

'Bothwell is down,' replied Halliday, 'and many a pretty fellow with him.'

'Then the king,' said Claverhouse, with his usual composure, 'has lost a stout soldier. The enemy have passed the marsh, I suppose?'

'With a strong body of horse, commanded by the devil incarnate that killed Bothwell,' answered the terrified soldier.

'Hush! Hush!' said Claverhouse, putting his finger on his lips; 'not a word to any one but me.—Lord Evandale, we must retreat. The fates will have it so. Draw together the men that are dispersed in the skirmishing work. Let Allan form the regiment, and do you two retreat up the hill in two bodies, each halting alternately as the other falls back. I'll keep the rogues in check with the rear-guard, making a stand and facing from time to

time. They will be over the ditch presently, for I see their whole line in motion, and preparing to cross; therefore lose no time.'

'Where is Bothwell with his party?' said Lord Evandale, astonished at the coolness of his commander.

'Fairly disposed of,' said Claverhouse, in his ear—'the king has lost a servant, and the devil has got one. But away to business, Evandale—ply your spurs and get the men together. Allan and you must keep them steady.—This retreating is new work for us all; but our turn will come round again another day.'

Evandale and Allan betook themselves to their task; but ere they had arranged the regiment for the purpose of retreating in two alternate bodies, a considerable number of the enemy had crossed the marsh. Claverhouse, who had retained immediately around his person a few of his most active and tried men, charged those who had crossed, in person, while they were yet disordered by the broken ground. Some they killed, others they repulsed into the morass, and checked the whole so as to enable the main body, now greatly diminished, as well as disheartened by the loss they had sustained, to commence their retreat up the hill.

But the enemy's van being soon reinforced and supported, compelled Claverhouse to follow his troops.—Never did man, however, better support the character of a soldier than he did that day. Conspicuous by his black horse and white feather, he was first in the repeated charges which he made at every favourable opportunity, to arrest the progress of the pursuers, and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object of aim to every one, he seemed as if he was impassive to their shot. The superstitious fanatics, who looked upon him as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence, averred that they saw the bullets recoil from his jack-boots and buff coat like hail-stones from a rock of granite, as he gallopped to and fro amid the storm of the battle. Many a whig that day loaded his musket with a dollar cut into slugs, in order that a silver bullet (such was their belief) might bring down the persecutor of the holy kirk, on whom lead had no power.

'Try him with the cold steel,' was the cry at every re-

newed charge—" powder is wasted on him. Ye might as weel shoot at the auld enemy himsel.'

But though this was loudly shouted, yet the awe on the insurgents' mind was such, that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being, and few men ventured to cross swords with him. Still, however, he was fighting in retreat, and with all the disadvantages attending that movement. The soldiers behind him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the morass, became unsteady; and, at every successive movement, Major Allan and Lord Evandale found it more and more impossible to bring them to halt and form line regularly, while, on the other hand, their motion in the act of retreating became, by degrees, much more rapid than was consistent with good order. As they approached nearer to the top of the ridge, from which in so luckless an hour they had descended, the panic began to increase. Every one became impatient to place the brow of the hill between him and the continued fire of the pursuers, nor could any individual think it reasonable that he should be the last in the retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood, several troopers set spurs to their horses and fled outright, and the others became so unsteady in their movements and formations, that their officers every moment feared they would follow the same example.

Amid this scene of blood and confusion, the trampling of the horses, the groans of the wounded, the continued fire of the enemy, which fell in a succession of unintermitted musketry, while loud shouts accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper shewed to have been successfully aimed—amid all the terrors and disorder of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally deserted by their dispirited soldiery, Evandale could not forbear remarking the composure of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning did his eye appear more lively, or his demeanour more composed. He had closed up to Evandale for the purpose of giving some orders, and picking out a few men to reinforce his rear-guard.

'If this bout last five minutes longer,' he said, in a whisper, 'our rogues will leave you, old Allan, and me, the honour of fighting this battle with our own hands. I

must do something to disperse the musqueteers who annoy them so hard, or we will be all ashamed. Don't attempt to succour me if you see me go down, but keep at the head of your men; get off as you can, in God's name, and tell the king and the council I died in my duty.'

So saying, and commanding about twenty stout men to follow him, he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected, that he drove the foremost of the pursuers back to some distance. In the confusion of the assault he singled out Burley, and, desirous to strike terror into his followers, he dealt him so severe a blow on the head, as cut through his steel head-piece, and threw him from his horse, stunned for the moment, though unwounded. A wonderful thing it was afterwards thought, that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man, to appearance, so slightly made as Claverhouse; and the vulgar, of course, set down to supernatural aid, the effect of that energy which a determined spirit can give to a feebler arm. Claverhouse had, in this last charge, however, involved himself too deeply among the insurgents, and was fairly surrounded.

Lord Evandale saw the danger of his commander, his body of dragoons being then halted, while that commanded by Allan was in the act of retreating. Regardless of Claverhouse's disinterested command to the contrary, he ordered the party which he headed to charge down hill and extricate their Colonel. Some advanced with him—most halted and stood uncertain—many run away.—With those who followed Evandale, he disengaged Claverhouse. His assistance came just in time, for a rustic had wounded his horse in a most ghastly manner by the blow of a scythe, and was about to repeat the stroke when Lord Evandale cut him down. As they got out of the press, they looked round them. Allan's division had ridden clear over the hill, that officer's authority having proved altogether unequal to halt them. Evandale's division was scattered and in total confusion.

'What is to be done, Colonel?' said Lord Evandale.

'We are the last men in the field, I think,' said Claverhouse; 'and when men fight as long as they can there is no shame in flying. Hector himself would say, 'devil take the hindmost,' when there are but twenty against a

thousand.—Save yourselves, my lads, and rally as soon as you can.—Come, my Lord, we must e'en ride for it.'

So saying, he put spurs to his wounded horse, and the generous animal, as if conscious that the life of his rider depended on his exertions, pressed forward with speed, unabated either by pain or loss of blood. A few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and tumultuary manner. The flight of Claverhouse was the signal for all the stragglers, who yet offered desultory resistance, to fly as fast as they could, and yield up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

CHAPTER IV.

> But see! through the fast-flashing lightnings of war,
> What steed to the desert flies frantic and far!
>
> CAMPBELL.

DURING the severe skirmish of which we have given the details, Morton, together with Cuddie and his mother, and the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle, remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small cairn, or barrow, beside which Claverhouse had held his preliminary council-of-war, so that they had a commanding view of the action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Inglis and four soldiers, who, as may readily be supposed, were much more intent on watching the fluctuating fortunes of the battle, than in attending to what passed among their prisoners.

'If yon lads stand to their tackle,' said Cuddie, 'we'll hae some chance o' getting our necks out o' the brecham again; but I misdoubt them, they hae little skill o' arms.'

'Much is not necessary, Cuddie,' answered Morton; 'they have a strong position, and weapons in their hands, and are more than three times the number of their assailants. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, they and theirs deserve to lose it forever.'

'O, sirs,' exclaimed Mause, 'here's a goodly spectacle indeed! My spirit is like that of the blessed Elihu, it burns within me—my bowels are as wine which lacketh vent—they are ready to burst like new bottles. O, that He may look after his ain people in this day of judgment and de-

liverance!—And now, what ailest thou, precious Mr. Gabriel Kettledrummle? I say, what ailest thou, that wert a Nazarite purer than snow, whiter than milk, more ruddy than sulphur, (meaning, perhaps, sapphires)—I say, what ails thee now, that thou art blacker than a coal, that thy beauty is departed, and thy loveliness withered like a dry potsherd? Surely it is time to be up and be doing, to cry loudly, and to spare not, and to wrestle for the puir lads that are yonder testifying with their ain blude and that of their enemies.'

This expostulation implied a reproach on Mr. Kettledrummle, who, though an absolute Boanerges, or sun of thunder, in the pulpit, when the enemy were afar, and indeed sufficiently contumacious, as we have seen, when in their power, had been struck dumb by the firing, shouts and shrieks, which now arose from the valley, and,—as many an honest man might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor fly, was too much dismayed to take so favourable an opportunity to preach the terrors of presbytery, as the courageous Mause had expected at his hand, or even to pray for the successful event of the battle. His presence of mind was not, however, entirely lost, any more than his jealous respect for his reputation as a pure and powerful preacher of the word.

'Hold your peace, woman,' he said, 'and do not perturb my inward meditations and the wrestlings wherewith I wrestle—but of a verity the shooting of the foemen doth begin to increase; peradventure, some pellet may attain unto us even here. Lo! I will ensconce me behind the cairn as behind a strong wall of defence.'

'He's but a coward body after a',' said Cuddie, who was himself by no means deficient in that sort of courage which consists in insensibility to danger; 'he's but a daidling coward body. He'll never fill Rumbleberry's bonnet.—Odd! Rumbleberry fought and flyted like a fleeing dragon. It was a great pity, poor man, he could na cheat the woodie. But they say he gaed singing and rejoicing till't, just as I wad gang till a bicker o' brose, supposing me hungry, as I stand a gude chance to be.—Eh, sirs! yon is an aufu' sight, and yet ane canna keep their een aff frae it!'

Accordingly, strong curiosity on the part of Morton and Cuddie, together with the heated enthusiasm of old

Mause, detained them on the spot from which they could best hear and see the issue of the action, leaving to Kettledrummle to occupy alone his place of security. The vicissitudes of combat, which we have already described, were witnessed by our spectators from the top of the eminence, but without their being able positively to determine to what they tended. That the presbyterians defended themselves stoutly was evident from the heavy smoke, which, illumined by frequent flashes of fire, now eddied along the valley, and hid the contending parties in its sulphureous shade. On the other hand, the continued firing from the nearer side of the morass indicated that the enemy persevered in their attack, that the affair was fiercely disputed, and that every thing was to be apprehended from a continued contest, in which undisciplined rustics had to repel the assaults of regular troops so completely officered and armed.

At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life-Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Dismounted soldiers next appeared, forsaking the conflict, and straggling over the side of the hill, in order to escape from the scene of action. As the numbers of these fugitives increased, the fate of the day seemed no longer doubtful. A large body was then seen emerging from the smoke, forming irregularly on the hillside, and with difficulty kept stationary by their officers, until Evandale's corps also appeared in full retreat. The result of the conflict was then apparent, and the joy of the prisoners was corresponding to their approaching deliverance.

'They hae done the job for anes,' said Cuddie, 'an' they ne'er do it again.'

'They flee!—they flee!' exclaimed Mause, in ecstacy. 'O, the truculent tyrants! they are riding now as they never rode before. O, the false Egyptians—the proud Assyrians—the Philistines—the Moabites—the Edomites—the Ishmaelites—The Lord has brought sharp swords upon them, to make them food for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. See how the clouds roll, and the fire flashes ahint them, and goes forth before the chosen of the Covenant, e'en like the pillar o' cloud and the pillar o' flame that led the people o' Israel out o' the land of Egypt! This is indeed a day of deliverance to the righteous, a day

of pouring out of wrath to the persecutors and the ungodly.'

'Lord safe us, mother,' said Cuddie, 'haud the claver-ing tongue o' ye, and lie down ahint the cairn, like Ket-tledrummle, honest man. The whigamore bullets ken unco little discretion, and will just as sune knock out the harns of a psalm-singing auld wife as a swearing dragoon.'

'Fear naething for me, Cuddie,' said the old dame, transported to ecstacy by the success of her party; 'fear naething for me. I will stand, like Deborah, on the tap o' the cairn, and tak up my sang o' reproach against these men of Haroshteth of the Gentiles, whose horse hoofs are broken by their prancings.'

The enthusiastic old woman would in fact have accomplished her purpose, of mounting on the cairn, and becoming, as she said, a sign and a banner to the people, had not Cuddie, with more filial tenderness than respect, detained her by such force as his shackled arms would permit him to exert.

'Eh, sirs!' he said, having accomplished this task, 'look out yonder, Milnwood; saw ye ever mortal fight like the devil Claver'se?—Yonder he's been thrice doun amang them, and thrice cam free aff.—But I think we'll soon be free oursels, Milnwood. Inglis and his troopers look over their shouthers very aften, as if they liked the road ahint them better than the road afore.'

Cuddie was not mistaken; for, when the main tide of fugitives passed at a little distance from the spot where they were stationed, the corporal and his party fired their carabines at random upon the advancing insurgents, and, abandoning all charge of their prisoners, joined the retreat of their comrades. Morton and the old woman, whose hands were at liberty, lost no time in undoing the bonds of Cuddie and of the clergyman, both of whom had been secured by a cord tied round their arms above the elbows. By the time this was accomplished, the rear-guard of the dragoons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the hillock or rising ground which was surmounted by the cairn already repeatedly mentioned. They exhibited all the hurry and confusion incident to a forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Claverhouse led the van, his naked sword deeply dyed with blood, as were his face and clothes. His horse was all covered with gore, and now

reeled with weakness. Lord Evandale, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still exhorting the soldiers to keep together and fear nothing. Several of the men were wounded, and one or two dropped from their horses as they surmounted the hill.

Mause's zeal broke forth once more at this spectacle, while she stood on the heath with her head uncovered, and her grey hairs streaming in the wind, no bad representation of a superannuated bacchante, or a Thessalian witch in the agonies of incantation. She soon discovered Claverhouse at the head of the fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, 'Tarry, tarry, ye what were aye sae blythe to be at the meetings of the saints, and wad ride every muir in Scotland to find a conventicle. Wilt thou not tarry, now thou hast found ane? Wilt thou not stay for one word mair? Wilt thou na bide the afternoon preaching?—Wae betide ye!' she said, suddenly changing her tone, 'and cut the houghs of the creature whase fleetness ye trust in!—Sheugh—Sheugh—awa' wi' ye that hae spilled sae muckle blude, and now wad save your ain—awa' wi' ye for a railing Rabshekah, a cursing Shemei, a blood-thirsty Doeg—the sword's drawn now that winna be lang o' overtaking ye, ride as fast as ye will.'

Claverhouse, it may be easily supposed, was too busy to attend to her reproaches, but hastened over the hill, anxious to get the remnant of his men out of gun-shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But as the rear of his followers rode over the ridge, a shot struck Lord Evandale's horse, which instantly sunk down dead beneath him. Two of the whig horsemen, who were the foremost in the pursuit, hastened up with the purpose of killing him, for hitherto there had been no quarter given. Morton, on the other hand, rushed forward to save his life, if possible, in order at once to indulge his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Evandale had conferred on him that morning, and under which circumstances had made him wince so acutely. Just as he had assisted Evandale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dying horse, and to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them exclaiming, 'Have at the red-coated tyrant!" made a blow at the young nobleman, which Morton parried with difficulty, exclaiming to the rider, who was no other than Burley him-

self, 'Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake—for the sake,' he added, observing that Burley did not immediately recognize him, 'of Henry Morton, who so lately sheltered you.'

'Henry Morton?' replied Burley, wiping his bloody brow with his bloodier hand, 'did I not say that the son of Silas Morton would come forth out of the land of bondage, nor be long an indweller in the tents of Ham! Thou art a brand snatched out of the burning—But for this booted apostle of prelacy, he shall die the death!—We must smite them hip and thigh, even from the rising to the going down of the sun. It is our commission to slay them like Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have, and spare neither man nor woman, infant or suckling; therefore, hinder me not,' he continued, endeavouring again to cut down Lord Evandale, 'for this work must not be wrought negligently."

'You must not, and you shall not, slay him, more especially while incapable of defence,' said Morton, planting himself before Lord Evandale so as to intercept any blow that should be aimed at him; 'I owed my life to him this morning—my life, which was endangered solely by my having sheltered you; and to shed his blood when he can offer no effectual resistance, were not only a cruelty abhorrent to God and man, but detestable ingratitude both to him and to me.'

Burley paused—'Thou art yet,' he said, 'in the court of the Gentiles, and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Strong meat is not fit for babes, nor the mighty and grinding dispensation under which I draw my sword, for those whose hearts are yet dwelling in huts of clay, whose footsteps are tangled in the mesh of mortal sympathies, and who clothe themselves in the righteousness that is as filthy rags. But to gain a soul to the truth is better than to send one to Tophet; therefore I give quarter to this youth, providing the grant is confirmed by the general council of God's army, whom he hath this day blessed with so signal a deliverance.—Thou art unarmed—Abide my return here. I must yet pursue these sinners, the Amalekites, and destroy them till they be utterly consumed from the face of the land, even from Havilah unto Shur.'

So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and continued to pursue the chase.

'Cuddie,' said Morton, 'for God's sake catch a horse as quickly as you can. I will not trust Lord Evandale's life with these obdurate men.—You are wounded, my Lord, Are you able to continue your retreat?' he continued, addressing himself to his prisoner, who, half stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself.

'I think so,' replied Lord Evandale. 'But is it possible?—Do I owe my life to Mr. Morton?'

'My interference would have been the same from common humanity,' replied Morton; 'to your Lordship it was a sacred debt of gratitude.'

Cuddie at this instant returned with a horse.

'God-sake, mount—mount, and ride like a fleeing hawk, my Lord,' said the good-natured fellow, 'ne'er be in me, if they are na killing every ane o' the wounded and prisoners.'

Lord Evandale mounted the horse, while Cuddie officiously held the stirrup.

"Stand off, good fellow, thy courtesy may cost thy life.—Mr. Morton,' he continued, addressing Henry, 'this makes us more than even—rely on it I will never forget your generosity—Farewell.'

He turned his horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction which seemed least exposed to pursuit.

Lord Evandale had just rode off, when several of the insurgents, who were in the front of the pursuit, came up, denouncing vengeance on Henry Morton and Cuddie for having aided the escape of a Philistine, as they called the young nobleman.

'What wad ye hae had us do?' cried Cuddie. 'Had we aught to stop a man wi', that had twa pistols and a sword? sudna ye hae come faster up yoursels, instead of flyting at huz?'

This excuse would hardly have passed current; but Kettledrummle, who now awoke from his trance of terror, and was known to, and reverenced by most of the wanderers, together with Mause, who possessed their appropriate language, as well as the preacher himself, proved active and effectual intercessors.

'Touch them not, harm them not,' exclaimed Kettledrummle, in his very best double-bass tones; 'this is the son of the famous Silas Morton, by whom the Lord wrought great things in this land at the breaking forth of

the reformation from prelacy, when there was a plentiful pouring forth of the Word and a renewing of the Covenant; a hero and champion of these blessed days, when there was power, and efficacy, and convincing, and converting of sinners, and heart exercises, and fellowship of saints, and a plentiful flowing forth of the spices of the garden of Eden.'

'And this is my son, Cuddie,' exclaimed Mause in her turn, 'the son of his father, Judden Headrigg, wha was a douse honest man, and of me, Mause Middlemas, an unworthy professor and follower of the pure gospel, and ane o' your ain folk. Is it not written, 'Cut ye not aff the tribes of the families of the Kothathites from among the Levites?' Numbers, fourth and seventh—O, sirs! dinna be standing here prattling wi' honest folk, when ye sud be following forth your victory with which Providence has blessed ye.'

This party having passed on, they were immediately beset by another, to whom it was necessary to give the same explanation. Kettledrummle, whose fear was much dissipated since the firing had ceased, again took upon him to be intercessor, and, grown bold, as he felt his good word necessary for the protection of his late fellow-captives, he laid claim to no small share of the merit of the victory, appealing to Morton and Cuddie, whether the tide of battle had not turned while he prayed on the Mount of Jehovah Nisi, like Moses, that Israel might prevail over Amalek; but granting them, at the same time, the credit of holding up his hands when they waxed heavy, as those of the prophet were supported by Aaron and Hur. It seems probable that Kettledrummle allotted this part in the success to his companions in adversity, lest they should be tempted to disclose his carnal self-seeking and falling away, in regarding too closely his own personal safety. These strong testimonies in favour of the liberated captives quickly flew abroad with many exaggerations among the victorious army. The reports on the subject were various; but it was universally agreed, that young Morton of Milnwood, the son of the stout soldier of the Covenant, Silas Morton, together with the precious Gabriel Kettledrummle, and a singular devout Christian woman, whom many thought as good as himself at extracting a doctrine or an use, whether of terror or consolation, had arrived to support the good

old cause, with a reinforcement of a hundred well-armed men from the Middle Ward.

CHAPTER V.

When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Hudibras.

In the mean time, the insurgent cavalry returned from the pursuit, jaded and worn out with their unwonted efforts, and the infantry assembled on the ground which they had won, fatigued with toil and hunger. Their success, however, was a cordial to every bosom, and seemed even to serve in the stead of food and refreshment. It was, indeed, much more brilliant than they durst have ventured to anticipate; for, with no great loss on their part, they had totally routed a regiment of picked men, commanded by the first officer in Scotland, and one whose very name had long been a terror to them. Their success seemed even to have upon their spirits the effect of a sudden and violent surprise, so much had their taking up arms been a measure of desperation rather than of hope. Their meeting was also casual, and they had hastily arranged themselves under such commanders as were remarkable for zeal and courage, without much respect to any other qualities. It followed, from this state of disorganization, that the whole army appeared at once to resolve itself into a general committee for considering what steps were to be taken in consequence of their success, and no opinion could be started so wild that it had not some favourers and advocates. Some proposed they should march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London. Some were for sending a deputation of their number to London to convert Charles II. to a sense of the error of his ways, and others, less charitable, proposed either to call a new successor to the crown, or to declare Scotland a free republic. A free parliament of the nation, and a free assembly of the Kirk, were the objects of the more sensible and moderate of the party. In the meanwhile, a clamour arose among the soldiers for bread and other necessaries,

and while all complained of hardship and hunger, none took the necessary measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the Covenanters, even in the very moment of success, seemed about to dissolve like a rope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

Burley, who had now returned from the pursuit, found his followers in this distracted state. With the ready talent of one accustomed to encounter exigences, he proposed, that one hundred of the freshest men should be drawn out for duty—that a small number of those who had hitherto acted as leaders, should constitute a committee of direction until officers should be regularly chosen—and that, to crown the victory, Gabriel Kettledrummle should be called upon to improve the providential success which they had obtained by a word in season addressed to the army. He reckoned very much, and not without reason, on this last expedient, as a means of engaging the attention of the bulk of the insurgents, while he himself, and two or three of their leaders, held a private council-of-war, undisturbed by the discordant opinions or senseless clamour of the general body.

Kettledrummle more than answered the expectations of Burley. Two mortal hours did he preach at a breathing; and certainly no lungs, or doctrine, excepting his own, could have kept up, for so long a time, the attention of men in such precarious circumstances. But he possessed in perfection a sort of rude and familiar eloquence peculiar to the preachers of that period, which, though it would have been fastidiously rejected by an audience which possessed any portion of taste, was a cake of the right leaven for the palates of those whom he now addressed. His text was from the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah. 'Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with them that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.

'And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh, and they shall be drunken with their own blood as with sweet wine, and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob.'

The discourse which he pronounced upon this subject was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was garnish-

ed with seven uses of application, two of consolation, two of terror, two declaring the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcing the promised and expected deliverance. The first part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his companions, and took occasion to speak a few words in praise of young Milnwood, of whom, as of a champion of the Covenant, he augured great things. The second part he applied to the punishments which were about to fall upon the persecuting government. At times he was familiar and colloquial; now he was loud, energetic, and boisterous;—some parts of his discourse might be called sublime, and others sunk below burlesque. Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish presbytery as the national religion, but had tolerated sectaries of various descriptions, Papists, Prelatists, Erastians assuming the name of Presbyterians, Independants, Sociniahs, and Quakers; all of whom, Kettledrummle proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-edify in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary. He next handled very pithily the doctrine of defensive arms and of resistance to Charles II., observing, that, instead of a nursing father to the Kirk, that monarch had been a nursing father to none but his own bastards. He went at some length through the life and conversation of that joyous prince, few parts of which, it must be owned, were qualified to stand the rough handling of so uncourtly an orator, who conferred on him the hard names of Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, Shallum, Pekah, and every other evil monarch recorded in the Chronicles, and concluded with a round application of the Scripture, 'Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the KING it is provided: he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood: the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it.'

Kettledrummle had no sooner ended his sermon, and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit, than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stupid and unanimated features,

in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was seemly in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in exhorting this extraordinary convocation, was hardly twenty years old, yet his thin features already indicated, that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the rigour of imprisonment, and the fatigues incident to a fugitive life. Young as he was, he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his faded eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle, and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features were coloured with a transient and hectic blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving ere he addressed the people. When he spoke, his faint and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the famished Israelites collected the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted with the coarseness of his sect, and yet, by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave, in Macbriar's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the storied representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judah, under her palm tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachael, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done

for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

'Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood,' he exclaimed, 'but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is steaming in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcases of those that held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle—they are the carcases even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fires that have consumed them. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with torches, but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death—And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered, like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheep-fold, or the seedsman continue in the ploughed field, but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound

of many waters, for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Sampson, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

'Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the high-ways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arles at the hand of the servant,—a blessing namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever! Amen.'

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hum of stern approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigues and privations, as

they listened to doctrines which elevated them alike above the wants and calamities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher, as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and, clasping him with hands on which the gore was yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Exhausted by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervour which he had exerted in his discourse, the preacher could only reply, in broken accents,—'God bless you, my brethren—it is HIS cause.—Stand strongly up and play the men—the worst that can befal us is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven.'

Balfour, and the other leaders, had not lost the time which was employed in these spiritual exercises. Watch-fires were lighted, centinels were posted, and arrangements were made to refresh the army with such provisions as had been hastily collected from the nearest farm-houses and villages. The present necessity thus provided for, they turned their thoughts to the future. They had despatched parties to spread the news of their victory, and to obtain, either by force or favour, supplies of what they stood most in need. In this they had succeeded beyond their hopes, having at one village seized a small magazine of provisions, forage, and ammunition, which had been provided for the royal forces. This success not only gave them relief at the time, but such hopes for the future, that whereas formerly some of their number began to slacken in their zeal, they now unanimously resolved to abide together in arms, and commit themselves and their cause to the event of war.

And whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without magazines, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate zeal, and a detestation of the oppression of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established government, supported by a regular army, and the whole force of three kingdoms.

CHAPTER VI.

Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.
Henry IV. Part II.

We must now return to the Tower of Tillietudlem, which the march of the Life-Guards, on the morning of this eventful day, had left to silence and anxiety The assurances of Lord Evandale had not succeeded in quelling the apprehensions of Edith. She knew him generous, and faithful to his word; but it seemed too plain that he suspected the object of her intercession to be a successful rival; and was it not expecting from him an effort above human nature, to suppose that he was to watch over Morton's safety, and rescue him from all the dangers to which his state of imprisonment, and the suspicions which he had incurred, must repeatedly expose him? She therefore resigned herself to the most heart-rending apprehensions, without admitting, and indeed almost without listening to, the multifarious grounds of consolation which Jenny Dennison brought forward, one after another, like a skilful general, who charges with the several divisions of his troops in regular succession.

First, Jenny was morally positive that young Milnwood would come to no harm—then, if he did, there was consolation in the reflection, that Lord Evandale was the better and more appropriate match of the two—then, there was every chance of a battle in which the said Lord Evandale might be killed, and there wad be nae mair fash about that job—then, if the whigs gat the better, Milnwood and Cuddie might come to the castle, and carry off the beloved of their hearts by the strong hand.

'For I forgot to tell ye, madam,' continued the damsel, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, 'that puir Cuddie's in the hands of the Philistines as weel as young Milnwood, and he was brought here a prisoner this morning and I was fain to speak Tam Halliday fair, and fleech him, to let me near the puir creature; but Cuddie wasna sae thankfu' as he needed till hae been neither,' she added, and at the same time changed her tone, and briskly withdrew the handkerchief from her face; 'so I will ne'er waste my e'en wi' greeting about the matter. There wad

be aye enow o' young men left, if they were to hang the tae half o' them.'

The other inhabitants of the Castle were also in a state of dissatisfaction and anxiety. Lady Margaret thought that Colonel Grahame, in commanding an execution at the door of her house, and refusing to grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of the deference due to her rank, and had even encroached on her seignorial rights.

'The Colonel,' she said, 'ought to have remembered, brother, that the barony of Tillietudlem has the baronial privilege of pit and gallows, and therefore, if the lad was to be executed on my estate, (which I consider as an unhandsome thing, seeing it in the possession of females, to whom such tragedies cannot be acceptable) he ought, at common law, to have been delivered up to my baillie, and justified at his sight.'

'Martial law, sister,' answered Major Bellenden, 'supersedes every other. But I must own I think Colonel Grahame rather deficient in attention to you; and I am not over and above pre-eminently flattered by his granting to young Evandale (I suppose because he is a lord and has interest with the privy-council) a request which he refused to so old a servant of the king as I am. But so long as the poor young fellow's life is saved, I can comfort myself with the fag end of a ditty as old as myself. And there withal, he hummed a stanza:—

'And what though winter will pinch severe,
Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.'

'I must be your guest here to-day, sister. I wish to hear the issue of this gathering on Loudon-hill, though I cannot conceive their standing a body of horse appointed like our guests this morning.—Woes me, the time has been that I would have liked ill to have sate in biggit wa's waiting for the news of a skirmish to be fought within ten miles of me! But, as the old song goes,

'For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow.'

'We are well pleased you will stay, brother,' said Lady Margaret; 'I will take my old privilege to look after my household, whom this collation has thrown into some disorder, although it is uncivil to leave you alone.'

'O, I hate ceremony as I hate a stumbling horse,' replied the Major. 'Besides, your person would be with me, and your mind with the cold meat and reversionary pasties.—Where is Edith?'

'Gone to her room a little evil-disposed, I am informed, and laid down in her bed for a gliff,' said her grandmother; 'as soon as she wakes, she shall take some drops.'

'Pooh! pooh! she's only sick of the soldiers,' answered Major Bellenden.—'She's not accustomed to see one acquaintance led out to be shot, and another marching off to actual service with some chance of not finding his way back again. She would soon be used to it, if the civil war were to break out again.'

'God forbid, brother!' said lady Margaret.

'Ay, heaven forbid, as you say—and, in the mean time, I'll take a hit at trick-track with Harrison.'

'He has ridden out, sir,' said Gudyill, 'to try if he can hear any tidings of the battle.'

'D—n the battle,' said the Major; it puts this family as much out of order as if there had never been such a thing in the country before—and yet there was such a place as Kilsythe, John.'

'Ay, and as Tippermuir, your honour,' replied Gudyill, 'where I was his honour, my late master's, rear-rank man.'

'And Alford, John, where I commanded the horse; and Innerlochy, where I was the great Marquis's aid-de-camp; and Auld Earn, and Brig o' Dee.'

'And Philiphaugh, your honour,' said John.

'Umph!' replied the Major; 'the less, John, we say about that matter, the better.'

However, being once fairly embarked on the subject of Montrose's campaign, the Major and John Gudyill carried on the war so stoutly, as for a considerable time to keep at bay the formidable enemy called Time, with whom retired veterans, during the quiet close of a bustling life, usually wage an unceasing hostility.

It has been frequently remarked, that the tidings of important events fly with a celerity almost beyond the power

of credibility, and that reports, correct in the general point, though inaccurate in details, precede the certain intelligence, as if carried by the birds of the air. Such rumours anticipate the reality, not unlike to the 'shadows of coming events' which occupy the imagination of the Highland Seer. Harrison, in his ride, encountered some such report concerning the event of the battle, and turned his horse back to Tillietudlem in great dismay. He made it his first business to seek out the Major, and interrupted him in the midst of a prolix account of the siege and storm of Dundee, with the ejaculation, 'Heaven send, Major, that we do not see a siege of Tillietudlem before we are many days older.'

'How is that, Harrison?—what the devil do you mean?' exclaimed the astonished veteran.

'Troth, sir, there is strong and increasing belief that Claver'se is clean broken, some say killed; that the soldiers are all dispersed, and that the rebels are hastening this way, threatening death and devastation to a' that will not take the Covenant.

'I will never believe that,' said the Major, starting on his feet—'I will never believe that the Life Guards would retreat before rebels;—and yet why need I say that,' he continued, checking himself, 'when I have seen such sights myself?—Send out Pike, and one or two of the servants, for intelligence, and let all the men in the Castle and in the village that can be trusted take up arms. This old tower may hold them play abit, if it were but victualled and garrisoned, and it commands the pass between the high and low countries.—It's lucky I was here.—Go, muster men, Harrison. You, Gudyill, look what provisions you have or can get brought in, and be ready, if the news be confirmed, to knock down as many bullocks as you have salt for.—The well never goes dry.—There are some old-fashioned guns on the battlements; if we had but ammunition, we should do well enough.'

'The soldiers left some casks of ammunition at the Grange this morning, to bide their return,' said Harrison.

'Hasten, then,' said the Major, 'and bring it into the Castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun, that is within our reach; don't leave so much as a bodkin—lucky that I was here.—I will speak to my sister instantly.'

Lady Margaret Bellenden was astounded at intelligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her that the imposing force which had that morning left her walls, was sufficient to have routed all the disaffected in Scotland, if collected in a body; and her first reflection was upon the inadequacy of their own means of resistance, to an army strong enough to have defeated Claverhouse and such select troops.

'Woes me! woes me!' said she; 'what will all that we can do avail us, brother?—What will resistance do but bring sure destruction on the house, and on the bairn Edith; for, God knows, I think nae on my ain auld life.'

'Come, sister,' said the Major, 'you must not be cast down; the place is strong, the rebels ignorant and ill-provided; my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and rebels whiles old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I thank my old grey hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Pike with intelligence.—What news, Pike? Another Philiphaugh job, eh?'

'Ay, ay,' said Pike, composedly; 'a total scattering.—I thought this morning little gude would come of their new-fangled gate of slinging their carabines.'

'Whom did you see?—Who gave you the news?' asked the Major.

'O, mair than half-a-dozen dragoon fellows that are a' on the spur whilk to get first to Hamilton. They'll win the race, I warrant them, win the battle wha like.'

'Continue your preparations, Harrison; get your ammunition in, and the cattle killed. Send down to the borough-town for what meat you can get in. We must not lose an instant.—Had not Edith and you, sister, better return to Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you there?'

'No, brother,' said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure; 'since the auld house is to be held out, I will take my chance in it; I have fled twice from it in my days, and I have aye found it desolate of its bravest and its bonniest when I returned, sae that I will e'en abide now, and end my pilgrimage in it.'

'It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for Edith and you,' said the Major; 'for the whigs will rise

all the way between this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Charnwood, very unsafe.'

'So be it, then,' said Lady Margaret; 'and dear brother, as the nearest blood-relation of my deceased husband, I deliver to you, by this symbol,'—(here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the deceased Earl of Torwood)—'the keeping and government and seneschalship of my Tower of Tillietudlem, and the appurtenances thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall assail the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will so defend it, as becomes a house in which his most sacred majesty has not disdained'—

'Pshaw! sister,' interrupted the Major, 'we have no time to speak about the king and his breakfast just now!'

And hastily leaving the room, he hurried, with all the alertness of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tillietudlem, having very thick walls, and very narrow windows, having also a very strong court-yard wall, with flanking turrets on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against any thing but a train of heavy artillery.

Famine or escalade was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the Top of the Tower was mounted with some antiquated wall-pieces, and small cannons, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, sakers, demi-sakers, falcons, and falconets. These, the Major, with the assistance of John Gudyill, caused to be scaled and loaded, and pointed them so as to command the road over the brow of the opposite hill by which the rebels must advance, causing, at the same time, two or three trees to be cut down, which would have impeded the effect of the artillery when it should be necessary to use it. With the trunks of these trees, and other materials, he directed barricades to be constructed upon the winding avenue which rose to the Tower from the high road, taking care that each should command the other. The large gate of the court-yard he barricadoed yet more strongly, leaving only a wicket open for the convenience of pas-

sage. What he had most to apprehend, was the slenderness of his garrison; for all the efforts of the steward were unable to get more than nine men under arms, himself and Gudyill included, so much more popular was the cause of the insurgents than that of the government.—Major Bellenden, and his trusty servant Pike, made the garrison eleven, in number, of whom one half were old men. The round dozen might indeed have been made up, would Lady Margaret have consented that Goose Gibbie should again take up arms. But she recoiled from the proposal, when moved by Gudyill, with such abhorrent recollection of the former achievements of that luckless cavalier, that she declared she would rather the Castle were lost than that he were to be enrolled in the defence of it. With eleven, however, himself included, Major Bellenden determined to hold out the place to the uttermost.

The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree of fracas incidental to such occasions. Women shrieked, cattle bellowed, dogs howled, men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission, the lumbering of the old guns backwards and forwards shook the battlements, the court resounded with the hasty gallop of messengers who went and returned upon errands of importance, and the din of warlike preparation was mingled with the sounds of female lamentation.

Such a Babel of discord might have awakened the slumbers of the very dead, and, therefore, was not long ere it dispelled the abstracted reveries of Edith Bellenden. She sent out Jenny to bring her the cause of the tumult which shook the castle to its very basis; but Jenny, once engaged in the bustling tide, found so much to ask and to hear that she forgot the state of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young mistress. Having no pigeon to dismiss in pursuit of information when her raven-messenger had failed to return with it, Edith was compelled to venture in quest of it out of the ark of her own chamber into the deluge of confusion which overflowed the rest of the castle. Six voices speaking at once, informed her, in reply to her first enquiry, that Claver'se and all his men were killed, and that ten thousand whigs were marching to besiege the castle, headed by John Balfour of Burley, young Milnwood, and Cuddie Headrigg. This strange association of persons seemed to infer the falsehood of the

whole story, and yet the general bustle in the castle intimated that danger was certainly apprehended.

'Where is Lady Margaret?' was Edith's second question.

'In her oratory,' was the reply; a cell adjoining to the old chapel in which the good old lady was wont to spend the greater part of the days destined by the rules of the Episcopal Church to devotional observances, as also the anniversaries of those on which she had lost her husband and her children, and, finally, those hours, in which a deeper and more solemn address to Heaven was called for, by national or domestic calamity.

'Where, then,' said Edith, much alarmed, 'is Major Bellenden?'

'On the battlements of the Tower, madam, pointing the cannon,' was the reply.

To the battlements, therefore, she made her way, impeded by a thousand obstacles, and found the old gentleman, in the midst of his natural military element, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and exercising all the numerous duties of a good governor.

'In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?' exclaimed Edith.

'The matter, my love?' answered the Major coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun—'the matter?—Why—raise her breech a thought more, John Gudyill—the matter? Why, Claver'se is routed, my dear, and the whigs are coming down upon us in force, that's all the matter.'

'Gracious powers!' said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glance of the road which ran up the river, 'and yonder they come.'

'Yonder? where?' said the veteran, and, his eyes taking the same direction, beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path. 'Stand to your guns, my lads,' was the first exclamation; 'we'll make them pay toll as they pass the heugh.—But stay, stay, these are certainly the Life Guards.'

'O no, uncle, no,' replied Edith; 'see how disorderly they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks; these cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning.'

'Ah, my dear girl!' answered the Major, 'you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after

a defeat; but the Life Guards it is, for I see the red and blue and the King's colours. I am glad they have brought them off, however.'

His opinion was confirmed as the troopers approached nearer, and finally halted on the road beneath the Tower; while their commanding officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, hastily rode up the hill.

'It is Claverhouse, sure enough;' said the Major; 'I am glad he has escaped, but he has lost his famous black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudyill; order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers' horses; and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him. I surmise we shall hear but indifferent news.'

CHAPTER VII.

With careless gesture, mind unmoved,
On rade he north the plain,
His seem in thrang of fiercest strife,
When winner aye the same.

Hardyknute.

Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse met the family, assembled in the hall of the Tower, with the same serenity and the same courtesy which had graced his manners in the morning. He had even had the composure to rectify in part the disorders of his dress, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and did not appear more disordered in his exterior than if returned from a morning ride.

'I am grieved, Colonel Grahame,' said the reverend old lady, the tears trickling down her face, 'deeply grieved.'

'And I am grieved, my dear Lady Margaret,' replied Claverhouse, 'that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tillietudlem dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the King's troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I came here chiefly to request Miss Bellenden and you to accept my escort (if you will not scorn that of a poor runaway) to Glasgow, from whence I will see you safely sent either to Edinburgh or to Dumbarton Castle, as you shall think best.'

'I am much obliged to you, Colonel Grahame,' replied Lady Margaret, 'but my brother, Major Bellenden, has taken on him the responsibility of holding out this house against the rebels; and, please God, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her ain hearth-stane while there's a brave man that says he can defend it.'

'And will Major Bellenden undertake this?' said Claverhouse hastily, a joyful light glancing from his dark eye as he turned it on the veteran,—'Yet why should I question it? it is of a piece with the rest of his life.—But have you the means, Major?'

'All, but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied,' answered the Major.

'As for men,' said Claverhouse, 'I will leave you a dozen or twenty fellows who will make good a breach against the devil. It will be of the utmost service, if you can defend the place but a week, and by that time you must surely be relieved.'

'I will make it good for that space, Colonel,' replied the Major, 'with twenty-five good men and store of ammunition, if we should gnaw the soles of our shoes for hunger; but I trust we shall get in provisions from the country.'

'And, Colonel Grahame, if I might presume a request,' said Lady Margaret, 'I would entreat that Sergeant Francis Stuart might command the auxiliaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people; it may serve to legitimate his promotion, and I have a prejudice in favour of his noble birth.'

'The serjeant's wars are ended, madam,' said Grahame, in an unaltered tone, 'and he now needs no promotion that an earthly master can give.'

'Pardon me,' said Major Bellenden, taking Claverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, 'but I am anxious for my friends; I fear you have other and more important loss. I observe another officer carries your nephew's standard.'

'You are right, Major Bellenden,' answered Claverhouse firmly; 'my nephew is no more. He has died in his duty as became him.'

'Great God!' exclaimed the Major, 'how unhappy!—the handsome, gallant, high-spirited youth!'

'He was, indeed, all you say,' answered Claverhouse; 'poor Richard was to me as an eldest son, the apple of my eye, and my destined heir; but he died in his duty, and I—I—Major Bellenden'—(he wrung the Major's hand hard as he spoke)—'I live to avenge him.'

'Colonel Grahame,' said the affectionate veteran, his eyes filling with tears, 'I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude.'

'I am not a selfish man,' replied Claverhouse, 'though the world will tell you otherwise; I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been severe for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master and the good of the country is what I have tried to aim at. I may, perhaps, have driven severity into cruelty, but I acted for the best; and now I will not yield to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have given to those of others.'

'I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair,' pursued the Major.

'Yes,' replied Claverhouse, 'my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge—I despise their accusations. They will calumniate me to my sovereign—I can repel their charge. The public enemy will exult in my flight—I shall find a time to shew them that they exult too early. This youth that has fallen stood betwixt a grasping kinsman and my inheritance, for you know that my marriage-bed is barren; yet, peace be with him! the country can better spare him than your friend Lord Evandale, who, after behaving very gallantly, has, I fear, also fallen.'

'What a fatal day!' ejaculated the Major. 'I heard a report of this, but it was again contradicted; it was added, that the poor young nobleman's impetuosity had occasioned the loss of this unhappy field.'

'Not so, Major,' said Grahame; 'let the living officers bear the blame, if there be any, and let the laurels flourish untarnished on the grave of the fallen. I do not, however, speak of Lord Evandale's death as certain; but killed, or prisoner, I fear he must be. Yet he was extricated from the tumult the last time we spoke together. We were then on the point of leaving the field with a rear-guard of scarce twenty men; the rest of the regiment were almost dispersed.'

'They have rallied again soon,' said the Major, looking from the window on the dragoons, who were feeding their horses and refreshing themselves beside the brook.

'Yes,' answered Claverhouse, 'my blackguards had little temptation either to desert, or to straggle farther than they were driven by their first panic. There is small friendship and scant courtesy between them and the boors of this country; every village they pass is likely to rise on them, and so the scoundrels are driven back to their colours by a wholesome terror of spits, pike-staves, hay-forks, and broom-sticks.—But now let us talk about your plans and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To tell you the truth, I doubt being able to make a long stand at Glasgow, even when I have joined my Lord Ross; for this transient and accidental success of the fanatics will raise the devil through all the western counties.'

They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general insurrection took place, as was to be expected. Claverhouse renewed his offer to escort the ladies to a place of safety; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tillietudlem.

The Colonel then took a polite leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them, that, though he was reluctantly obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstances, yet his earliest means should be turned to the redemption of his character as a good knight and true, and that they might speedily rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Full of doubt and apprehension, Lady Margaret was little able to reply to a speech so much in unison with her usual expressions and feelings, but contented herself with bidding Claverhouse farewell, and thanking him for the succours which he had promised to leave them. Edith longed to enquire the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and could only hope that it had made a subject of some part of the long private communication which her uncle had held with Claverhouse. On this subject, however, she was disappointed; for the old cavalier was so deeply immersed in the duties of his new office, that he had scarce said a single word to Claverhouse, excepting upon military matters, and most proba-

bly would have been equally forgetful had the fate of his own son, instead of his friend's, lain in the balance.

Claverhouse now descended the bank on which the castle is founded, in order to put his troops again in motion, and Major Bellenden accompanied him to receive the detachment who were to be left in the Tower.

'I shall leave Inglis with you,' said Claverhouse, 'for, as I am situated, I cannot spare an officer of rank; it is all we can do, by our joint efforts, to keep the men together. But should any of our missing officers make their appearance I authorise you to detain them, for my fellows can with difficulty be subjected to any other authority.'

'His troops being now drawn up, he picked out sixteen men by name, and committed them to the command of Corporal Inglis, whom he promoted to the rank of serjeant upon the spot.

'And hark ye, gentlemen,' was his concluding harangue, 'I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bellenden, a faithful servant of the King. You are to behave bravely, soberly, regularly, and obediently, and each of you shall be handsomely rewarded on my return to relieve the garrison. In case of mutiny, cowardice, neglect of duty, or the slightest excess in the family, the provost-marshal and cord—you know I keep my word for good and evil.'

He touched his hat as he bade them adieu, and shook hands cordially with Major Bellenden.

'Adieu,' he said, 'my stout-hearted old friend! Good luck be with you, and better times to us both.'

The horsemen whom he commanded had been once more reduced to tolerable order by the exertions of Major Allan, and, though shorn of their splendour, and with their gilding all besmirched, made a much more regular and military appearance on leaving, for the second time, the Tower of Tillietudlem, than when they returned to it after their route.

Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources, sent out several videttes, both to obtain supplies of provisions, and especially of meal, and to get knowledge of the motions of the enemy. All the news he could collect on the second subject tended to prove, that the insurgents meant to remain on the field of battle for that night. But they, also, had abroad their detachments and advanced guards to collect

supplies, and great was the doubt and distress of those who received contrary orders in the name of the King and in that of the Kirk; the one commanding them to send provisions to victual the castle of Tillietudlem, and the other enjoining them to forward supplies to the camp of the godly professors of true religion, now in arms for the cause of covenanted reformation, presently pitched at Drumclog, nigh to Loudon-hill. Each summons closed with a denunciation of fire and sword if it was neglected, for neither party could confide so far in the loyalty or zeal of those whom they addressed, as to hope they would part with their property upon other terms. So that the poor people knew not what hand to turn themselves to; and, to say truth, there were some who turned themselves to more than one.

'Thir kittle times will drive the wisest o' us daft,' said Niel Blane, the prudent host of the Howff; 'but I'se aye keep a calm sough—Jenny, what meal is in the girnel?'

'Four bows o' aitmeal, twa bows o' bear, and twa bows o' pease,' was Jenny's reply.

'Aweel hinny,' continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, 'let Bauldie drive the pease and bear meal to the camp at Drumclog—he's a whig, and was the auld gude-wife's pleughman—the mashlum bannocks will suit their moorland stamachs weel. He maun say it's the last unce o' meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie, (as it's no likely he will when it's for the gude o' the house,) he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drunk trooper, drives up the aitmeal to Tillietudlem, wi' my dutifu' service to my Leddy and the Major, and I haena as muckle left as will mak my parritch; and, if Duncan manage right, I'll gi'e him a tass o' whiskey shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth.'

'And what are we to eat oursels then, father, when we hae sent awa' the hail meal in the ark and the girnel?'

'We maun gar wheat-flour serve us for a blink,' said Niel, in a tone of resignation; 'it's no that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stamach as the curney aitmeal is; the Englishers live amaist upon't; but, to be sure, the pock-puddings ken nae better.'

While the prudent and peaceful endeavoured, like Niel Blane, to make fair weather with both parties, those who

had more public (or party) spirit, began to take arms on all sides. The royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable from their fortune and influence, being chiefly landed proprietors of ancient descent, who, with their brothers, cousins, and dependants, to the ninth generation, as well as their domestic servants, formed a sort of militia, capable of defending their own peel-houses against detached bodies of the insurgents, of resisting their demand of supplies, and intercepting those which were sent to the presbyterian camp by others. The news that the Tower of Tillietudlem was to be defended against the insurgents afforded great courage and support to these feudal volunteers, who considered it as a strong-hold to which they might retreat, in case it should become impossible for them to maintain the desultory war they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of small heritors, sent forth numerous recruits to the presbyterian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soured, and driven to desperation, by the various exactions and cruelties to which they had been subjected; and, although by no means united among themselves, either concerning the purpose of this formidable insurrection, or the means by which that purpose was to be obtained, most considered it as a door opened by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and to shake themselves free of a tyranny, directed both against body and soul. Numbers of these men, therefore, took up arms, and, in the phrase of their time and party, prepared to cast in their lot with the victors of Loudon-hill.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ananias. I do not like the man: He is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan truly.

Tribulation. You must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did ill to upbraid him.

The Alchemist.

We return to Henry Morton, whom we left on the field of battle. He was eating, by one of the watch fires, his portion of the provisions that had been distributed to the army, and musing deeply on the path which he was next to pursue, when Burley suddenly came up to him, accompanied by the young minister, whose exhortation after the victory had produced such a powerful effect.

'Henry Morton,' said Balfour, abruptly, 'the council of the army of the Covenant, confiding that the son of Silas Morton can never prove a lukewarm Laodicean, or an indifferent Gallio, in this great day, have nominated you to be a captain of their host, with the right of a vote in their council, and all authority fitting for an officer who is to command Christian men.'

'Mr. Balfour,' replied Morton, without hesitation, 'I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surprising that a natural sense of the injuries of my country, not to mention those I have sustained in my own person, should make me sufficiently willing to draw my sword for liberty and freedom of conscience. But I will own to you, that I must be better satisfied concerning the principles on which you bottom your cause, ere I can agree to take a command amongst you.'

'And can you doubt of our principles,' answered Burley, 'since we have stated them to be the reformation both of church and state, the rebuilding of the decayed sanctuary, the gathering of the dispersed saints, and the destruction of the man of sin?'

'I will own frankly, Mr. Balfour,' replied Morton, 'much of this sort of language, which, I observe, is so powerful with others, is entirely lost on me. It is proper you should be aware of this before we commune further together.' (The young clergyman here groaned deeply.) 'I distress you, sir,' said Morton; 'but, perhaps, it is because you

will not hear me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or any Christian can do. I look into them with humble hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenor, and of the spirit which they uniformly breathe, and not by wresting particular passages from their context, or by the application of Scriptural phrases to circumstances and events, with which they have often very slender relation.'

The divine, whose name was Ephraim Macbriar, seemed shocked and thunderstruck with this declaration, and was about to remonstrate.

'Hush, Ephraim!' said Burley, "remember he is but as a babe in swaddling clothes.—Listen to me, Morton. will speak to thee in the worldly language of that carnal reason, which is, for the present, thy blind and imperfect guide. What is the object for which thou art content to draw thy sword? Is it not that the church and state should be reformed by the free voice of a free parliament, with such laws as shall hereafter prevent the executive government from spilling the blood, torturing and imprisoning the persons, exhausting the estates, and trampling upon the consciences of men at their own wicked pleasure.'

'Most certainly,' said Morton; "such I esteem legitimate causes of warfare, and for such I will fight while I can wield a sword.'

'Nay, but,' said Macbriar, 'ye handle this matter too tenderly, nor will my conscience permit me to fard or daub over the causes of divine wrath'——

'Peace, Ephraim Macbriar,' again interrupted Burley.

'I will not peace,' said the young man. 'Is it not the cause of my Master who has sent me? Is it not a profane and Erastian destroying of his authority, usurpation of his power, denial of his name, to place either king or parliament in his place as the master and governor of his household, the adulterous husband of his spouse?'

'You speak well,' said Burley, dragging him aside, 'but not wisely; your own ears have heard this night in council how this scattered remnant are broken and divided, and would ye now make a veil of separation between them? Would ye build a wall with unslacked mortar?—if a fox go up it will breach it.'

'I know,' said the young clergyman, in reply, "that

thou art faithful, honest, and zealous, even unto slaying; but, believe me, this worldly craft, this temporizing with sin and with infirmity, is in itself a falling away, and I fear me Heaven will not honour us to do much more for His glory, when we seek to carnal cunning and to a fleshly arm. The sanctified end must be wrought by sanctified means.'

'I tell thee,' answered Balfour, 'thy zeal is too rigid in this matter; we cannot yet do without the help of the Laodiceans and the Erastians; we must endure for a space the indulged in the midst of the council—the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us.'

'I tell thee I like it not,' said Macbriar; "God can work deliverance by a few as well as by a multitude. The host of the faithful that was broken upon Pentland-hills, paid but the fitting penalty of acknowledging the carnal interest of that tyrant and oppressor, Charles Stuart.'

'Well, then,' said Balfour, 'thou knowest the healing resolution that the council have adopted to make a comprehending declaration, that may suit the tender consciences of all who groan under the yoke of our present oppressors. Return to the council if thou wilt, and get them to recall it, and send forth one upon narrower grounds. But abide not here to hinder my gaining over this youth whom my soul travails for: his name alone will call forth hundreds to our banners.'

'Do as thou wilt, then,' said Macbriar; "but I will not assist to mislead the youth, nor bring him into jeopardy of life, unless upon such grounds as will insure his eternal reward.'

The more artful Balfour then dismissed the impatient preacher, and returned to his proselyte.

That we may be enabled to dispense with detailing at length the arguments by which he urged Morton to join the insurgents, we shall take this opportunity to give a brief sketch of the person by whom they were used, and the motives which he had for interesting himself so deeply in the conversion of young Morton to his cause.

John Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley, for he is designated both ways in the histories and proclamations of that melancholy period, was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upward. In the younger part of his life he had been wild and licentious, but had early laid

aside open profligacy, and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvanism. Unfortunately, habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, saturnine, and enterprising spirit, than the vices of revenge and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise no small sway over his mind. Daring in design, precipitate and violent in execution, and going to the very extremity of the most rigid recusancy, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the presbyterian interest.

To attain this eminence among the whigs, he had been active in attending their conventicles, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and beaten off the forces sent to disperse them. At length, the gratification of his own fierce enthusiasm, joined, as some say, with motives of private revenge, placed him at the head of that party who assassinated the Primate of Scotland, as the author of the sufferings of the presbyterians. The violent measures adopted by government to revenge this deed, not on the perpetrators only, but on the whole professors of the religion to which they belonged, together with long previous sufferings, without any prospect of deliverance, except by force of arms, occasioned the insurrection, which, as we have already seen, commenced by the defeat of Claverhouse in the bloody skirmish of Loudon-hill.

But Burley, notwithstanding the share he had in the victory, was far from finding himself at the summit which his ambition aimed at. This was partly owing to the various opinions entertained among the insurgents concerning the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. The more violent among them did indeed approve of this act as a deed of justice, executed upon a persecutor of God's church through the immediate inspiration of the Deity; but the greater part of the presbyterians disowned the deed as a crime highly culpable, although they admitted, that the Archbishop's punishment had by no means exceeded his deserts. The insurgents differed in another main point, which has been already touched upon. The more warm and extravagant fanatics condemned, as guilty of a pusillanimous abandonment of the rights of the church, those preachers and congregations who were contented, in any manner, to exercise their religion through the per-

mission of the ruling government. This, they said, was absolute Erastianism, or subjection of the church of God to the regulations of an earthly government, and therefore but one degree better than prelacy or popery.—Again, the more moderate party were contented to allow the king's title to the throne, and, in secular affairs, to acknowledge his authority, so long as it was exercised with due regard to the liberties of the subject, and in conformity to the laws of the realm. But the tenets of the wilder set, called, from their leader Richard Cameron, by the name of Cameronians, went the length of disowning the reigning monarch, and every one of his successors who should not acknowledge the Solemn League and Covenant. The seeds of disunion were, therefore, thickly sown in this ill-fated party; and Balfour, however enthusiastic, and however much attached to the most violent of those tenets which we have noticed, saw nothing but ruin to the general cause, if they were insisted on during this crisis, when unity was of so much consequence. Hence he disapproved, as we have seen, of the honest, downright, and ardent zeal of Macbriar, and was extremely desirous to receive the assistance of the moderate party of presbyterians in the immediate overthrow of the government, with the hope of being hereafter able to dictate to them what should be substituted in its place.

He was, on this account, particularly anxious to secure the accession of Henry Morton to the cause of the insurgents. The memory of his father was generally esteemed among the presbyterians; and, as few persons of any decent quality had joined the insurgents, this young man's family and prospects were such as almost insured his being chosen leader. Through Morton's means, as being the son of his ancient comrade, Burley conceived he might exercise some influence over the more liberal part of the army, and ultimately, perhaps, ingratiate himself so far with them, as to be chosen commander-in-chief, which was the mark at which his ambition aimed. He had, therefore, without waiting till any other person took up the subject, exalted to the council the talents and disposition of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the painful rank of a leader in this disunited and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Balfour pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion, as soon as he had gotten

rid of his less artful and more uncompromising companion, Macbriar, were sufficiently artful and urgent. He did not affect either to deny or disguise that the sentiments which he himself entertained concerning church-government, went as far as those of the preacher who had just left them. But he argued, that when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, minute difference of opinion should not prevent those who in general, wished well to their oppressed country, from drawing their swords in its behalf. Many of the subjects of division, as, for example, that concerning the Indulgence itself, arose, he observed, out of circumstances which would cease to exist, provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the presbytery, being in that case triumphant, would need to make no such compromise with the government, and, consequently, with the abolition of the indulgence, all discussion of its legality would be at once ended. He insisted much and strongly upon the necessity of taking advantage of this favourable crisis, upon the certainty of their being joined by the force of the whole western shires, and upon the gross guilt which those would incur, who, seeing the distress of the country, and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, should, from fear or indifference, withhold their active aid from the good cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection, which might appear to have a feasible prospect of freedom to the country. He doubted, indeed, greatly whether the present attempt was likely to be supported by the strength sufficient to ensure success, or by the wisdom and liberality of spirit necessary to make a good use of the advantages that might be gained. Upon the whole, however, considering the wrongs he had personally endured, and those which he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow subjects; meditating also upon the precarious and dangerous situation in which he already stood with relation to the government, he conceived himself, in every point of view, called upon to join the body of presbyterians already in arms.

But while he expressed to Burley his acquiescence in the vote which had named him a leader among the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without a qualification.

'I am willing,' he said, 'to contribute every thing with-

in my limited power to effect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, in the utmost degree, of the action in which this rising seems to have originated, and no arguments should induce me to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as that with which it has commenced.'

Burley's blood rushed to his face, giving a ruddy and dark glow to his swarthy brow.

'You mean,' he said, in a voice which he designed should not betray any emotion—'You mean the death of James Sharpe?'

'Frankly,' answered Morton, 'such is my meaning.'

'You imagine, then,' said Burley, 'that the Almighty, in times of difficulty, does not raise up instruments to deliver his church from her oppressors? You are of opinion that the justice of an execution consists, not in the extent of the sufferer's crime, or in his having merited punishment, or in the wholesome and salutary effect which that example is likely to produce upon other evil-doers, but hold that it rests solely in the robe of the judge, the height of the bench, and the voice of the doomster? Is not just punishment justly inflicted, whether on the scaffold or the moor? And where constituted judges, from cowardice, or from having cast in their lot with transgressors, suffer them not only to pass at liberty through the land, but to sit in the high places, and dye their garments in the blood of the saints, is it not well done in any brave spirits who shall draw their private swords in the public cause?'

'I have no wish to judge this individual action,' replied Morton, 'further than is necessary to make you fully aware of my principles. I therefore repeat, that the case you have supposed does not satisfy my judgment. That the Almighty, in his mysterious providence, may bring a bloody man to an end deservedly bloody, does not vindicate those who, without authority of any kind, take upon themselves to be the instruments of execution, and presume to call them the executors of divine vengeance.'

'And were we not so?' said Burley, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm. 'Were not we—was not every one who owned the interest of the Covenanted Church of Scotland, bound by that covenant to cut off the Judas who had sold the cause of God for fifty thousand merks a-year? Had

we met him by the way as he came down from London, and there smitten him with the edge of the sword, we had done but the duty of men faithful to our cause, and to our oaths recorded in heaven. Was not the execution itself a proof of our warrant? Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands, when we looked out but for one of his inferior tools of persecution? Did we not pray to be resolved how we should act, and was it not borne in on our hearts as if it had been written on them with the point of a diamond, 'Ye shall surely take him and slay him?'—Was not the tragedy full half an hour in acting ere the sacrifice was completed, and that in an open heath, and within the patroles of their garrisons, and yet who interrupted the great work?—What dog so much as bayed us during the pursuit, the taking, the slaying, and the dispersing? Then, who will say—who dare say, that a mightier arm than ours was not herein revealed?'

'You deceive yourself, Mr. Balfour,' said Morton; 'such circumstances of facility of execution and escape have often attended the commission of the most enormous crimes. But it is not mine to judge you. I have not forgotten that the way was opened to the former liberation of Scotland by an action of violence which no man can justify,—the slaughter of Cumming by the hand of Robert Bruce; and, therefore, condemning this action, as I do and must, I am not unwilling to suppose that you may have motives vindicating it in your own eye, though not to mine, or to those of sober reason. I only now mention it, because I desire you to understand, that I join a cause supported by men engaged in open war, which it is proposed to carry on according to the rules of civilized nations, without, in any respect, approving of the act of violence which gave immediate rise to it.'

Balfour bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed a violent answer. He perceived, with disappointment, that, upon points of principle, his young brother in arms possessed a clearness of judgment, and a firmness of mind, which afforded but little hope of his being able to exert that degree of influence over him which he had expected to possess. After a moment's pause, however, he said, with coolness, 'My conduct is open to men and angels; the deed was not done in a corner; I am here in arms to avow it, and care not where, or by whom, I am called on to

do so, whether in the council, the field of battle, the place of execution, or the day of the last great trial. I will not now discuss it further with one who is yet on the outer side of the veil. But if you will cast in your lot with us as a brother, come with me to the council, who are still sitting, to arrange the future march of the army and the means of improving our victory.'

Morton arose and followed him in silence, not greatly delighted with his associate, and better satisfied with the general justice of the cause which he had espoused, than either with the measures or motives of many of those who were embarked in it.

CHAPTER IX.

> And look how many Grecian tents do stand
> Hollow upon this plain—so many hollow factions.
>
> *Troilus and Cressida.*

In a hollow of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, was a shepherd's hut, a miserable cottage, which, as the only enclosed spot within a moderate distance, the leaders of the presbyterian army had chosen for their council-house. Towards this spot Burley guided Morton, who was surprised as he approached it, at the multifarious confusion of sounds which issued from its precincts. The calm and anxious gravity which it might be supposed would have presided in councils held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discord wild, and loud uproar, which fell on the ear of their new ally as an evil augury of their future measures. As they approached the door, they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of countrymen, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves upon deliberations in which they were so deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Burley, the sternness of whose character maintained a sort of superiority over these disorderly forces, compelled the intruders to retire, and, introducing Morton into the cottage, secured the door behind them against in-

pertinent curiosity. At a less agitating moment, the young man might have been entertained with the singular scene of which he now found himself an auditor and a spectator.

The precincts of the gloomy and ruinous hut were enlightened partly by some furze which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whereof, having no legal vent, eddied around, and formed over the heads of the assembled council a cloudy canopy, as opake as their metaphysical theology, through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a few blinking candles, or rather rushes dipped in tallow, the property of the poor owner of the cottage, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay.— This broken and dusky light showed many a countenance elated with spiritual pride, or rendered dark by fierce enthusiasm; and some whose anxious, wandering, and uncertain looks showed they felt themselves rashly embarked in a cause which they had neither courage nor conduct to bring to a good issue, yet knew not how to abandon, for very shame. They were, indeed, a doubtful and disunited body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Burley in the death of the Primate, four or five of whom had found their way to Loudon-hill, together with other men of the same relentless and uncompromising zeal, who had, in various ways, given desperate and unpardonable offence to the government.

With them were mingled their preachers, men who had spurned at the indulgence offered by government, and preferred assembling their flocks in the wilderness, to worshipping in temples built by human hands, if their doing the latter could be construed to admit any right on the part of their rulers to interfere with the supremacy of the Kirk. The other class of counsellors were such gentlemen of small fortune and substantial farmers as a sense of intolerable oppression had induced to take arms and join the insurgents. These also had their clergymen with them, who, having many of them taken advantage of the indulgence, were prepared to resist the measures of the more violent, who proposed a declaration in which they should give testimony against the warrants and instructions for indulgence as sinful and unlawful acts. This delicate question has been passed over in silence in the first draught of the manifestos which they intended to publish, of the reasons of their gathering in arms; but it

had been stirred anew during Balfour's absence, and, to his great vexation, he now found that both parties had opened upon it in full cry, Macbriar, Kettledrummle, and other teachers of the wanderers, being at the very spring-tide of polemical discussion with Peter Poundtext, the indulged pastor of Milnwood's parish, who, it seems, had e'en girded himself with a broad-sword, but, ere he was called upon to fight for the good cause of presbytery in the field, was manfully defending his own dogmata in the council. It was the din of this conflict, maintained chiefly between Poundtext and Kettledrummle, together with the clamour of their adherents, which had saluted Morton's ears upon approaching the cottage. Indeed, as both the divines were men well gifted with words and lungs, and each fierce, ardent, and intolerant in defence of his own doctrine, prompt in the recollection of texts wherewith they battered each other without mercy, and deeply impressed with the importance of the subject of discussion, the noise of the debate betwixt them fell little short of that which might have attended an actual bodily conflict.

Burley, scandalized at the disunion implied in this virulent strife of tongues, interposed between the disputants, and, by some general remarks on the unseasonableness of discord, a soothing address to the vanity of each party, and the exertion of the authority which his services in that day's victory entitled him to assume, at length succeeded in prevailing upon them to adjourn further discussion of the controversy. But although Kettledrummle and Poundtext were thus for the time silenced, they continued to eye each other like two dogs, who, having been separated by the authority of their masters while fighting, have retreated, each beneath the chair of his owner, still watching each other's motions, and indicating, by occasional growls, by the erected bristles of the back and ears, and by the red glance of the eye, that their discord is unappeased, and that they only wait the first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company, to fly once more at each other's throats.

Balfour took advantage of the momentary pause to present to the council Mr. Henry Morton of Milnwood, as one touched with a sense of the evils of the times, and willing to peril goods and life in the precious cause for which his

father, the renowned Silas Morton, had given in his last a soul-stirring testimony. Morton was instantly received with the right hand of fellowship by his ancient pastor, Poundtext, and by those among the insurgents who supported the more moderate principles. The others muttered something about Erastianism, and reminded each other in whispers, that Silas Morton, once a stout and worthy servant of the Covenant, had been a backslider in the day when the resolutioners had led the way in owning the authority of Charles Stuart, thereby making a gap whereat the present tyrant was afterward brought into the oppression both of Kirk and country. They added, however, that, on this great day of calling, they would not refuse society with any who should put hand to the plough; and so Morton was installed in his office of leader and counsellor, if not with the full approbation of his colleagues, at least without any formal or avowed dissent. They proceeded, on Burley's motion, to divide among themselves the command of the men who had assembled, and whose numbers were daily increasing. In this partition, the insurgents of Pondtext's parish and congregation were naturally placed under the command of Morton; an arrangement mutually agreeable to both parties, as he was recommended to their confidence, as well by his personal qualities as his having been born among them.

When this task was accomplished, it became necessary to determine what use was to be made of their victory. Morton's heart throbbed high when he heard the Tower of Tillietudlem named as one of the most important positions to be seized upon. It commanded, as we have often noticed, the pass between the more wild and the more fertile country, and must furnish, it was plausibly urged, a strong hold and place of rendezvous to the cavaliers and malignants of the district, supposing the insurgents were to march onward and leave it uninvested. This measure was particularly urged as necessary by Poundtext and those of his immediate followers, whose habitations and families might be exposed to great severities, if this strong place was permitted to remain in possession of the royalists.

'I opine,' said Poundtext,—for, like the other divines of the period, he had no hesitation in offering his advice upon military matters of which he was profoundly ignorant,—'I opine, that we should take in and raze that strong

hold of the woman Lady Margaret Bellenden, even though we should build a fort and raise a mount against it; for the race is a rebellious and a bloody race, and their hand has been heavy on the children of the Covenant, both in the former and the latter times. Their hook hath been in our noses, and their bridle betwixt our jaws.'

'What is their means and men of defence?' said Burley. 'The place is strong; but I conceive that two women cannot make it good against a host.'

'There is also,' said Poundtext, 'John Gudyill, even the lady's chief butler, who boasteth himself a man of war from his youth upward, and who spread the banner against the good cause with that man of Belial, James Grahame of Montrose.'

'Pshaw!' returned Balfour, scornfully, 'a butler!'

'Also, there is that ancient malignant,' replied Poundtext, 'Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, whose hands have been dipped in the blood of the saints.'

'If that,' said Burley, 'be Miles Bellenden, the brother of Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle; but he must now be stricken in years.'

'There was word in the country as I rode along,' said another of the council, 'that so soon as they heard of the victory which has been given to us, they caused shut the gates of the Tower, and called in men, and collected ammunition. They were ever a fierce and a malignant house.'

'We will not, with my consent,' said Burley, 'engage in a siege which may consume time. We must rush forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my Lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming.'

'Howbeit,' said Poundtext, 'we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to come forth. It may be that they will give over the place unto our mercy, though they be a rebellious people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their strong-hold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a girl of an ensnaring eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a safe conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyill, and Hugh

Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain with fetters of iron, even as they, in times bypast, have done the martyred saints.'

'Who talks of safe conduct and of peace?' said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice, from the crowd.

'Peace, brother Habakkuk,' said Macbriar, in a soothing tone to the speaker.

'I will not hold my peace,' reiterated this strange and unnatural voice; 'is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?'

While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

'In the name of Heaven! who is he?' said Morton, in a whisper to Poundtext, surprised, shocked, and even startled at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or druid, red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

'It is Habakkuk Mucklewrath,' answered Poundtext, in the same tone, 'whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil spirit hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it, that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth.'

Here he was interrupted by Mucklewrath, who cried in

a voice that made the very beams of the roof quiver—'Who talks of peace and safe conduct? who speaks of mercy to the bloody house of the malignants? I say, take the infants and dash them against the stones; take the daughters and the mothers of the house, and hurl them from the battlements of their trust, that the dogs may fatten on their blood as they did on that of Jezabel the spouse of Ahab, and that their carcases may be dung to the face of the field, even in the portion of their fathers!'

'He speaks right,' said more than one sullen voice from behind; 'we will be honoured with little service in the great cause, if we already make fair weather with Heaven's enemies.'

'This is utter abomination and daring impiety,' said Morton, unable to contain his indignation.—'What blessing can you expect in a cause, in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity?'

'Hush, young man!' said Kettledrummle, 'and reserve thy censure for that which thou canst render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the spirit may be poured.'

'We judge of the tree by the fruit,' said Poundtext, 'and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine laws.'

'You forget, brother Poundtext,' said Macbriar, 'that these are the latter days, when signs and wonders shall be multiplied.'

Poundtext stood forward to reply; but, ere he could articulate a word, the insane preacher broke in with a scream that drowned all competition.

'Who talks of signs and wonders? Am not I Habakkuk Mucklewrath, whose name is changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me?—I heard it—When did I hear it?—Was it not in the tower of the Bass, that overhanged the wide wild sea?—And it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged with the screams! and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it—Where did I see it?—was it not from the high peaks of Dumbarton, when I looked westward upon the fertile land, and northward on the wild Highland hills, when the clouds gather-

ed and the tempest came, and the lightnings of Heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host?—What did I see?—Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood.—What heard I?—The voice that cried, Slay, slay—smite—slay utterly—let not your eye have pity! slay utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is grey—Defile the house and fill the courts with the slain!'

'We receive the command,' exclaimed more than one of the company. 'Six days he hath not spoken nor broken bread, and now his tongue is unloosed!—We receive the command; as he hath said so will we do.'

Astonished, disgusted, and horror-struck, at what he had seen and heard, Morton turned away from the circle and left the cottage. He was followed by Burley, who had his eye on his motions.

'Whither are ye going,' said the latter, taking him by the arm.

'Any where; I care not whither; but here I will abide no longer.'

'Art thou so soon weary, young man?' answered Burley. 'Thy hand is but now put to the plough, and wouldst thou already abandon it? Is this thy adherence to the cause of thy father?'

'No cause,' replied Morton, indignantly—'no cause can prosper so conducted—one party declares for the ravings of a blood-thirsty madman; another leader is an old scholastic pedant; a third'—he stopped, and his companion continued the sentence—'is a desperate homicide, thou wouldst say, like John Balfour of Burley?—I can bear thy misconstruction without resentment. Thou dost not consider, that it is not men of sober and self-seeking minds, who arise in these days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hadst thou but seen the armies of England, during her parliament of 1642, whose ranks were filled with sectaries and enthusiasts, wilder than the anabaptists of Munster, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel; and yet these men were unconquered on the field, and their hands wrought marvellous things for the liberties of the land.'

'But their affairs,' replied Morton, 'were wisely conducted, and the violence of their zeal expended itself in

their exhortations and sermons, without bringing divisions into their councils, or cruelty into their conduct. I have often heard my father say so, and protest, that he wondered at nothing so much as the contrast between the extravagance of their religious tenets, and the wisdom and moderation with which they conducted their civil and military affairs. But our councils seem all one wild chaos of confusion.'

'Thou must have patience, Henry Morton,' answered Balfour; 'thou must not leave the cause of thy religion and country either for one wild word, or one extravagant action. Hear me. I have already persuaded the wiser of our friends, that the counsellors are too numerous, and that we cannot expect that the Midianites shall, by so large a number, be delivered into our hands. They have hearkened to my voice, and our assemblies will be shortly reduced within such a number as can consult and act together, and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well as in ordering our affairs of war, and protecting those to whom mercy should be shewn—Art thou now satisfied?'

'It will give me pleasure, doubtless,' answered Morton, 'to be the means of softening the horrors of civil war, and I will not leave the post I have taken, until I see measures adopted at which my conscience revolts. But to no bloody executions, after quarter asked, or slaughter without trial, will I lend countenance or sanction; and you may depend on my opposing them, with both heart and hand, as constantly and resolutely if attempted by our own followers, as when they are the work of the enemy.'

Balfour waved his hand impatiently.

'Thou wilt find,' he said, 'that the stubborn and hard-hearted generation with whom we deal, must be chastised with scorpions ere their hearts be humbled, and ere they accept the punishment of their iniquity. The word is gone forth against them, "I will bring a sword upon you that shall avenge the quarrel of my Covenant." But what is done shall be done gravely, and with discretion, like that of the worthy James Melvin, who executed judgment on the tyrant and oppressor, Cardinal Beaton.'

'I own to you,' replied Morton, 'that I feel still more abhorrent at cold-blooded and premeditated cruelty, than at that which is practised in the heat of zeal and resentment.'

'Thou art yet but a youth,' replied Balfour, 'and hast not learned how light in the balance are a few drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of this great national testimony. But be not afraid; thyself shall vote and judge in these matters; it may be we shall see little cause to strive together anent them.'

With this concession Morton was compelled to be satisfied for the present, and Burley left him, advising him to lie down and get some rest, as the host would probably move in the morning.

'And you,' said Morton, 'do not you go to rest also?'

'No,' said Burley; my eyes must not yet know slumber. This is no work to be done lightly; I have yet to perfect the chusing of the committee of leaders, and I will call you by times in the morning to be present at their consultation.'

He turned away and left Morton to his repose.

The place in which he found himself was not ill adapted for the purpose, being a sheltered nook, beneath a large rock, well protected from the prevailing wind. A quantity of moss with which the ground was overspread, made a couch soft enough for one who had suffered so much hardship and anxiety. Morton wrapped himself in the horseman's cloak which he had still retained, stretched himself on the ground, and had not long indulged in melancholy reflections on the state of the country, and upon his own condition, ere he was relieved from them by deep and sound slumber.

The rest of the army slept on the ground, dispersed in groups, which chose their beds on the field as they could best find shelter and convenience. A few of the principal leaders held wakeful conference with Burley on the state of their affairs, and some watchmen were appointed who kept themselves on the alert by chanting psalms, or listening to the exercises of the more gifted of the number.

CHAPTER X.

Got with much ease—now merrily to horse.

Henry IV. Part I.

With the first peep of day Henry awoke, and found the faithful Cuddie standing beside him with a portmanteau in his hand.

'I hae been just putting your honour's things in readiness again ye were waking,' said Cuddie, 'as is my duty, seeing ye hae been sae gude as to tak me into your service.'

'I take you into my service, Cuddie?' said Morton; 'you must be dreaming.'

'Na, na, sir,' answered Cuddie; 'didna I say when I was tied on the horse yonder, that if ever ye gat loose I wad be your servant, and ye didna say no? and if that isna hiring, I kenna what is. Ye gae me nae arles, indeed, but ye had gi'en me aneugh before at Milnwood.'

'Well, Cuddie, if you insist on taking the chance of my unprosperous fortunes'—

'Ou ay, I'se warrant us a' prosper weel aneugh,' answered Cuddie, cheeringly, 'an' anes my auld mither was weel putten up. I hae begun the campaigning trade at an end that is easy aneugh to learn.'

'Pillaging, I suppose,' said Morton, 'for how else could you come by that portmanteau?'

'I wotna if it's pillaging, or how ye ca't,' said Cuddie, 'but it comes natural to a body, and it's a profitable trade. Our folk had tirled the dead dragoons as bare as bawbees before we were loose amaist—But when I saw the whigs a' weel yokit by the lugs to Kettledrummle and the other chield, I set aff at the lang trot on my ain errand and your honour's. Sae I took up the syke a wee bit, away to the right, where I saw the marks o' mony a horse-foot, and sure aneugh I cam to a place where there had been some clean leathering, and a' the puir chields were lying there busket wi' their claes just as they had put them on that morning—naebody had found out that pose o' carcages—and wha suld be in the midst thereof (as my mither says) but our auld acquaintance, Serjeant Bothwell?'

'Ay, has that man fallen?' said Morton.

'Troth has he,' answered Cuddie; and his e'en were open, and his brow bent, and his teeth clenged thegither, like the jaws of a trap for foumarts when the spring's doun. I was amaist feared to look at him; however, I thought to hae turn about wi' him, and sae I e'en riped his pouches, as he had done many an honester man's; and here's your ain siller again (or your uncle's, which is the same) that he got at Milnwood that unlucky night that made us a' sodgers thegither.'

'There can be no harm, Cuddie,' said Morton, 'in making use of this money, since we know how he came by it; but you must divide with me.'

'Bide a wee, bide a wee,' said Cuddie. 'Weel, and there's a bit ring he had hinging in a black ribbon doun on his breast. I am thinking it has been a love-token, puir fallow—there's naebody sae rough but they hae aye a kind heart to the lasses—and there's a book wi' a wheen papers, and I gat twa or three odd things that I'll keep to mysel forby.'

'Upon my word you have made a very successful foray for a beginner,' said his new master.

'Haena I e'en now?' said Cuddie, with great exultation. 'I tauld ye I wasna that dooms stupid, if it cam to lifting things—And forby, I hae gotten twa gude horse. A feckless loon of a Straven weaver, that had left his loom and his bein house to sit skirling on a cauld hill side, had catched twa dragoon naigs, and he could neither gar them hup nor wind, sae he took a gowd noble for them baith.—I suld hae tried him wi' half the siller, but it's an unco ill place to get change in—Ye'll find the siller's missing out o' Bothwell's purse.'

'You have made a most excellent and useful purchase, Cuddie; but what is that portmanteau?'

'The pockmankie,' answered Cuddie, 'was Lord Evandale's yesterday, and it's yours the day. I fand it ahint the bush o' broom yonder—ilka dog has its day—Ye ken what the auld sang says,

'Take turn about, mother, quo Tam o' the Linn.'

'And speaking o' that, I maun gang and see about my mither, puir auld body, if your honour hasna ony immediate commands.'

'But Cuddie,' said Morton, I really cannot take these things from you without some recompense.'

'Hout fie, sir,' answered Cuddie, 'ye suld aye be taking,—for recompense, ye may think about that some other time—I hae seen gay weel to mysel wi' some things that fit me better. What could I do wi' Lord Evandale's braw claes? Sergeant Bothwell's will serve me weel aneugh.'

Not being able to prevail on his self-constituted and disinterested follower to accept of any thing for himself out of these warlike spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of returning Lord Evandale's property, supposing him yet to be alive; and, in the meanwhile, did not hesitate to avail himself of Cuddie's prize, so far as to appropriate some change of linen and other trifling articles amongst those of more value which the portmanteau contained.

He then hastily looked over the papers which were found in Bothwell's pocket-book. These were of a miscellaneous description. The roll of his troop, with the names of those absent on furlough, memorandums of tavern-bills, and lists of delinquents who might be made subjects of fine and prosecution, first presented themselves, along with a copy of a warrant from the Privy Council to arrest certain persons of distinction therein named. In another pocket of the book, were one or two commissions which Bothwell had held at different times, and certificates of his services abroad, in which his courage and military talents were highly praised. But the most remarkable paper was an accurate account of his genealogy, with reference to many documents for establishment of its authenticity; subjoined was a list of the ample possessions of the forfeited Earls of Bothwell, and a particular account of the proportions in which King James VI. had bestowed them on the courtiers and nobility by whose descendants they were at present actually possessed; beneath this list was written, in red letters, in the hand of the deceased, *Haud Immemor*, F. S. E. B., the initials probably intimating Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell. To these documents which strongly painted the character and feelings of the deceased proprietor of these papers, was added some which shewed it in a light greatly different from that in which we have hitherto presented it to the reader.

In a secret pocket of the book, which Morton did not discover without some trouble, were one or two letters, written in a beautiful female hand. They were dated about twenty years back, bore no address, and were subscribed only by initials. Without having time to peruse them accurately, Morton perceived that they contained the elegant yet fond expressions of female affection, directed towards an object whose jealousy they endeavoured to sooth, and of whose hasty, suspicious, and impatient temper, the writer seemed gently to complain. The ink of these manuscripts had faded by time, and notwithstanding the great care which had obviously been taken for their preservation, they were in one or two places chafed so as to be illegible.

'It matters not,' these words were written on the envelope of that which had suffered most, 'I have them by heart.'

With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period :—

Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remembered night,
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whispered love.
Since then how often hast thou pressed
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin which peopled hell,
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion?—
O, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstained and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
I had not wandered wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me.
Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chace,
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down, and rend my prey,

Then—from the carcase turn away!
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed;
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me!

As he finished reading these lines, Morton could not forbear reflecting with compassion on the fate of this singular and most unhappy being, who, it appeared, while in the lowest state of desperation, and almost of contempt, had his recollections continually fixed on the high station to which his birth seemed to entitle him; and, while plunged in gross licentiousness, was in secret looking back with bitter remorse to the period of his youth, during which he had nourished a virtuous, though unfortunate attachment.

'Alas! what are we,' said Morton 'that our best and most praiseworthy feelings can be thus debased and depraved—that honourable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the sorrow of blighted affection inhabit the same bosom which licence, revenge, and rapine have chosen for their citadel? But it is the same throughout; the liberal principles of one man sink into cold and unfeeling indifference, the religious zeal of another hurries him into frantic and savage enthusiasm. Our resolutions—our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and, without the aid of Him who formed the human breast, we cannot say to its tides, 'Thus far shall ye come, and no farther'.'

While he thus moralized, he raised his eyes, and observed that Burley stood before him.

'Already awake?' said that leader—'It is well, and shows zeal to tread the path before you. What papers are these?' he continued.

Morton gave him some brief account of Cuddie's successful marauding party, and handed him the pocket-book of Bothwell, with its contents. The Cameronian leader looked with some attention on such of the papers as related to military affairs, or public business; but when he came to the verses, he threw them from him with contempt.

'I little thought,' he said, when, by the blessing of God, I passed my sword three times through the body of that arch tool of cruelty and persecution, that a character so desperate and so dangerous could have stooped to an art as trifling as it is profane. But I see that Satan can blend

the most different qualities in his well-beloved and chosen agents, and that the same hand which can wield a club or a slaughter-weapon against the godly in the valley of destruction, can touch a tinkling lute or a gittern, to sooth the ears of the dancing daughters of perdition in their Vanity Fair.'

'Your ideas of duty, then,' said Morton, 'exclude love of the fine arts, which have been supposed in general to purify and to elevate the mind.'

'To me, young man,' answered Burley, 'and to those who think as I do, the pleasures of this world, under whatever name disguised, are vanity, as its grandeur and power is a snare. We have but one object on earth, and that is, to build up the temple of the Lord.'

'I have heard my father observe,' replied Morton, 'that many who assumed power in the name of Heaven, were as severe in its exercise, and as unwilling to part with it, as if they had been solely moved by the motives of worldly ambition—But of this another time. Have you succeeded in obtaining a committee of the council to be nominated?'

'I have,' answered Burley. 'The number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations.'

Morton accompanied him to a sequestered grassplot, where their colleagues awaited them. In this delegation of authority, the two principal factions which divided the tumultuary army had each taken care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Cameronians, were Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle; and on that of the moderate party, Poundtext, Henry Morton, and a small proprietor, called the Laird of Langcale. Thus the two parties were equally balanced by their representatives in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were, as is usual in such cases, to possess and exert the greater degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted more like men of this world than could have been expected from their conduct on the preceding evening. After maturely considering their means and situation, and the probable increase of their numbers, they agreed that they would keep their position for that day, in order to refresh their men, and give time to reinforcements to join them, and that, on the next morning, they would direct their march

towards Tillietudlem, and summon that strong-hold, as they expressed it, of malignancy. If it was not surrendered to their summons they resolved to try the effect of a brisk assault, and, should that miscarry, it was settled that they should leave a part of their number to blockade the place, and reduce it, if possible, by famine, while their main body should march forward to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross from the town of Glasgow. Such was the determination of the council of management; and thus Morton's first enterprize in active life was likely to be the attack of a castle belonging to the parent of his mistress, and defended by her relative, Major Bellenden, to whom he personally owed many obligations. He felt fully the embarrassment of his situation, yet consoled himself with the reflection, that his newly-acquired power in the insurgent army would give him, at all events, the means of extending to the inmates of Tillietudlem a protection which no other circumstance could have afforded them, and he was not without hope that he might be able to mediate such an accommodation betwixt them and the presbyterian army as should secure them a safe neutrality during the war which was about to ensue.

CHAPTER XI.

> There came a knight from the field of slain,
> His steed was drench'd with blood and rain.
>
> FINLAY.

We must now return to the fortress of Tillietudlem and its inhabitants. The morning, being the first after the battle of Loudon-hill, had dawned upon its battlements, and the defenders had already resumed the labours by which they proposed to render the place tenable, when the watchman, who was placed in a high turret, called the Warder's Tower, gave the signal that a horseman was approaching. As he came nearer, his dress indicated an officer of the Life-Guards; and the slowness of his horse's pace, as well as the manner in which the rider stooped on the saddle-bow, plainly showed that he was sick or wounded. The wicket was instantly opened to receive him, and Lord Evandale rode into the court-yard, so reduced by loss

of blood, that he was unable to dismount without assistance. As he entered the hall, leaning upon a servant, the ladies shrieked with surprise and terror; for, pale as death, stained with blood, his regimentals soiled and torn, and his hair matted and disordered, he resembled rather a spectre than a human being. But their next exclamation was that of joy at his escape.

'Thank God!' exclaimed Lady Margaret, 'that you are here, and have escaped the hands of the blood-thirsty murderers who have cut off so many of the king's loyal servants!'

'Thank God,' added Edith, 'that you are here and in safety! We have dreaded the worst; but you are wounded, and I fear we have little the means of assisting you.'

'My wounds are only sword-cuts,' answered the young nobleman, as he reposed himself on a seat; 'the pain is not worth mentioning, and I should not even feel exhausted but for the loss of blood. But it was not my purpose to bring my weakness to add to your danger and distress, but to relieve them, if possible. What can I do for you?—Permit me,' he added, addressing Lady Margaret—'permit me to think and act as your son, my dear madam—as your brother, Edith!'

He pronounced the last part of the sentence with some emphasis, as if he feared that the apprehension of his pretensions as a suitor might render his proffered services unacceptable to Miss Bellenden. She was not insensible to his delicacy, but there was no time for exchange of sentiment.

'We are preparing for our defence,' said the old lady, with great dignity; 'my brother has taken charge of our garrison, and, by the grace of God, we will give the rebels such a reception as they deserve.'

'How gladly,' said Evandale, 'would I share in the defence of the Castle! But, in my present state, I should be but a burden to you, nay, something worse; for the knowledge that an officer of the Life Guards was in the Castle would be sufficient to make these rogues more desperately earnest to possess themselves of it. If they find it defended only by the family, they may possibly march on to Glasgow rather than hazard an assault.'

'And can you think so meanly of us, my Lord,' said Edith with the generous burst of feeling which woman so

often evinces, and which becomes her so well, her voice faultering through eagerness, and her brow colouring with the noble warmth which dictated her language—'Can you think so meanly of your friends, as that they would permit such considerations to interfere with their sheltering and protecting you at a moment when you are unable to defend yourself, and when the whole country is filled with the enemy? Is there a cottage in Scotland whose owners would permit a valued friend to leave it in such circumstances? And can you think we will allow you to go from a castle which we think strong enough for our own defence?'

'Lord Evandale need never think of it,' said Lady Margaret. 'I will dress his wounds myself; it is all an old wife is fit for in war time; but to quit the Castle of Tillietudlem when the sword of the enemy is drawn to slay him,—the meanest trooper that ever wore the king's coat on his back should not do so, much less my young Lord Evandale.—Ours is not a house that ought to brook such dishonour. The Tower of Tillietudlem has been too much distinguished by the visit of his most sacred'——

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the Major.

'We have taken a prisoner, my dear uncle,' said Edith —'a wounded prisoner, and he wants to escape from us. You must help us to keep him by force.'

'Lord Evandale?' exclaimed the veteran. 'I am as much pleased as when I got my first commission. Claverhouse reported you were killed, or missing at least.'

'I should have been slain, but for a friend of yours,' said Lord Evandale, speaking with some emotion, and bending his eyes on the ground, as if he wished to avoid seeing the impression that what he was about to say would make upon Miss Bellenden. 'I was unhorsed and defenceless, and the sword raised to dispatch me, when young Mr. Morton, the prisoner for whom you interested yourself yesterday morning, interposed in the most generous manner, preserved my life, and furnished me with the means of escaping.'

As he ended the sentence, a painful curiosity overcame his first resolution, he raised his eyes to Edith's face, and imagined he could read in the glow of her cheek and the sparkle of her eye, joy at hearing of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not having been left last

in the race of generosity. Such, indeed, were her feelings, but they were also mingled with admiration of the ready frankness with which Lord Evandale had hastened to bear witness to the merit of a favoured rival, and to acknowledge an obligation which, in all probability, he would rather have owed to any other individual in the world.

Major Bellenden, who would never have observed the emotions of either party, even had they been much more markedly expressed, contented himself with saying, 'Since Henry Morton has influence with these rascals, I am glad he has so exerted it; but I hope he will get clear of them as soon as he can. Indeed, I cannot doubt it. I know his principles, and that he detests their cant and hypocrisy. I have heard him laugh a thousand times at the pedantry of that old presbyterian scoundrel, Poundtext, who, after enjoying the indulgence of the government for so many years, has now, upon the very first ruffle, shewn himself in his own proper colours, and set off, with three parts of his crop-eared congregation, to join the host of the fanatics.—But how did you escape after leaving the field, my Lord?'

'I rode for my life, as a recreant knight must,' answered Lord Evandale, smiling. 'I took the route where I thought I had least chance of meeting with any of the enemy, and I found shelter for several hours—you will hardly guess where.'

'At Castle-Bracklan, perhaps,' said Lady Margaret, 'or in the house of some other loyal gentleman?'

'No, madam. I was repulsed, under one mean pretext or another, from more than one house of that description, for fear of the enemy following my traces; but I found refuge in the cottage of a poor widow, whose husband had been shot within these three months by a party of our corps, and whose two sons are at this very moment with the insurgents.'

'Indeed?' said Lady Margaret Bellenden; 'and was a fanatic woman capable of such generosity?—but she disapproved, I suppose, of the tenets of her family?'

'Far from it, madam,' continued the young nobleman; 'she was in principle a rigid recusant, but she saw my danger and distress, considered me as a fellow-creature, and forgot that I was a cavalier and a soldier. She bound

my wounds, and permitted me to rest upon her bed, concealed me from a party of the insurgents who were seeking for stragglers, supplied me with food, and did not suffer me to leave my place of refuge until she had learned that I had every chance of getting to this tower without danger.'

'It was nobly done,' said Miss Bellenden; 'and I trust you will have an opportunity of rewarding her generosity.'

'I am running up an arrear of obligation on all sides, Miss Bellenden, during these unfortunate occurrences,' replied Lord Evandale; 'but when I can attain the means of shewing my gratitude, the will shall not be wanting.'

All now joined in pressing Lord Evandale to relinquish his intention of leaving the Castle; but the argument of Major Bellenden proved the most effectual.

'Your presence in the Castle will be most useful, if not absolutely necessary, my Lord, in order to maintain, by your authority, proper discipline among the fellows whom Claverhouse has left in garrison here, and who do not prove to be of the most orderly description of inmates; and, indeed, we have the Colonel's authority, for that very purpose, to detain any officer of his regiment who might pass this way.'

'That,' said Lord Evandale, 'is an unanswerable argument, since it shews me that my residence here may be useful, even in my present disabled state.'

'For your wounds, my Lord,' said the Major, 'if my sister, Lady Bellenden, will undertake to give battle to any feverish symptom, if such should appear, I will answer that my old campaigner, Gideon Pike, shall dress a flesh-wound with any of the incorporation of Barber Surgeons. He had enough of practice in Montrose's time, for we had few regularly-bred army chirurgeons, as you may well suppose.—You agree to stay with us, then?'

'My reasons for leaving the Castle,' said Lord Evandale, glancing a look towards Edith, 'though they evidently seemed weighty, must needs give way to those which infer the power of serving you. May I presume, Major, to enquire into the means and plan of defence which you have prepared? or can I attend you to examine the works?'

It did not escape Miss Bellenden, that Lord Evandale

seemed much exhausted both in body and mind. 'I think, sir,' she said, addressing the Major, 'that since Lord Evandale condescends to become an officer of our garrison, you should begin by rendering him amenable to your authority, and ordering him to his apartment, that he may take some refreshment ere he enters on military discussions.'

'Edith is right,' said the old lady; 'you must go instantly to bed, my Lord, and take some febrifuge, which I will prepare with my own hand; and my lady-in-waiting, Mistress Martha Weddell, shall make some friar's chicken, or something very light. I would not advise wine.—John Gudyill, let the housekeeper make ready the chamber of dais. Lord Evandale must lie down instantly. Pike will take off the dressings, and examine the state of the wounds.'

'These are melancholy preparations, madam,' said Lord Evandale, as he returned thanks to Lady Margaret, and was about to leave the hall,—'but I must submit to your ladyship's directions; and I trust that your skill will soon make me a more able defender of your castle than I am at present. You must render my body serviceable as soon as you can, for you have no use for my head while you have Major Bellenden.'

With these words he left the apartment.

'An excellent young man, and a modest,' said the Major.

'None of that conceit,' said Lady Margaret, 'that often makes young folks suppose they know better how their complaints should be treated than people that have had experience.'

'And so generous and handsome a young nobleman,' said Jenny Dennison, who had entered during the latter part of this conversation, and was now left alone with her mistress in the hall, the Major returning to his military cares, and Lady Margaret to her medical preparations.

Edith only answered these encomiums with a sigh; but, although silent, she felt and knew better than any one how much they were merited by the person on whom they were bestowed. Jenny, however, failed not to follow up her blow.

'After a', its true that my leddy says—there's nae trusting a presbyterian; they are a' faithless man-sworn loons.

Whae wad hae thought that young Milnwood and Cuddie Headrigg wad hae taken on wi' thae rebel blackguards ?'

'What do you mean by such improbable nonsense, Jenny ?' said her young mistress, very much displeased.

'I ken it's no pleasing for you to hear, madam," answered Jenny, hardily ; 'and it's as little pleasant for me to tell ; but as gude ye suld ken a' about it soon as syne, and the haill castle's ringing wi't.'

'Ringing with what, Jenny ? Have you a mind to drive me mad ?' answered Edith, impatiently.

'Just that Henry Morton of Milnwood is out wi' the rebels, and ane o' their chief leaders.'

'It is a falsehood,' said Edith—'a most base calumny ! and you are very bold to dare to repeat it to me. Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery to his king and country—such cruelty to me—to—to all the innocent and defenceless victims, I mean, who must suffer in a civil war—I tell you he is utterly incapable of it, in every sense.'

'Dear ! dear ! Miss Edith,' replied Jenny, still constant to her text ; 'they maun be better acquented wi' young men than I am, or ever wish to be, that can tell preceesely what they're capable or no capable o'. But there has been Trooper Tam, and another chield, out in bonnets and grey plaids, like countrymen, to recon—reconnoitre, I think John Gudyill ca'd it ; and they hae been amang the rebels, and brought back word that they had seen young Milnwood, mounted on ane o' the dragoon horses that was ta'en at Loudon-hill, armed wi' sword and pistols, like wha but him, and hand and glove wi' the foremost o' them, and dreeling and commanding the men ; and Cuddie at the heels o' him, in ane o' Serjeant Bothwell's laced waistcoats, and a cockit hat with a bab o' blue ribbands at it, for the auld cause o' the Covenant, (but Cuddie aye liked a blue ribband) and a ruffled sark, like ony lord o' the land—it sets the like o' him, indeed !'

'Jenny,' said her young mistress, hastily, 'it is impossible these men's report can be true ; my uncle has heard nothing of it at this instant.'

'Because Tam Halliday,' answered the hand-maiden, 'came in just five minutes after Lord Evendale ; and when he heard his Lordship was in the Castle, he swore

(the profane loon) he would be d—d ere he would make the report, as he ca'dit, of his news to Major Bellenden, since there was an officer of his ain regiment in the garrison. Sae he wad have said nathing till Lord Evandale wakened the next morning; only he tauld me about it,' (here Jenny looked a little down,) 'just to vex me about Cuddie.'

'Pob, you silly girl,' said Edith, assuming some courage, 'it is all a trick of that fellow to teaze you.'

'Na, madam, it canna be that, for John Gudyill took the other dragoon (he's an auld hard-favoured man, I wotna his name) into the cellar, and gae him a tass o' brandy to get the news out o' him, and he said just the same as Tam Halliday, word for word; and Mr. Gudyill was in sic a rage, that he tauld it a' ower again to us, and says the haill rebellion is owing to the nonsense o' my Leddy, and the Major, and Lord Evandale, that begged off young Milnwood and Cuddie yesterday morning, for that, if they had suffered, the country wad hae been quiet —and troth I am muckle o' that opinion mysel.'

This last commentary Jenny added to her tale, in resentment of her mistress's extreme and obstinate incredulity. She was instantly alarmed, however, by the effect which her news produced upon her young mistress, an effect rendered doubly violent by the High Church principles in which Miss Bellenden had been educated. Her complexion became instantly as pale as a corpse, her respiration so difficult that it was on the point of altogether failing her, and her limbs so incapable of supporting her that she sunk, rather than sat, down upon one of the seats in the hall, and seemed on the eve of fainting. Jenny tried cold water, burnt feathers, cutting of laces, and all other remedies usual in hysterical cases; but without any immediate effect.

'God forgi'e me, what hae I done?' said the repentant fille-de-chambre, 'I wish my tongue had been cuttit out! —Wha wad hae thought o' her taking on that way, and a' for a young lad?—O, Miss Edith—dear Miss Edith, haud your heart up about it, it's maybe no true for a' that I hae said—O, I wish my mouth had been blistered!—A' body tells me my tongue will do me a mischief some day. —What if my Leddy comes? or the Major?—and she's sitting in the throne too that nae-body has sate in since

that weary morning the King was here!—O, what will I do?—What will become o' us?'

While Jenny Dennison thus lamented herself and her mistress, Edith slowly returned from the paroxysm into which she had been thrown by this unexpected intelligence.

'If he had been unfortunate,' she said, 'I never could have deserted him. I never did so, even when there was danger and disgrace in pleading his cause. If he had died, I would have mourned him—if he had been unfaithful, I would have forgiven him; but a rebel to his King,—a traitor to his country,—the associate and colleague of cut-throats and common stabbers,—the persecutor of all that is noble,—the professed and blasphemous enemy of all that is sacred,—I will tear him from my heart, if my life-blood should ebb in the effort!'

She wiped her eyes, and rose hastily from the great chair, (or throne, as Lady Margaret used to call it,) while the terrified damsel hastened to shake up the cushion, and efface the appearance of any one having occupied that sacred seat; although King Charles himself, considering the youth and beauty as well as the affliction of the momentary usurper of his hallowed chair, would probably have thought very little of the profanation. She then hastened officiously to press her support on Edith, as she paced the hall apparently in deep meditation.

'Tak my arm, madam; better just tak my arm; sorrow maun hae its vent, and doubtless'——

'No, Jenny,' said Edith, with firmness; 'you have seen my weakness, and you shall see my strength.'

'But ye leaned on me the other morning, Miss Edith, when ye were sa sair grieved.'

'Misplaced and erring affection may require support, Jenny—duty can support itself; yet I will do nothing rashly. I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct—and then—cast him off for ever,' was the firm and determined answer of her young lady.

Overawed by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive, nor estimate the merit, Jenny muttered between her teeth, 'Odd, when the first flight's ower, Miss Edith taks it as easy as I do, and muckle easier, and I m sure I ne'er cared half sae muckle about Cuddie Headrigg as she did about young Milnwood. Forbye that, it's may-

be as weel to hae a friend on baith sides; for, if the whigs suld come to tak the Castle, as it's like they may, when there's sae little victual, and the dragoons wasting what's o't, ou, in that case, Milnwood and Cuddie wad hae the upper hand, and their friendship wad be worth siller—I was thinking sae this morning or I heard the news.'

With this consolatory reflection the damsel went about her usual accommodations, leaving her mistress to school her mind as she best might, for eradicating the sentiments which she had hitherto entertained towards Henry Morton.

CHAPTER XII.

Once more unto the breach—dear friends, once more—
Henry V.

On the evening of this day, all the information which they could procure led them to expect that the insurgent army would be with early dawn on their march against Tillietudlem. Lord Evandale's wounds had been examined by Pike, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of any consequence; and the loss of blood, as much perhaps as the boasted specific of Lady Margaret, had prevented any tendency to fever; so that, notwithstanding he felt some pain and great weakness, the patient maintained that he was able to creep about with the assistance of a stick. In these circumstances, he refused to be confined to his apartment, both that he might encourage the soldiers by his presence, and suggest any necessary addition to the plan of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon something of an antiquated fashion of warfare. Lord Evandale was well qualified to give advice on such subjects, having served, during his early youth, both in France and in the Low Countries. There was little or no occasion, however, for altering the preparations already made; and, excepting on the article of provisions, there seemed no reason to fear for the defence of so strong a place against such assailants as those by whom it was threatened.

With the peep of day, Lord Evandale and Major Bellenden were on the battlements again, viewing and reviewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I ought to observe, that the report of the spies had now been regularly made and received. But the Major treated the report that Morton was in arms against the government, with the most scornful incredulity.

'I know the lad better,' was the only reply he deigned to make; 'the fellows have not dared to venture near enough, and have been deceived by some fanciful resemblance, or have picked up some idle story.'

'I differ from you, Major,' answered Lord Evandale; 'I think you will see that young gentleman at the head of the insurgents, and, though I shall be heartily sorry for it, I shall not be greatly surprised.'

'You are as bad as Claverhouse,' said the Major, 'who contended yesterday morning down my very throat, that this young fellow, who is as high-spirited and gentleman-like a boy as I have ever known, wanted but an opportunity to place himself at the head of the rebels.'

'And considering the usage which he has received, and the suspicions under which he lies,' said Lord Evandale, 'what other course is open to him? For my own part, I should hardly know whether he deserved most blame or pity.'

'Blame, my Lord?—Pity?' echoed the Major, astonished at hearing such sentiments; 'he would deserve to be hanged, that's all; and, were he my own son, I should see him strung up with pleasure—Blame indeed! But your Lordship cannot think as you are pleased to speak.'

'I give you my honour, Major Bellenden, that I have been for some time of opinion, that our politicians and prelates have driven matters to a painful extremity in this country, and have alienated, by violence of various kinds, not only the lower classes, but all those in the upper ranks, whom strong party-feeling, or a desire of court-interest, does not attach to their standard.'

'I am no politician,' answered the Major, 'and I do not understand nice distinctions. My sword is the king's, and when he commands I draw it in his cause.'

'I trust,' replied the young Lord, 'you will not find me more backward than yourself, though I heartily wish that

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the enemy were foreigners. It is, however, no time to debate that matter, for yonder they come, and we must defend ourselves as well as we can.'

As Lord Evandale spoke, the van of the insurgents began to make their appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and thence descended opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move downwards, as if aware that, in doing so, their columns would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the place. But their numbers, which at first seemed few, appeared presently so to deepen and concentrate themselves, that judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front which they presented on the top of it, their force seemed very considerable. There was a pause of anxiety on both sides; and, while the unsteady ranks of the Covenanters were agitated, as if by pressure behind, or uncertainty as to their next movement, their arms, picturesque from their variety, glanced in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a grove of pikes, muskets, halberds, and battle-axes. The armed mass occupied, for a few minutes, this fluctuating position, until three or four horsemen who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the front, and occupied a height a little nearer to the castle. John Gudyill, who was not without some skill as an artilleryman, brought a gun to bear on this detached group.

'I'll flee the falcon,' (so the small cannon was called)—'I'll flee the falcon whene'er your honour gi'es command; my certie she'll ruffle their feathers for them.'

The Major looked at Lord Evandale.

'Stay a moment,' said the young nobleman, 'they send us a flag of truce.'

In fact, one of the horsemen at that moment dismounted, and, displaying a white cloth on a pike, moved forward toward the Tower, while the Major and Lord Evandale, descending from the battlement of the main fortress, advanced to meet him as far as the barricade, judging it unwise to admit him within the precincts which they designed to defend. At the same time that the ambassador set forth, the group of horsemen, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Gudyill for their annoyance, withdrew from the advanced station, which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.

The envoy of the Covenanters, to judge by his mien

and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distinguished his sect. His features were drawn up to a contemptuous primness, and his half-shut eyes seemed to scorn to look upon the terrestrial objects around, while, at every solemn stride, his toes were pointed outwards with an air that appeared to despise the ground on which they trode. Lord Evandale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure.

'Did you ever,' said he to Major Bellenden, 'see such an absurd automaton? One would swear it moves upon springs—Can it speak, think you?'

'O, ay,' said the Major; 'that seems to be one of my old acquaintance, a genuine puritan of the right pharasaical leaven.—Stay—he coughs and hems; he is about to summon the Castle with the butt end of a sermon instead of a parley on the trumpet.'

The veteran, who in his day had had many an opportunity to become acquainted with the manners of these religionists, was not far mistaken in his conjecture, only that, instead of a prose exordium, the Laird of Langcale, for it was no less a personage, uplifted, with a Stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm;

> "Ye gates lift up your heads, ye doors,
> Doors that do last for aye,
> Be lifted up"——

'I told you so,' said the Major to Evandale, and then presented himself at the entrance of the barricade, demanding to know for what purpose or intent he made that doleful noise, like a hog in a high wind, beneath the gates of the Castle.

'I come,' replied the ambassador in a high and shrill voice, and without any of the usual salutations or deferences,—'I come from the godly army of the Solemn League and Covenant, to speak with two carnal malignants, William Maxwell, called Lord Evandale, and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood.'

'And what have you to say to Miles Bellenden and Lord Evandale?' answered the Major.

'Are you the parties?' said the Laird of Langcale, in the same sharp, conceited, disrespectful tone of voice.

'Even so, for fault of better,' said the Major.

'Then there is the public summons,' said the envoy, putting a paper into Lord Evandale's hand, 'and there is a private letter for Miles Bellenden from a godly youth who is honoured with leading a part of our host. Read them quickly, and God give you grace to fructify by the contents, though it is muckle to be doubted.'

The summons ran thus: 'We, the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others, presently in arms for the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Evandale and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, and others presently in arms, and keeping garrison in the Tower of Tillietudlem, to surrender the said Tower upon fair conditions of quarter, and license to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by the laws of war to those who hold out an untenable post. And so may God defend his own good cause.'

This summons was signed by John Balfour of Burley, as quarter-master-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in name of the other leaders.

The letter to Major Bellenden was from Henry Morton. It was couched in the following language:—

'I have taken a step, my venerable friend, which, among many painful consequences, will, I am afraid, incur your very decided disapprobation. But I have taken my resolution in honour and good faith, and with the full avowal of my own conscience. I can no longer submit to have my own rights and those of my fellow subjects trampled upon, our freedom violated, our persons insulted, and our blood spilt, without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through the violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now to have opened a way of deliverance from this intolerable tyranny, and I do not hold him deserving of the name and rights of a freeman, who, thinking as I do, shall withhold his arm from the cause of his country. But God, who knows my heart, be my witness, that I do not share the angry or violent passions of the oppressed and harassed sufferers with whom I am now acting. My most earnest and anxious desire is, to see this unnatural war brought to a speedy end, by the union of the good, wise, and moderate of all parties, and a peace restored, which, without injury to the King's constitutional rights, may substitute

the authority of equal laws for that of military violence, and, permitting to all men to worship God according to their own consciences, may subdue fanatical enthusiasm by reason and mildness, instead of driving it to frenzy by persecution and intolerance.

'With these sentiments, you may conceive with what pain I appear in arms before the house of your venerable relative, which we understand you propose to hold out against us. Permit me to press upon you the assurance, that such a measure will only lead to the effusion of blood—that, if repulsed in the assault, we are yet strong enough to invest the place, and reduce it by hunger, being aware of your indifferent preparations to sustain a protracted siege. It would grieve me to the heart to think what would be the sufferings in such a case, and upon whom they would chiefly fall.

'Do not suppose, my respected friend, that I would propose to you any terms which could compromise the high and honourable character which you have so deservedly won and so long borne. If the regular soldiers (to whom I will insure a safe retreat) are dismissed from the place, I trust no more will be required than your parole to remain neuter during this unhappy contest, and I will take care that Lady Margaret's property, as well as yours, shall be duly respected, and no garrison intruded upon you. I I could say much in favour of this proposal; but I fear, as I must, in the present instance, appear criminal in your eyes, good arguments would loose their influence when coming from an unwelcome quarter. I will, therefore, break off with assuring you, that whatever your sentiments may be hereafter towards me, my sense of gratitude to you can never be diminished or erazed, and it would be the happiest moment of my life that should give me more effectual means than mere words to assure you of it. Therefore, although in the first moment of resentment you may reject the proposal I make to you, let that not prevent you from resuming the topic, if future events should render it more acceptable; for whenever, or howsoever, I can be of service to you, it will always afford the greatest satisfacton to

'Henry Morton.'

'Having read this long letter with the most marked indignation, Major Bellenden put it into the hands of Lord Evandale.

'I would not have believed this,' he said, 'of Henry Morton, if half mankind had sworn it! The ungrateful, rebellious traitor! rebellious in cold blood, and without even the pretext of enthusiasm that warms the liver of such a crack-brained fop as our friend the envoy there. But I should have remembered he was a presbyterian—I ought to have been aware that I was nursing a wolf-cub, whose diabolical nature would make him tear and snatch at me on the first opportunity. Were Saint Paul on earth again and a presbyterian, he would be a rebel in three months—It is in the very blood of them.'

'Well,' said Lord Evendale, 'I will be the last to recommend surrender; but, if our provisions fail, and we receive no relief from Edinburgh, or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this opening, to get the ladies at least safe out of the Castle.'

'They will endure all, ere they would accept the protection of such a smooth-tongued hypocrite,' answered the Major indignantly; 'I would renounce them for relatives were it otherwise. But let us dismiss the worthy ambassador—My friend,' he said, turning to Langcale, 'tell your leaders, and the mob they have gathered yonder, that, if they have not a particular opinion of the hardness of their own skulls, I would advise them to beware how they knock them against these old walls. And let them send no more flags of truce, or we will hang up the messenger in retaliation of the murder of Cornet Grahame.'

With this answer the ambassador returned to those by whom he had been sent. He had no sooner reached the main-body than a murmur was heard amongst the multitude, and there was raised, in front of their ranks, an ample red flag, the borders of which were edged with blue. As this signal of war and defiance spread out its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Margaret's family, together with the royal ensign, were immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tower, and, at the same time, a round of artillery was discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents by which they sustained some loss. Their leaders instantly withdrew them to the shelter of the brow of the hill.

'I think,' said John Gudyill, while he busied himself in recharging his guns, 'they hae fund the falcon's neb a bit ower hard for them. It's no for nought that the hawk whistles.'

But as he uttered these words, the ridge was once more crowded with the ranks of the enemy. A general discharge of their fire-arms was directed against the defenders upon the battlements. Under cover of the smoke, a column of picked men rushed down the road with determined courage, and, sustaining with firmness a heavy fire from the defenders, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Balfour in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm, and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and compelling the rest to retreat to their second position. The precautions, however, of Major Ballenden, rendered this success unavailing, for no sooner were the Covenanters in possession of the post, than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from those stations which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of returning it with effect against men who were under cover of their barricades and defences, the Covenanters were obliged to retreat; but not until they had, with their axes, destroyed the stockade, so as to render it impossible for the defenders to re-occupy it.

Balfour was the last man that retired. He even remained for a short space, almost alone, with an axe in his hand, labouring like a pioneer amid the storm of balls, many of which were specially aimed against him. The retreat of the party he commanded was not effected without heavy loss, and served as a severe lesson concerning the local advantages possessed by the garrison.

The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen, (many of them competitors at the game of the popinjay) under the command of Henry Morton, glided through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, endeavoured, by forcing their way through the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded it on either side, to gain a position, from which, without being exposed in an intolerable degree, they might annoy the flank of the second barricade, while it was manaced in front by a second attack from Burley. The besieged saw the danger of this movement, and endeavoured to im-

pede the approach of the marksmen, by firing upon them at every point where they showed themselves. The assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment in the manner in which they approached the defences. This was, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the steady and adroit manner in which they were conducted by their youthful leader, who showed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy.

He repeatedly enjoined his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the red-coats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle; and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner, that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now glanced from every part of the precipitous mount on which the Castle was founded. From bush to bush—from crag to crag—from tree to tree, the marksmen continued to advance, availing themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and contending at once with the disadvantages of the ground and the fire of the enemy. At length they got so high on the ascent, that several of them possessed an opportunity of firing into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim, and Burley, availing himself of the confusion of the moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being alarmed at the progress which the sharp-shooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advantage, Burley, with his axe in his hand, pursued the party whom he had dislodged even to the third and last barricade, and entered it along with them.

'Kill, kill—down with the enemies of God and his people!—No quarter—The Castle is ours!'—were the cries by which he animated his friends; the most undaunted of whom followed him close, whilst the others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth, cut down trees, hastily labouring to establish such a defensive cover in the rear of the second barricade as might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this coup-de-main.

Lord Evendale could no longer restrain his impatience. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve in the court-yard of the Castle; and, although his arm was in a sling, encouraged them, by voice and gesture, to assist their companions who were engaged with Burley. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Burley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Evandale, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and halberds, as well as with the butt of the carabines and their broad-swords. Those within the Castle endeavoured to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharpshooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlement. The Castle was enveloped with smoke, and the rocks rang to the cries of the combatants. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

Cuddie Headrigg, who had advanced among the marksmen, being well acquainted with every rock and bush in the vicinity of the Castle, where he had so often gathered nuts with Jenny Dennison, was enabled, by such local knowledge, to advance farther, and with less danger, than most of his companions, excepting some three or four who had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means fond of danger, either for its own sake, or for that of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the phrase goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemies fire. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action, and, turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the precipice. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain pantry, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep

cleft of the rock, being the very pass through which Godee-Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's express to Charnwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other contraband purposes. Cuddie, resting upon the butt of his gun, and loooking up at this window, observed to one of his companions,—"There's a place I keen weel; mony a time I hae helped Jenny Dennison o' that, winnock, forby creeping in whyles mysel to get some daffin, at e'en after the pleugh was loosed.'

'And what's to hinder us to creep in just now?' said the other, who was a smart, enterprising young fellow.

'There's no muckle to hinder us, an' that were a',' answered Cuddie, 'but what were we to do neist?'

'We'll tak the Castle,' cried the other; 'here are five or six o' us, and a' the sodgers are engaged at the gate.'

'Come awa' wi' you, then,' said Cuddie; 'but mind, de'il a finger ye maun lay on Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the auld Major or ony body but the sodgers—cut and quarter amang them, I carena.'

'Ay, ay,' said the other, 'let us once in, and we'll make our own terms with them all.'

Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly; for, besides that he was something apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the inside, his conscience insisted that he was making but a shabby requital for Lady Margaret's former favours and protection. He got up, however, into the yew-tree, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stauncheons of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics to possess a free passage for their own occasional convenience. Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry, a point which Cuddie endeavoured to discover before he made the final and perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Dennison, who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysteric scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the

desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of kailbrose which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tam Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burthened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming, 'Murder! murder!—we are a' harried and ravished—the Castle's ta'en—tak it amang ye!'—she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a dismal yell, upon the person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of soldiering for ever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking down, expostulating with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and buff coat which formerly belonged to Serjeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, oversetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army whereunto he belonged, and could neither by threats nor persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands were preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, running a screaming division upon all those crimes, which lawyers call the four pleas of the crown, namely, murder, fire, rape, and robbery. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Bellenden and Lord Evandale judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gates, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the avenue, confine themselves to the Castle itself, for fear of its being surprised on some unguarded point. Their retreat was unmolested, for the panic of Cuddie and his companions had occasioned near-

ly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers, as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defenders

There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The insurgents had suffered most severely; and, from the difficulty which they had experienced in carrying the barricaded positions without the precincts of the Castle, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the besieged was dispiriting and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, and had several wounded; and though their loss was in proportion greatly less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the place, yet their small number could much worse spare it, while the desperate attacks of the opposite party plainly showed how serious the leaders were in the purpose of reducing the place, and how well seconded by the zeal of their followers. But, especially, the garrison had no fear for hunger, in case blockade should be resorted to as the means of reducing them. The Major's directions had been imperfectly obeyed in regard to laying in provisions; and the dragoons, in spite of all warning and authority, were likely to be wasteful in using them. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart, that Major Bellenden gave directions for guarding the window through which the Castle had so nearly been surprised, as well as all others which offered the most remote facility for such an enterprize.

CHAPTER XIII.

——The King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together,
Henry IV. Part 2.

The leaders of the presbyterian army had a serious consultation upon the evening of the day in which they had made the attack on Tillietudlem. They could not but observe that their followers were disheartened by the loss which they had sustained, and which, as usual in such cases, had fallen upon the bravest and most forward. It was to be feared, that if they were suffered to exhaust their zeal and efforts in an object so secondary as the capture of this petty fort, their numbers would melt away by de-

grees, and they would lose all the advantages arising out of the present unprepared state of the government. Moved by these arguments, it was agreed that the main body of the army should march against Glasgow, and dislodge the soldiers who were lying in that town. The council nominated Henry Morton, with others, to this last service, and appointed Burley to the command of a chosen body of five hundred men, who were to remain behind, for the purpose of blockading the Tower of Tillietudlem. Morton testified the greatest repugnance to this arrangement.

'He had the strongest personal motives,' he said, 'for desiring to remain near Tillietudlem; and if the management of the siege were committed to him, he had little doubt but that he would bring it to such an accommodation as, without being rigorous to the besieged, would fully answer the purpose of the besiegers.'

Burley readily guessed the cause of his young colleague's reluctance to move with the army; for, interested as he was in appreciating the characters with whom he had to deal, he had contrived, through the simplicity of Caddie, and the enthusiasm of old Mause, to get much information concerning Morton's relations with the family of Tillietudlem. He therefore took the advantage of Pound-text arising to speak to business, as he said, for some short space of time, which Burley rightly interpreted to mean an hour at the very least, and seized that moment to withdraw Morton from the hearing of their colleagues, and to hold the following argument with him:

'Thou art unwise, Henry Morton, to desire to sacrifice this holy cause to thy friendship for an uncircumcised Philistine, or thy lust for a Moabitish woman.'

'I neither understand your meaning, Mr. Balfour, nor relish your allusions,' replied Morton, indignantly; 'and I know no reason you have to bring so gross a charge, or to use such uncivil language.'

'Confess, however, the truth, that there are those within yon dark Tower, over whom thou wouldst rather be watching like a mother over her little ones, than thou wouldst bear the banner of the Church of Scotland over the necks of her enemies.'

'If you mean that I would willingly terminate this war without any bloody victory, and that I am more anxious to do this than to acquire any personal fame or power, you may be,' replied Morton, 'perfectly right.'

'And not wholly wrong,' answered Burley, 'in deeming that thou wouldst not exclude from so general a pacification thy friends in the garrison of Tillietudlem.'

'Certainly,' replied Morton: 'I am too much obliged to Major Bellenden not to wish to be of service to him as far as the interest of the cause I have espoused will permit.—I never made a secret of my regard for him.'

'I am aware of that,' said Burley; 'but, if thou hadst concealed it, I should, nevertheless, have found out thy riddle. Now, hearken to my words. This Miles Bellenden hath means to subsist his garrison for a month.'

'That is not the case,' answered Morton; 'we know his stores are hardly equal to a week's consumption.'

'Ay, but,' continued Burley, 'I have since had proof, of the strongest nature, that such a report was spread in the garrison by that wily and grey-headed malignant, partly to prevail on the soldiers to submit to a diminution of their daily food, partly to detain us before the walls of his fortress until the sword should be whetted to smite and to destroy us.'

'And why was not the evidence of this laid before the council of war?' said Morton.

'To what purpose?' said Balfour.—'What need we undeceive Kettledrummle, Macbriar, Poundtext, and Langcale, upon such a point? Thyself must own, that whatever is told to them escapes to the host out of the mouth of the preachers at their next holding-forth. They are already discouraged by the thoughts of lying before the fort a week.—What would be the consequence were they ordered to prepare for the leaguer of a month?'

'But why conceal it, then, from me? or why tell it me now? And, above all, what proofs have you got of the fact?' continued Morton.

'There are many proofs,' replied Burley; and he put into his hand a number of requisitions sent forth by Major Bellenden, with receipts on the back to various proprietors, for cattle, corn, meal, &c. to such an amount, that the sum total seemed to exclude the possibility of the garrison being soon distressed for provisions. But Burley did not inform Morton of a fact which he himself knew full well, namely, that most of these provisions never reached the garrison, owing to the rapacity of the dragoons sent to collect them, who readily sold to one man what they

took from another, and abused the Majors press for stores, pretty much as sir John Falstaff did that of the King for men.

'And now,' continued Balfour, observing that he had made the desired impression, 'I have only to say, that I concealed this from thee no longer than it was concealed from myself, for I have only received these papers this morning; and I tell it unto thee now, that thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing, and work the great work willingly at Glasgow, being assured that no evil can befal thy friends in the malignant party, since their fort is sufficiently victualled, and I possess not numbers sufficient to do more against them than to prevent their sallying forth.'

'And why,' continued Morton, who felt an inexpressible reluctance to acquiesce in Balfour's reasoning—" why not permit me to remain in the command of this smaller party, and march forward yourself to Glasgow? It is the more honourable charge.'

'And, therefore, young man,' answered Burley, 'have I laboured that it should be committed to the son of Silas Morton. I am waxing old, and this grey head has had enough of honour where it could be gathered by dangers. I speak not of the frothy bubble which men call earthly fame, but the honour belonging to him that doth not the work negligently. But thy career is yet to run. Thou hast to vindicate the high trust which has been bestowed on thee through my assurance that it was dearly well-merited. At Loudon-hill thou wert a captive, and at the last attack it was thy part to fight under cover, whilst I led the more open and dangerous attack; and shouldst thou now remain before these walls when there is active service elsewhere, trust me, that men will say, that the son of Silas Morton hath fallen away from the paths of his father.'

Stung by this last observation, to which, as a gentleman and soldier, he could offer no suitable reply, Morton hastily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. Yet he was unable to divest himself of certain feelings of distrust which he involuntarily attached to the quarter from which he received this information.

'Mr. Balfour,' he said, 'let us distinctly understand each other. You have thought it worth your while to bestow particular attention upon my private affairs and personal attachments; be so good as to understand that I am

as constant to them as to my political principles. It is possible, that during my absence, you may possess the power of soothing or of wounding these feelings. Be assured, that whatever may be the consequences to the issue of our present adventure, my eternal gratitude, or my persevering resentment, will attend the line of conduct you may adopt on such an occasion; and, however young and inexperienced I am, I have no doubt of finding friends to assist me in expressing my sentiments in either case.'

'If there be a threat implied in that denunciation,' replied Burley, coldly and haughtily, 'it had better have been spared. I know how to value the regard of my friends, and despise, from my soul, the threats of my enemies. But I will not take occasion of offence. Whatever happens here in your absence, shall be managed with as much deference to your wishes as the duty I owe to a higher power can possibly permit.'

With this qualified promise Morton was obliged to rest satisfied.

'Our defeat will relieve the garrison,' said he, internally, 'ere they can be reduced to surrender at discretion; and, in case of victory, I already see, from the numbers of the moderate party, that I shall have a voice as powerful as Burley's in determining the use which shall be made of it.'

He therefore followed Burley to the council, where they found Kettledrummle adding to his *lastly* a few words of practical application. When these were expended, Morton testified his willingness to accompany the main body of the army, which was destined to drive the regular troops from Glasgow. His companions in command were named, and the whole received a strengthening exhortation from the preachers who were present. Next morning, at break of day, the insurgent army broke up from their encampment, and marched towards Glasgow.

It is not our intention to detail at length incidents which may be found in the history of the period. It is sufficient to say, that Claverhouse and Lord Ross, learning the superior force which was directed against them, entrenched, or rather barricadoed themselves, in the centre of the city, where the town-house and old jail were situated, with the determination to stand the assault of the insurgents rather than to abandon the capital of the west of Scotland. The

Presbyterians made their attack in two bodies, one of which penetrated into the city in the line of the College and cathedral church, while the other marched up the Gallogate, or principal access from the south-east. Both divisions were led by men of resolution, and behaved with great spirit. But the advantages of discipline and situation were too great for their undisciplined valour. Ross and Claverhouse had carefully disposed parties of their soldiers in houses, at the heads of the streets, and in the entrances of closes, as they are called, or lanes, besides those who were entrenched behind breast-works which reached across the streets. The assailants found their ranks thinned by a fire from invisible opponents, which they had no means of returning with effect. It was in vain that Morton and other leaders exposed their persons with the utmost gallantry, and endeavoured to bring their antagonists to a close action. Their followers shrunk from them in every direction; and yet, though Henry Morton was one of the very last to retire, and exerted himself in bringing up the rear, maintaining order in the retreat, and checking every attempt which the enemy made to improve the advantage they had gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to hear many of those in his ranks muttering to each other, that this came of trusting to latitudinarian boys, and that had honest, faithful Burley led the attack, as he did that of the barricades of Tillietudlem, the issue would have been as different as might be. It was with burning resentment that Morton heard these reflections thrown out by the very men who had soonest exhibited signs of discouragement. The unjust reproach, however, had the effect of firing his emulation, and making him sensible that, engaged as he was in a perilous cause, it was absolutely necessary that he should conquer or die.

'I have no retreat,' he said to himself. 'All shall allow—even Major Bellenden—even Edith—that in courage, at least, the rebel Morton was not inferior to his father.'

The condition of the army after this repulse was so undisciplined, and in such disorganization, that the leaders thought it prudent to draw off some miles from the city to gain time for reducing them once more into such order as they were capable of adopting. Recruits, in the meanwhile, came fast in, more moved by the extreme hardships of their own condition, and encouraged by the advantage

obtained at Loudon-hill, than deterred by the last unfortunate enterprize. Many of these attached themselves particularly to Morton's division. He had, however, the mortification to see, that his unpopularity among the more intolerant part of the Covenanters increased rapidly. The prudence, beyond his years, which he exhibited in improving the discipline and arrangement of his followers, they termed a trusting in the arm of flesh, and his avowed tolerance for those of religious sentiments and observances different from his own obtained him, most unjustly, the nickname of Gallio, who cared for none of those things. What was worse than these misconceptions, the mob of the insurgents, always loudest in applause of those who push political or religious opinions to extremity, and disgusted with such as endeavour to reduce them to the yoke of discipline, preferred avowedly the more zealous leaders, in whose ranks enthusiasm in the cause supplied the want of good order and military subjection, to the restraints which Morton endeavoured to bring them under. In short, while bearing the principal burden of command, (for his colleagues willingly relinquished in his favour every thing that was troublesome and obnoxious in the office of general,) Morton found himself without that authority which alone could render his regulations effectual.

Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, he had, during the course of a few days, laboured so hard to introduce some degree of discipline into the army, that he thought he might hazard a second attack upon Glasgow with every certainty of success.

It cannot be doubted that Morton's anxiety to measure himself with Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, at whose hands he had sustained such injury, had its share in giving motives to his uncommon exertions. But Claverhouse disappointed his hopes; for, satisfied with having the advantage in repulsing the first attack on Glasgow, he determined that he would not, with the handful of troops under his command, await a second attack from the insurgeants with more numerous and better disciplined forces than had supported their first enterprise. He therefore evacuated the place, and marched at the head of his troops towards Edinburgh. The insurgents of course entered Glasgow, without resistance and without Morton having the opportunity, which he so deeply coveted, of again encountering

Claverhouse personally. But, although he had not an opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which had befallen his division of the army of the Covenant, the retreat of Claverhouse, and the possession of Glasgow, tended greatly to animate the insurgent army and to increase its numbers. The necessity of appointing new officers, of organizing new regiments and squadrons, and making them acquainted with the most necessary points of military discipline, were labours, which, by universal consent, seemed to be devolved upon Henry Morton, and which he the more readily undertook, because his father had made him acquainted with the theory of the military art, and because he plainly saw, that, unless he took this ungracious but absolutely necessary labour, it was vain to expect any other to engage in it.

In the mean while, fortune appeared to favour the enterprise of the insurgents more than the most sanguine durst have expected. The Privy Council of Scotland, astonished at the extent of resistance which their arbitrary measures had provoked, seemed stupified with terror, and incapable of taking active steps to subdue the resentment which their measures had provoked. There were but very few troops in Scotland, and these they drew towards Edinburgh, as if to form an army for protection of the metropolis. The feudal array of the crown vassals in the various counties was ordered to take the field, and render to the King the military service due for their fiefs. But the summons was very slackly obeyed. The quarrel was not generally popular among the gentry; and even those who were not unwilling themselves to have taken arms, were deterred by the repugnance of their wives, mothers, and sisters, to their engaging in such a cause. Meanwhile, the inadequacy of the Scottish government to provide for their own defence, or to put down a rebellion of which the commencement seemed so trifling, excited at the English court doubts at once of their capacity, and of the prudence of the severities they had exerted against the oppressed Presbyterians. It was, therefore, resolved to nominate to the command of the army of Scotland, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who had by marriage a great interest in the southern parts of that kingdom. The military skill which he had displayed on different occasions abroad, was supposed more than adequate to subdue the insurgents in

the field, while it was expected that his mild temper and the favourable disposition which he shewed to Presbyterians in general, might soften men's minds, and tend to reconcile them to the government. The Duke was, therefore, invested with a commission, containing high powers for settling the distracted affairs of Scotland, and despatched from London with strong succours to take the principal military command in that country.

CHAPTER XIV.

——I am bound to Bothwell-hill,
Where I maun either do or die.

THERE was now a pause in the military movements on both sides. The government seemed contented to prevent the rebels advancing towards the capital, while the insurgents were intent upon augmenting and strengthening their forces. For this purpose, they established a sort of encampment in the park belonging to the ducal residence at Hamilton, a centrical situation for receiving their recruits, and where they were secured from any sudden attack, by having the Clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of their position, which is only passable by a long and narrow bridge near the castle and village of Bothwell.

Morton remained here for about a fortnight after the attack on Glasgow, actively engaged in his military duties. He had received more than one communication from Burley, but they only stated, in general, that the Castle of Tillietudlem continued to hold out. Impatient of suspense upon this most interesting subject, he at length intimated to his colleagues in command his desire, or rather his intention,—for he saw no reason why he should not assume a licence which was taken by every one else in this ill-ordered army,—to go to Milnwood for a day or two to arrange some private affairs of consequence. The proposal was by no means approved of; for they were sufficiently sensible of the value of his services to fear to lose them, and were somewhat conscious of their own inability

to supply his place. They could not, however, pretend to dictate to him laws more rigid than they submitted to themselves, and he was suffered to depart on his journey without any direct objection being stated. The Reverend Mr. Poundtext took the same opportunity to pay a visit to his own residence in the neighbourhood of Milnwood, and favoured Morton with his company on the journey. As the country was chiefly friendly to their cause, and in possession of their detached parties, excepting here and there the strong-hold of some old cavaliering baron, they travelled without any other attendant than the faithful Cuddie.

It was near sunset when they reached Milnwood, where Poundtext bid adieu to his companions, and travelled forward alone to his own manse, which was situated half a mile's march beyond Tillietudlem. When Morton was left alone to his own reflections, with what complication of feelings did he review the woods, banks, and fields, that had been familiar to him! His character, as well as his habits, thoughts, and occupations, had been entirely changed within the space of little more than a fortnight, and twenty days seemed to have done upon him the work of as many years. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered youth, bred up in dependence, and stooping patiently to the controul of a sordid and tyrannical relation, had suddenly, by the rod of oppression and the spur of injured feeling, been compelled to stand forth a leader of armed men, was earnestly engaged in affairs of a public nature, had friends to animate and enemies to contend with, and felt his individual fate bound up in that of a national insurrection and revolution. It seemed as if he had at once experienced a transition from the romantic dreams of youth to the labours and cares of active manhood. All that had formerly interested him was obliterated from his memory, excepting only his attachment to Edith, and even his love seemed to have assumed a character more manly and disinterested, as it had become mingled and contrasted with other duties and feelings. As he revolved the particulars of this sudden change, the circumstances in which it originated, and the possible consequences of his present career, the thrill of natural anxiety which passed along his mind, was immediately banished by a glow of generous and high-spirited confidence.

'I shall fall young,' he said, 'if fall I must, my motives misconstrued, and my actions condemned by those whose approbation is dearest to me. But the sword of liberty and patriotism is in my hand, and I will neither fall meanly nor unavenged. They may expose my body and gibbet my limbs, but other days will come when the sentence of infamy will recoil against those who may pronounce it. And that Heaven, whose name is so often profaned during this unnatural war, will bear witness to the purity of the motives by which I have been guided.'

Upon approaching Milnwood, Henry's knock upon the gate no longer intimated the conscious timidity of a stripling who has been out of bounds, but the confidence of a man in full possession of his own rights, and master of his own actions—bold, free, and decided. The door was cautiously opened by his old acquaintance, Mrs. Alison Wilson, who started back when she saw the steel cap and nodding plume of the martial visitor.

'Where is my uncle, Alison?' said Morton, smiling at her alarm.

'Lordsake, Mr. Harry, is this you?' returned the old lady. 'In troth, ye garr'd my heart loup to my very mouth—But it canna be your ainsel, for ye look taller and mair manly-like than ye used to do.'

'It is, however, my own self,' said Henry, sighing and smiling at the same time; 'I believe this dress may make me look taller, and these times, Ailie, make men out of boys.'

'Sad times, indeed,' echoed the old woman; 'and O that you suld be endangered wi' them! but wha can help it?—ye were ill aneugh guided, and, as I tell your uncle, if ye tread on a worm it will turn.'

'You were always my advocate, Ailie, and would let no one blame me but yourself, I am aware of that.—Where is my uncle?'

'In Edinburgh,' replied Alison; 'the honest man thought it was best to gang and sit by the chimney when the reek rase—a vex'd man he's been and a fear'd—but ye ken the laird as weel as I do.'

'I hope he has suffered nothing in health?" said Henry.

'Naething to speak of,' answered the house-keeper, 'nor in gudes neither—we fended as weel as we could; and, though the troopers of Tillietudlem took the red cow

and auld Hackie, (ye'll mind them weel,) yet they sauld us a gude bargain of four they were driving to the Castle.'

'Sold you a bargain?' said Morton, 'How do you mean?'

'O, they cam out to gather marts for the garrison,' answered the housekeeper; 'but they just fell to their auld trade, and rade through the country couping and selling a' that they gat, like sae mony west-country drovers. My certie, Major Bellenden was laird o' the least share o' what they lifted, though it was ta'en in his name.'

'Then,' said Morton, hastily, 'the garrison must be straitened for provisions?'

'Stressed aneugh,' replied Ailie—'there's little doubt o' that.'

A light instantly glanced on Morton's mind.

'Burley must have deceived me—craft as well as cruelty is permitted by his creed.—I cannot stay, Mrs. Wilson, I must go forward directly.'

'But, oh! bide to eat a mouthfu',' entreated the affectionate housekeeper, 'and I'll mak it ready for ye as I used to do afore thae sad days.'

'It is impossible,' answered Morton. 'Cuddie, get our horses ready.'

'They're just eating their corn,' answered Cuddie.

'Cuddie!' exclaimed Ailie, 'What garr'd ye bring that ill-fa'ard, unlucky loon alang wi' ye?—It was him and his randie mother began a' the mischief in this house.'

'Tut, tut,' replied Cuddie, 'ye shoud forget and forgi'e, mistress. Mother's in Glasgow wi' her tittie, and sall plague ye nae mair, and I'm the Captain's wally now, and I keep him tighter in thack and rape than ever ye did;—saw ye him ever sae weel put on as he is now?'

'In troth and that's true,' said the old housekeeper, looking with great complacency at her young master, whose mein she thought greatly improved by his dress. 'I'm sure ye ne'er had a laced cravat like that when ye were at Milnwood; that's nane o' my sewing.'

'Na, na, mistress,' replied Cuddie, 'that's a cast o' my hand—that's ane o' Lord Evandale's braws.'

'Lord Evandale?' answered the old lady, 'that's he that the whigs are gaun to hang the morn, as I hear say.'

'The whigs about to hang Lord Evandale?' said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

'Ay, troth are they,' said the house-keeper. 'Yesterday night he made a sally, as they ca't, (my mother's name was Sally,—I wonder they gi'e Christian folks names to sic unchristian doings)—but he made an outbreak to get provisions, and his men were driven back and he was ta'en, an' the whig Captain, Balfour, garr'd set up a gallows, and swore, (or said upon his conscience, for they winna swear,) that, if the garrison was not gi'en ower the morn by day break, he would hing up the young Lord, poor thing, as high as Haman.—These are sair times!—but folk canna help them—sae do ye sit down and tak bread and cheese until better meat's made ready. Ye suldna hae kenn'd a word about it, an' I had thought it was to spoil your dinner, hinnie.'

'Fed, or unfed, saddle the horses instantly, Cuddie. We must not rest until we get before the Castle.'

And, resisting all Ailie's entreaties, they instantly resumed their journey.

Morton failed not to halt at the dwelling of Poundtext, and summon him to attend him to the camp. That honest divine had just resumed for an instant his pacific habits, and was perusing an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth, and a small jug of ale beside him, to assist his digestion of the argument. It was with bitter ill-will that he relinquished these comforts (which he called his studies) in order to recommence a hard ride upon a high-trotting horse. However, when he knew the matter in hand, he gave up, with a deep groan, the prospect of spending a quiet evening in his own little parlour; for he entirely agreed with Morton, that whatever interest Burley might have in rendering the breach between the Presbyterians and the government irreconcileable, by putting the young nobleman to death, it was by no means that of the moderate party to permit such an act of atrocity. And it is but doing justice to Mr. Poundtext to add, that, like most of his own persuasion, he was decidedly averse to any such acts of unnecessary violence; besides, that his own present feelings induced him to listen with much complacence to the probability held out by Morton, of Lord Evandale becoming a mediator for the establishment of peace upon fair and moderate terms. With this similarity of views, they hastened their journey, and arrived about eleven o'clock at night at a small hamlet adjacent to the

Castle of Tillietudlem, where Burley had established his head-quarters.

They were challenged by the centinel, who made his melancholy walk at the entrance of the hamlet, and admitted upon declaring their names and authority in the army. Another kept watch before a house, which they conjectured to be the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, for a gibbet of such great height as to be visible from the battlements of the Castle, was erected before it, in melancholy confirmation of the truth of Mrs Wilson's report. Morton instantly demanded to speak with Burley, and was directed to his quarters. They found him reading the Scriptures with his arms lying beside him, as if ready for any sudden alarm. He started upon the entrance of his colleagues in office.

'What has brought ye hither?' said Burley, hastily. 'Is there bad news from the army?'

'No,' replied Morton; 'but we understand that there are measures adopted here in which the safety of the army is deeply concerned—Lord Evandale is your prisoner?'

'The Lord,' replied Burley, 'hath delivered him into our hands.'

'And you will avail yourself of that advantage, granted you by Heaven, to dishonour our cause in the eyes of all the world, by putting a prisoner to an ignominious death?'

'If the house of Tillietudlem be not surrendered by daybreak,' replied Burley, 'God do so to me and more also, if he shall not die that death to which his leader and pattern, John Grahame of Claverhouse, hath put so many of God's saints.'

'We are in arms,' replied Morton, 'to put down such cruelties, and not to imitate them, far less to avenge upon the innocent the acts of the guilty. By what law can you justify the atrocity you would commit?'

'If thou art ignorant of it,' replied Burley, 'thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the men of Jericho to the sword of Joshua, the son of Nun.'

'But we,' answered the divine, 'live under a better dispensation, which instructeth us to return good for evil, and to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us.'

'That is to say,' said Burley, 'that thou wilt join thy

gray heirs to his green youth to controvert me in this matter?'

'We are,' rejoined Poundtext, 'two of those to whom, jointly with thyself, authority is delegated over this host; and we will not permit thee to hurt a hair of the prisoner's head. It may please God to make him a means of healing these unhappy breaches in our Israel.'

'I judged it would come to this,' answered Burley, 'when such as thou wert called into the council of the elders.'

'Such as I?' answered Poundtext.—'And who am I that you should name me with such scorn?—Have I not kept the flock of this sheepfold from the wolves for thirty years? Ay, even while thou, John Balfour, wert fighting in the ranks of uncircumcision, a Philistine of hardened brow and bloody han—Who am I, sayest thou?'

'I will tell thee what thou art, since thou wouldst so fain know,' said Burley. 'Thou art one of those who would reap where thou hast not sowed, and divide the spoil while others fight the battle—thou art one of those that follow the gospel for the loaves and for the fishes—that love their own manse better than the church of God, and that would rather draw their stipend under prelatists or heathens, than be a partaker with those noble spirits who have cast all behind them for the sake of the Covenant.'

'And I will tell thee, John Balfour,' returned Poundtext, deservedly incensed, 'I will tell thee what *thou* art. Thou art one of those for whose bloody and merciless disposition a reproach is flung upon the whole church of this suffering kingdom, and for whose violence and blood-guiltiness, it is to be feared, this fair attempt to recover our civil and religious rights will never be honoured by Providence with the desired success.'

'Gentlemen,' said Morton, 'cease this recrimination; and do you, Mr. Balfour, inform us, whether it is your purpose to oppose the liberation of Lord Evandale, which appears to us a profitable measure in the present position of our affairs.'

'You are here,' answered Burley, 'as two voices against one; but you will not refuse to tarry until the united council shall decide upon this matter?'

'This,' said Morton, 'we would not decline, if we could

trust the hands in whom we are to leave the prisoner. But you know well,' he added, looking sternly at Burley, 'that you have already deceived me in this matter.'

'Go to,' said Burley, disdainfully,—'thou art an idle inconsiderate boy, who, for the black eyebrows of a silly girl, would barter thy own faith and honour, and the cause of God and of thy country.'

'Mr. Balfour,' said Morton, laying his hand on his sword, 'this language requires satisfaction.'

'And thou shalt have it, stripling, when and where thou darest,' said Burley, 'I plight thee my good word on it.'

Poundtext, in his turn, interfered, to remind them of the madness of quarrelling, and effected with difficulty a sort of sullen reconciliation.

'Concerning the prisoner,' said Burley, 'deal with him as ye think fit. I wash my hands free from all consequences. He is my prisoner, made by my sword and spear, while you, Mr. Morton, were playing the adjutant at drills and parades, and you, Mr. Poundtext, were warping the Scriptures into Erastianism. Take him unto you, nevertheless, and dispose of him as ye think meet.—Dingwall,' he continued, calling a sort of aid-de-camp, who slept in the next apartment, 'let the guard posted on the malignant Evandale give up their post to those whom Captain Morton shall appoint to relieve them.—The prisoner,' he said, again addressing Poundtext and Morton, 'is now at your disposal, gentlemen. But remember, that for all these things there will one day come a term of heavy accounting.'

So saying, he turned abruptly into an inner apartment, without bidding them good evening. His two visitors, after a moment's consideration, agreed it would be prudent to ensure the prisoner's personal safety, by placing over him an additional guard, chosen from their own parishioners. A band of them happened to be stationed in the hamlet, having been attached, for the time, to Burley's command, in order that the men might be gratified by remaining as long as possible near to their own homes. They were, in general, smart, active young fellows, and were usually called, by their companions, the Marksmen of Milnwood. By Morton's desire, four of these lads readily undertook the task of centinels, and he left with

them Headrigg, on whose fidelity he could depend, with instructions to call him, if any thing remarkable happened.

This arrangement being made, Morton and his colleague took possession, for the night, of such quarters as the overcrowded and miserable hamlet could afford them. They did not, however, separate for repose ere they had drawn up a memorial of the grievances of the moderate Presbyterians, which was summed up with a request of free toleration for their religion in future, and that they should be permitted to attend gospel ordinances as dispensed by their own clergymen, without oppression or molestation. Their petition proceeded to require that a free parliament should be called for settling the affairs of church and state, for redressing the injuries sustained by the subject; and that all those who either now were, or had been in arms, for obtaining these ends, should be indemnified. Morton could not but strongly hope that these terms, which comprehended all that was wanted, or wished for, by the moderate party among the insurgents, might, when thus cleared of the violence of fanaticism, find advocates even among the royalists, as claiming only the ordinary rights of Scottish freemen.

He had the more confidence of a favourable reception, that the Duke of Monmouth, to whom Charles had entrusted the charge of subduing this rebellion, was a man of gentle, moderate and accessible disposition, well known to be favourable to the Presbyterians, and invested by the king with full powers to take measures for quieting the disturbances in Scotland. It seemed to Morton, that all which was necessary for influencing him in their favour was to find a fit and sufficiently respectable channel of communication, and such seemed to be opened through the medium of Lord Evandale. He resolved, therefore, to visit the prisoner early on the morning, to sound his disposition to undertake the task of mediator; but an accident happened which led him to anticipate his purpose.

CHAPTER XV.

Gi'e ower your house, lady, he said,—
Gi'e ower your house to me.

Edom of Gordon.

Morton had finished the revisal and the making out a fair copy of the paper on which he and Poundtext had agreed to rest as a full statement of the grievances of their party, and the conditions on which the greater part of the insurgents would be contented to lay down their arms; and he was about to betake himself to repose, when there was a knocking at the door of his apartment.

'Enter,' said Morton; and the round bullet-head of Cuddie Headrigg was thrust into the room. 'Come in, said Morton, 'and tell me what you want. Is there alarm?'

'Na, sir; but I hae brought ane to speak wi' you.'

'Who is that, Cuddie?' enquired Morton.

'Ane o' your auld acquaintance,' said Cuddie; and, opening the door more fully, he half led, half dragged in a woman, whose face was muffled in her plaid.—'Come, come, ye need na be sae bashfu' before auld acquaintance, Jenny,' said Cuddie, pulling down the veil and discovering to his master the well-remembered countenance of Jenny Dennison. 'Tell his honour now—there's a braw lass—tell him what ye were wanting to say to Lord Evandale, mistress.'

'What was I wanting to say,' answered Jenny, 'to his honour himself the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye muckle hash?—D'ye think that folk dinna want to see their friends in adversity, ye dour croudy-eater?'

This reply was made with Jenny's usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was thin and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her manner was fluttered, and her whole presence bore marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as of nervous and hysterical agitation.

'What is the matter, Jenny?' said Morton, kindly.—'You know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power.'

'Mony thanks, Milnwood,' said the weeping damsel; 'but ye were aye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye hae become sair changed now.'

'What do they say of me?' answered Morton.

'A' body says that you and the whigs hae made a vow to ding King Charles aff the throne, and that neither he, nor his posteriors from generation to generation, shall sit upon it ony mair; and John Gudyill says ye're to gi'e a' the church organs to the pipers, and burn the book o' Common Prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the king came hame.'

'My friends at Tillietudlem judge too hastily and too ill of me,' answered Morton. 'I wish to have free exercise of my own religion, without insulting any other; and, as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to show them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever.'

'Bless your kind heart for saying sae,' said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; 'and they never needed kindness or friendship mair, for they are famished for lack o' food.'

'Good God!' replied Morton, 'I heard of scarcity, but not of famine! Is it possible?—Have the ladies and the Major'—

'They hae suffered like the lave o' us,' replied Jenny; 'for they shared every bit and sup wi' the whole folk in the Castle—I'm sure my poor e'en see fifty colours wi' faintness, and my head's sae dizzy wi' the mirligoes that I canna stand my lane.'

The thinness of the poor girl's cheek and the sharpness of her features bore witness to the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

'Sit down,' he said, 'for God's sake!' forcing her into the only chair the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. 'I knew not of this,' he exclaimed, in broken ejaculations. —'I could not know of it.—Cold-blooded, hard-hearted, fanatic—deceitful villain!—Cuddie, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—whatever you can find.'

'Whisky is gude eneugh for her,' muttered Cuddie; 'an' wadna hae thought that gude meal was sae scant among them, when the quean threw sae muckle gude kail-brose scalding het about my lugs.'

Faint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could

not hear the allusion to her exploit during the storm of the Castle, without bursting into a laugh which weakness soon converted into a hysterical giggle. Confounded at her state, and reflecting with horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Headrigg in a peremptory manner; and, when he had departed, endeavoured to sooth his visitor.

'You come, I suppose, by the orders of your mistress, to visit Lord Evandale?—Tell me what she desires; her order shall be my law.'

Jenny appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, 'Your honour is sae auld a friend, I must needs trust to you, and tell the truth.'

'Be assured, Jenny,' said Morton, observing that she hesitated, 'that you will best serve your mistress by dealing sincerely with me.'

'Weel, then, ye maun ken we're starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than ane; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gi'e over the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his auld boots,—and they are unco thick in the soles, as ye may weel mind, forby being teugh in the upper leather. The dragoons, again, they think they will be forced to gi'e up at last, and they canna bide hunger weel, after the life they led at free quarters for this while by-past; and, since Lord Evandale's ta'en, there's nae guiding them, and Inglis says he'll gi'e up the garrison to the whigs, the Major and the leddies into the bargain, if they will but let the troopers gang free themsels.'

'Scoundrels!' said Morton; 'why do they not make terms for all in the Castle?'

'They are fear'd for want o' quarter to themsels, having done sae muckle mischief through the country, and Burley has hanged ane or twa o' them already—sae they want to draw their ain necks out o' the collar at hazard o' honest folk's.'

'And you were sent,' continued Morton, 'to carry to Lord Evandale the unpleasant news of the men's mutiny?'

'Just e'en sae,' said Jenny; 'Tam Halliday took the rue, and tauld me a' about it, and gat me out o' the Castle to tell Lord Evandale, if possibly I could win at him.'

'But how can he help you? he is a prisoner.'

'Well-a-day, ay,' answered the afflicted damsel; 'but

maybe he could made fair terms for us—or, maybe, he could gi'e us some gude advice—or, maybe, he might send his orders to the dragoons to be civil—or'——

'Or, maybe,' said Morton, 'you were to try if it were possible to set him at liberty?'

'If it were sae,' answered Jenny with spirit, 'it wadna be the first time I hae done my best to serve ane in captivity.'

'True, Jenny, I were most ungrateful to forget it. But here comes Cuddie with refreshments—I will go and do your errand to Lord Evandale, while you take some food and wine.'

'It wilna be amiss ye should ken,' said Cuddie to his master, 'that this Jenny—this Mrs. Dennison, was trying to cuittle favour wi' Tam Rand, the miller's man, to win into Lord Evandale's room without ony body kenning.—She wasna a ware, the gipsey, that I was at her elbow.'

'And an unco fright ye gae me when ye cam ahint and took a grip o' me,' said Jenny, giving him a sly twitch with her finger and her thumb—'if ye hadna been an auld acquaintance, ye daft gomeril'——

Cuddie, somewhat relenting, grinned a smile on his artful mistress, while Morton wrapped himself up in his cloak, took his sword under his arm, and went straight to the place of the young nobleman's confinement. He asked the centinels if any thing extraordinary had occurred.

'Nothing worth notice,' they said, 'excepting the lass that Cuddie took up, and two couriers that Captain Balfour had dispatched, one to the Reverend Ephraim Macbriar, another to Kettledrummle, both of whom were beating the drum ecclesiastic in different towns between the position of Burley and the head quarters of the main army near Hamilton.'

'The purpose, I presume,' said Morton, with an affectation of indifference, 'was to call them hither?'

'So I understand,' answered the centinel, who had spoke with the messengers.'

'He is summoning a triumphant majority of the council,' thought Morton to himself, 'for the purpose of sanctioning whatever action of atrocity he may determine upon, and thwarting opposition by authority. I must be speedy, or I shall lose my opportunity.'

When he entered the place of Lord Evandale's confine-

ment, he found him ironed, and reclining on a flock-bed in the wretched garret of a miserable cottage. He was either in a slumber, or in deep meditation, when Morton entered, and turned on him, when aroused, a countenance so much reduced by loss of blood, want of sleep, and scarcity of food, that no one could have recognized in it the gallant soldier who had behaved with so much spirit at the skirmish of Loudon-hill. He displayed some surprise at the sudden entrance of Morton.

'I am sorry to see you thus, my lord,' said that youthful leader.

'I have heard you are an admirer of poetry,' answered the prisoner; 'in that case, Mr. Morton, you may remember these lines.

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Or iron bars a cage;
A free and quiet mind can take
These for a hermitage.'

'But, were my imprisonment less endurable, I am given to expect to-morrow a total enfranchisement.'

'By death?' said Morton.

'Surely,' answered Lord Evandale; 'I have no other prospect. Your comrade, Burley, has already dipped his hand in the blood of men whose meanness of rank and obscurity of extraction might have saved them. I cannot boast such a shield from his vengeance, and expect to meet it.'

'But Major Bellenden,' said Morton, 'may surrender, in order to preserve your life.'

'Never while there is one man to defend the battlement, and that man has one crust to eat. I know his gallant resolution, and grieved I should be if he changed it for my sake.'

Morton hastened to acquaint him with the mutiny among the dragoons, and their resolution to surrender the Castle, and put the ladies of the family, as well as the Major, into the hands of the enemy. Lord Evandale seemed at first surprised, and something incredulous, but immediately afterwards deeply affected.

'What is to be done?' he said—'How is this misfortune to be averted?'

'Hear me, my lord, said Morton. 'I believe you may

not be unwilling to bear the olive-branch between our master the King, and that part of his subjects which is now in arms, not from choice, but necessity.'

'You construe me but justly,' said Lord Evandale; 'but to what does this tend?'

'Permit me, my lord'——continued Morton. 'I will set you at liberty upon parole; nay, you may return to the garrison, and shall have a safe conduct for the ladies, the Major, and all who leave it, on condition of its instant surrender. In doing this you will only submit to circumstances; for, with a mutiny in the garrison, and without provisions, it will be found impossible to defend the place twenty-four hours longer. Those, therefore, who refuse to accompany your Lordship must take their fate. You and your followers shall have a free pass to Edinburgh, or wherever the Duke of Monmouth may be. In return for your liberty, we hope that you will recommend to the notice of his Grace, as Lieutenant-General of Scotland, this humble petition and remonstrance, containing the grievances which have occasioned this insurrection, a redress of which being granted, I will answer, with my head, that the great body of the insurgents will lay down their arms.'

Lord Evandale read over the paper with attention.

'Mr. Morton,' he said, 'in my own simple judgment, I see little objection that can be made to the measures here recommended; nay, farther, I believe, in many respects, they may meet the private sentiments of the Duke of Monmouth; and yet, to deal frankly with you, I have no hopes of their being granted, unless, in the first place, you were to lay down your arms.'

'The doing so,' answered Morton, 'would be virtually conceding that we had no right to take them up, and that, for one, I will never agree to.'

'Perhaps it is hardly to be expected you should,' said Lord Evandale; 'and yet, on that point, I am certain the negotiations will be wrecked. I am willing, however, having frankly told you my opinion, to do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation.'

'It is all we can wish or expect,' replied Morton; 'the issue is in God's hands, who disposes the hearts of princes. —You accept then the safe conduct?'

'Certainly,' answered Lord Evandale; 'and if I do not enlarge upon the obligation incurred by your having saved my life a second time, believe that I do not feel it the less.'

'And the garrison at Tillietudlem?'

'Shall be withdrawn as you propose. I am sensible the Major will be unable to bring the mutineers to reason, and I tremble to think of the consequences, should the ladies and the brave old man be delivered up to this blood-thirsty ruffian Burley.'

'You are in that case free,' said Morton. 'Prepare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend you till you are in safety from our parties.'

Leaving Lord Evandale in great surprise and joy at his unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to get a few chosen men under arms and on horseback, each rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jenny, who, while she partook of her refreshment, had contrived to make up her breach with Cuddie, rode on the left hand of that valiant cavalier. The tramp of their horses was soon heard under the window of Lord Evandale's prison. Two men whom he did not know entered the apartment, disencumbered him of his fetters, and, conducting him down stairs, mounted him in the centre of the detachment. They set out at a round trot towards Tillietudlem.

The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they approached that ancient fortress, and its dark massive tower had just received the first pale colouring of the morning. The party halted at the Tower barrier, not venturing to approach nearer for fear of the fire of the place. Lord Evandale alone rode up to the gate, followed at a distance by Jenny Dennison. As they approached the gate, there was heard to arise in the court-yard a tumult which accorded ill with the quiet serenity of a summer dawn. Cries and oaths were heard, a pistol-shot or two were discharged, and every thing announced that the mutiny had broken out. At this crisis Lord Evandale arrived at the gate where Halliday was centinel. This man had given a reluctant consent to the conspiracy, and had indeed contrived the means by which Jenny escaped from the Castle to communicate the plot to his officer. On hearing Lord Evandale's voice, he instantly and gladlly admitted him, and he arrived among the mutinous troopers like a man

dropped from the clouds. They were in the act of putting their design into execution, of seizing the place into their own hands, and were about to disarm and overpower Major Bellenden, and Harrison, and others of the Castle, who were offering the best resistance in their power.

The appearance of Lord Evandale changed the scene. He seized Inglis by the collar, and, upbraiding him with his villainy, ordered two of his comrades to seize and bind him, assuring the others, that their only chance of impunity consisted in instant submission. He then ordered the men into their ranks. They obeyed. He commanded them to ground their arms. They hesitated; but the instinct of discipline, joined to their persuasion, that the authority of their officer, so boldly exerted, must be supported by some forces without the gate, induced them to submit.

'Take away those arms,' said Lord Evandale to the people of the Castle; 'they shall not be restored until these men know better the use for which they are entrusted with them.—And now,' he continued, addressing the mutineers, 'begone—Make the best use of your time, and of a truce of three hours, which the enemy are contented to allow you. Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the House-of-Muir. I need not bid you beware of committing violence by the way; you will not, in your present condition, provoke resentment for your own sakes. Let your punctuality show that you mean to atone for this morning's business.'

The disarmed soldiers shrunk in silence from the presence of their officer, and leaving the Castle, took the road to the place of rendezvous, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whom their present defenceless condition, and their former violence, might inspire with thoughts of revenge. Inglis, whom Evandale destined for punishment, remained in custody. Halliday was praised for his conduct, and assured of succeeding to the rank of the culprit. These arrangements being hastily made, Lord Evandale accosted the Major, before whose eyes the scene had seemed to pass like the change of a dream.

'My dear Major, we must give up the place.'

'Is it even so?' said Major Bellenden. 'I was in hopes you had brought reinforcements and supplies.'

'Not a man—not a pound of meal,' answered Lord Evandale.

'Yet I am blithe to see you,' returned the honest Major; 'we were informed yesterday that these psalm-singing rascals had a plot on your life, and I had mustered the scoundrelly dragoons ten minutes ago in order to beat up Burley's quarters and get you out of limbo, when the dog Inglis, instead of obeying me, broke out into open mutiny. —But what is to be done now?'

'I have myself no choice,' said Lord Evandale, 'I am a prisoner, released on parole, and bound for Edinburgh. You and the ladies must take the same route. I have, by the favour of a friend, a safe conduct and horses for you and your retinue—for God's sake make haste—you cannot propose to hold out with seven or eight men and without provisions—Enough has been done for honour, and enough to render the defence of the highest consequence to government. More were needless as well as desperate. The English troops are arrived at Edinburgh, and will speedily move upon Hamilton. The possession of Tillietudlem by the rebels will be but temporary.'

'If you think so, my Lord,' said the veteran, with a reluctant sigh, 'I know you only advise what is honourable —I must submit, for the mutiny of these scoundrels would render it impossible to man the walls.—Gudyill, let the women call up their mistresses, and all be ready to march —But if I thought my remaining in these old walls, till I was starved to a mummy, could do the King's cause the least service, old Miles Bellenden would not leave them while there was a spark of life in his body.'

The ladies, already alarmed by the mutiny, now heard the determination of the Major, in which they readily acquiesced. Hasty preparations were made for evacuating the Castle; and long ere the dawn was distinct enough for discovering objects with precision, they were mounted on the led horses, and others which had been provided in the neighbourhood, and proceeded towards the north, still escorted by four of the insurgent horsemen. The rest of the party who had accompanied Lord Evandale from the hamlet, took possession of the deserted Castle, carefully forbearing all outrage or acts of plunder. And, when the

sun arose, the scarlet and blue colours of the Scottish Covenant floated from the Keep of Tillietudlem.

CHAPTER XVI.

> And, to my breast, a bodkin in her hand
> Were worth a thousand daggers.
>
> MARLOW.

THE cavalcade which left the Castle of Tillietudlem halted a few minutes, after passing the outposts of the insurgents, to take some slight refreshments which their attendants had provided, and which were really necessary to persons who had suffered considerably by want of proper nourishment. They then pressed forward upon the road towards Edinburgh. It might have been expected, during the course of the journey, that Lord Evandale would have been frequently by the side of Miss Edith Bellenden. Yet, after his first salutations had been exchanged, and every precaution solicitously adopted which could serve for her accommodation, he rode in the van of the party with Major Bellenden, and seemed to abandon the charge of immediate attendance upon his lovely niece to one of the insurgent cavaliers, whose dark military cloak, large flapped hat and feather, which drooped over his face, concealed at once his figure and his features. They rode side by side in silence for more than two miles, when the stranger addressed Miss Bellenden in a tremulous and suppressed voice.

'Miss Bellenden,' he said, 'must have friends wherever she is known; even among those whose conduct she now disapproves. Is there any thing that such can do to show their respect for her, and their regret for her sufferings?'

'Let them learn for their own sakes,' replied Edith, 'to venerate the laws and to spare innocent blood—Let them return to their allegiance, and I can forgive them all that I have suffered, were it ten times more.'

'You think it impossible then,' rejoined the cavalier, 'for any one to serve in our ranks having the weal of his

country sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty?'

'It might be imprudent while so absolutely in your power,' replied Miss Bellenden, 'to answer that question.'

'Not in the present instance, I plight you the word of a soldier,' replied the horseman.

'I have been taught candour from my birth,' said Edith, 'and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter my real sentiments. God only can judge the heart—men must estimate intentions by actions. Treason, murder by the sword and by gibbet, the oppression of a private family such as ours, who were only in arms for the defence of our own property, are actions which must needs sully all that have accession to them, by whatever specious terms they may be gilded over.'

'The guilt of civil war,' rejoined the horseman—'the miseries which it brings in its train, lie at the door of those who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are driven to arms in order to assert their natural rights as freemen.'

'That is assuming the question,' replied Edith, 'which ought to be proved; each party contends that they are right in point of principle, and therefore the guilt must lie with them who first drew the sword, as, in an affray, law holds those to be the criminals who are the first to have recourse to violence.'

'Alas!' said the horseman, 'were our vindication to rest there, how easy would it be to show that we have suffered with a patience which almost seemed beyond the power of humanity, ere we were driven by oppression into open resistance!—But I perceive,' he continued, sighing deeply, 'that it is vain to plead before Miss Bellenden a cause which she has already prejudged, perhaps as much from her dislike to the persons as of the principles of those engaged in it.'

'Pardon me,' answered Edith; 'I have stated with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents; of their persons I know nothing,—excepting in one solitary instance.'

'And that instance,' said the horseman, 'has influenced your opinion of the whole body?'

'Far from it,' said Edith, 'he is—at least I once thought him, one in whose scale few were fit to be weighed—he is

—or he seemed—one of early talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to ornament, to enlighten, and to defend his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant fanatics, or canting hypocrites,—the leader of brutal clowns,—the brother-in-arms to bandits and highway murderers?—Should you meet such a one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellenden has wept more over his fallen character, blighted prospects, and dishonoured name, than over the distresses of her own house,—and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye, than the pang of heart which attended the reflection by and through whom these calamities were inflicted.'

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance whose faded cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow with the sudden motion of one who feels a pang shoot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement and the feelings which it excited did not escape Edith, nor did she remark them without emotion.

'And yet,' she said, 'should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinion of—of—an early friend, say to him, that sincere repentance is next to innocence;—that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because gilded by his example, he may still atone in some measure for the evil he has done.'

'And in what manner?' asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed, and almost choked voice.

'By lending his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deluded rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may atone for that which has been already spilt;—and he that shall be most active in accomplishing this great end, will best deserve the thanks of this age, and an honoured remembrance in the next.'

'And in such a peace,' said her companion, with a firm voice, 'Miss Bellenden would not wish, I think, that the

interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the crown.'

'I am but a girl,' was the young lady's reply, 'and I scarce can speak on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give rest to all parties, and secure the subjects from military rapine, which I detest as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it.'

'Miss Bellenden,' answered Henry Morton, raising his face, and speaking in his natural tone, 'the person who has lost such a highly-valued place in your esteem, has yet too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal, and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your harsh censure, were it not that he can refer to the honoured testimony of Lord Evandale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, directed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal cannot censure.'

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, who, though her language intimated that she well knew to whom she had been speaking, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with so much animation. She returned his salute confused and in silence. Morton then rode forward to the head of the party.

'Henry Morton!' exclaimed Major Bellenden, surprised at the sudden apparition.

'The same,' answered Morton; 'who is sorry that he labours under the harsh construction of Major Bellenden and his family. He commits to my Lord Evandale,' he continued, turning towards the young nobleman, and bowing to him, 'the charge of undeceiving his friends, both regarding the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Bellenden—All happiness attend you and yours—May we meet again in happier and better times!'

'Believe me,' said Lord Evandale, 'your confidence, Mr. Morton, is not misplaced; I will endeavour to repay the great services I have received from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing with Major Bellenden, and all whose esteem your value.'

'I expected no less from your generosity, my Lord,' said Morton.

He then called his followers, and rode off along the

heath in the direction of Hamilton, their feathers waving and their steel caps glancing in the sun. Cuddie Headrigg alone remained an instant behind his companions to take an affectionate farewell of Jenny Dennison, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to re-establish her influence over his susceptible bosom. A straggling tree or two obscured, rather than concealed, their *tete-a-tete*, as they halted their horses to bid adieu.

'Fare ye weel, Jenny,' said Cuddie, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a sigh, but rather resembling the intonation of a groan,—'Ye'll think o' puir Cuddie sometimes—an honest lad that lo'es ye, Jenny; ye'll think o' him now and then?'

'Whiles—at brose time,' answered the malicious damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee or the arch smile which attended it.

Cuddie took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected,—caught his mistress round the neck, kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse and trotted after his master.

'De'il's in the fallow,' said Jenny, wiping her lips and adjusting her head-dress, 'he has twice the spunk o' Tam Halliday, after a'.—Coming, my leddy, coming—Lord have a care o' us, I trust the auld leddy didna see us!'

'Jenny,' said Lady Margaret, as the damsel came up, 'was not that young man who commanded the party the same that was captain of the popinjay, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tillietudlem on the morning Claverhouse came there?'

Jenny, happy that the query had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress, to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Not being able to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied.

'I dinna believe it was him, my leddy,' said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism; 'he was a little black man, that.'

'You must have been blind, Jenny,' said the Major; 'Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man.'

'I had ither thing ado than be looking at him,' said Jenny, tossing her head; 'he may be as fair as a farthing candle, for me.'

'Is it not,' said Lady Margaret, 'a blessed escape which we have made, out of the hands of so desperate and bloodthirsty a fanatic?'

'You are deceived, madam,' said Lord Evandale; 'Mr. Morton merits such a title from no one, but least from us. That I am now alive, and that you are now on your safe retreat to your friends, instead of being prisoners to a real fanatical homicide, is solely and entirely owing to the prompt, active, and energetic humanity of this young gentleman.'

He then went into a particular narrative of the events with which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the merits of Morton, and expatiating on the risk at which he had rendered them these important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a rival.

'I were worse than ungrateful,' he said, 'were I silent on the merits of the man who has twice saved my life.'

'I would willingly think well of Henry Morton, my Lord,' replied Major Bellenden; 'and I own he has behaved handsomely to your Lordship and to us; but I cannot have the same allowances which it pleases your Lordship to entertain for his present courses.'

'You are to consider,' replied Lord Evandale, 'that he has been partly forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as ought to command respect. Claverhouse, whose knowledge of men is not to be disputed, spoke justly of him as to his extraordinary qualities, but with prejudice, and harshly, concerning his principles and motives.'

'You have not been long in learning all his good qualities, my Lord,' answered Major Bellenden. 'I, who have known him from boyhood, could, before this affair, have said much of his good principles and good-nature; but as to his high talents'—

'They were probably hidden, Major, even from himself, until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, it was only because our intercourse and conversation turned on momentous and important subjects. He is now labouring to bring this rebellion to an end, and the terms he has proposed are so moderate, that they shall not want my hearty recommendation.'

'And have you hopes,' said Lady Margaret, 'to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive?'

'I should be, madam, were every whig as moderate as Morton, and every loyalist as disinterested as Major Bellenden. But such is the fanaticism of both parties, that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword.'

It may be readily supposed, that Edith listened with the deepest interest to this conversation. While she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that his character was, even in the judgment of his generous rival, such as her own affection had once spoke it.

'Civil feuds and domestic prejudices,' she said, "may render it necessary for me to tear this remembrance from my heart, but it is no small relief to know assuredly, that it is worthy of the place it has so long retained.

While Edith was thus retracting her unjust resentment, her lover arrived at the camp of the insurgents, near Hamilton, which he found in considerable confusion. Certain advices had arrived, that the royal army, having received the recruits which they expected from England, were about to take the field. Fame magnified their numbers and their high state of equipment and decipline, and spread abroad other circumstances which dismayed the courage of the insurgents. What favour they might have expected from Monmouth, was likely to be intercepted by the influence of those associated with him in command. His Lieutenant-general was the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, who, having practised the art of war in the then barbarous country of Russia, was as much feared for his cruelty and indifference to human life and human sufferings, as respected for his steady loyalty and undaunted valour. This man was second in command to Monmouth, and the horse were commanded by Claverhouse, burning with desire to revenge the death of his nephew, and his defeat at Drumclog. To these accounts were added the most formidable and terrific description of the train of artillery and the cavalry force with which the royal army took the field; and every rumour tended to increase the apprehension among the insurgents, that the king's vengeance had only been delayed, in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy.

Morton endeavoured to fortify the minds of the common people, by pointing out the probable exaggeration of these reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an unfordable river in front, only passable by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Claverhouse when their numbers were few, and then much worse disciplined and appointed for battle than now; showed them that the ground afforded, by its undulation and the thickets which intersected it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry, if stoutly defended; and that their safety, in fact, depended on their own spirit and resolution.

But while Morton thus endeavoured to keep up the courage of the army, at large, he availed himself of these discouraging rumours to endeavour to impress on the minds of the leaders the necessity of proposing to the government moderate terms of accommodation, while they were still formidable as commanding an unbroken and numerous army. He pointed out to them, that, in the present humour of their followers, it could hardly be expected that they would engage, with advantage, the well-appointed and regular force of the Duke of Monmouth; and that if they chanced to be defeated and dispersed, the insurrection, in which they had engaged, so far from being useful to the country, would be rendered the apology for oppressing it more severely. Pressed by these arguments, and feeling it equally dangerous to remain together, or to dismiss their forces, most of the leaders readily agreed, that if such terms could be obtained as had been transmitted to the Duke of Monmouth by the hands of Lord Evandale, the purpose for which they had taken up arms would be, in a great measure, accomplished. They then entered into similar resolutions, and agreed to guarantee the petition and remonstrance which had been drawn up by Morton. On the contrary, there were still several leaders, and those men whose influence with the people exceeded that of persons of more apparent consequence, who treated every proposal of treaty, which did not proceed on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1640, as utterly null and void, impious and unchristian. These men diffused their feelings among the multitude, who had little foresight, and nothing to loose, and persuaded many that the timid counsellors who recommended peace upon terms short of

the dethronement of the royal family, and the declared independence of the church with respect to the state, were cowardly labourers, who were about to withdraw their hands from the plough, and despicable trimmers, who sought only a specious pretext for deserting their brethren in arms. These contradictory opinions were fiercely argued in each tent of the insurgent army, or rather in the huts and cabins which served in the place of tents. Violence in language often led to open quarrels and blows, and the divisions into which the army of sufferers was rent served as too plain a presage of their future fate.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

VOLUMES III. & IV.

Ahora bien, dixo el Cura, traedme, señor huésped, aqueesos libros, que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondió el, y entrando en su aposento, sáco dél una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriéndola, halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—DON QUIXOTE, Part I. Capitulo 32.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart answered the host; and, going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—JARVIS'S *Translation*.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.

BURNS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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1817.

TALE II.—CONTINUED.

OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER I.

> The curse of growing factions and divisions
> Still vex your councils!——
>
> *Venice Preserved*.

THE prudence of Morton found sufficient occupation in stemming the furious current of these contending parties, when, two days after his return to Hamilton, he was visited by his friend and colleague, the Reverend Mr. Poundtext, flying, as he presently found, from the face of John Balfour of Burley, whom we left not a little incensed at the share he had taken in the liberation of Lord Evandale. When the worthy divine had somewhat recruited his spirits, after the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity of Tillietudlem after the memorable morning of his departure.

The night march of Morton had been accomplished with such dexterity, and the men were so faithful to their trust, that Burley received no intelligence of what had happened until the morning was far advanced. His first enquiry was, whether Macbriar and Kettledrummle had arrived agreeably to the summons which he had despatched at midnight. Macbriar had come, and Kettledrummle, though a heavy traveller, might, he was informed, be instantly expected. Burley then despatched a messenger to Morton's quarters, to summon him to an immediate council. The messenger returned with news that he had left the place. Poundtext was next summoned; but he thinking, as he said himself, that it was ill dealing with fractious folk, had withdrawn to his own quiet manse, preferring a dark ride, though he had been on horseback the whole preceding day, to a renewal in the morning of a controversey with Burley, whose ferocity overawed him

when unsupported by the firmness of Morton. Burley's next enquiries were directed after Lord Evandale, and great was his rage when he learned that he had been conveyed away over night by a party of the marksmen of Milnwood, under the immediate command of Henry Morton himself.

'The villain!' exclaimed Burley, addressing himself to Macbriar; 'the base, mean-spirited traitor, to curry favour for himself with the government, hath set at liberty the prisoner taken by my own right hand, through means of whom, I have little doubt, the possession of the place of strength, which hath wrought us such trouble, might now have been in our hands.'

'But is it not in our hands?' said Macbriar, looking up towards the Keep of the Castle; 'and are not these the colours of the Covenant that float over its walls?'

'A stratagem—a mere trick,' said Burley, 'an insult over our disappointment, intended to aggravate and embitter our spirits.'

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Morton's followers, sent to report to him the evacuation of the place, and its occupation by the insurgent forces. Burley was rather driven to fury than reconciled by the news of this success.

'I have watched,' he said—'I have fought—I have plotted—I have striven for the reduction of this place—I have forborn to seek to head enterprises of higher command and of higher honour—I have narrowed their outgoings, and cut off the springs, and broken the staff of bread within their walls; and, when the men were about to yield themselves to my hand, that their sons might be bondsmen, and their daughters a laughing-stock to our whole camp, cometh this youth, without a beard on his chin, and takes it on him to thrust his sickle into the harvest, and to rend the prey from the spoiler! Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the city, with its captives, should be given to him that wins it.'

'Nay,' said Macbriar, who was surprised at the degree of agitation which Balfour displayed, 'chafe not thyself because of the ungodly. Heaven will use his own instruments; and who knows but this youth'——

'Hush! hush!' said Burley; 'do not discredit thine own better judgment. It was thou that first badest me

beware of this painted sepulchre—this lacquered piece of copper, that passed current with me for gold. It fares ill, even with the elect, when they neglect the guidance of such pious pastors as thou. But our carnal affections will mislead us—this ungrateful boy's father was mine ancient friend. They must be as earnest in their struggles as thou, Ephraim Macbriar, that would shake themselves clear of the clogs and chains of humanity.'

This compliment touched the preacher in the most sensible part; and Burley deemed, therefore, he should find little difficulty in moulding his opinions to the support of his own views, more especially as they agreed exactly in their opinions of church government.

'Let us instantly,' he said, 'go up to the Tower; there is that among the records in yonder fortress, which, well used, as I can use it, shall be worth to us a valiant leader and an hundred horsemen.'

'But will these be of the children of the Covenant?' said the preacher. 'We have already among us too many who hunger after lands and silver and gold rather than after the word; it is not by such that our deliverance shall be wrought out.'

'Thou errest,' said Burley,; 'we must work by means, and these worldly men shall be our instruments; at all events, the Moabitish woman shall be despoiled of her inheritance, and neither the malignant Evandale, nor the Erastian Morton, shall possess yonder Castle and lands, though they may seek in marriage the daughter thereof.'

So saying, he led the way to Tillietudlem, where he seized upon the plate and other valuables for the use of the army, ransacked the charter room, and other receptacles for family papers, and treated with contempt the remonstrances of those who reminded him, that the terms granted to the garrison had guaranteed respect to private property.

Burley and Macbriar, having established themselves in their new acquisition, were joined by Kettledrummle in the course of the day, and also by the Liard of Langcale, whom that active divine had contrived to seduce, as Poundtext termed it, from the pure light in which he had been brought up. Thus united, they sent to the said Poundtext an invitation, or rather a summons, to attend a council at Tillietudlem. He remembered, however, that

the door had an iron grate, and the Keep a dungeon, and resolved not to trust himself with his incensed colleagues. He therefore retreated, or rather fled, to Hamilton, with the tidings, that Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrumnle, were coming to Hamilton as soon as they could collect a body of Cameronians sufficient to overawe the rest of the army.

'And ye see,' concluded Poundtext, with a deep sigh, 'that they will then possess a majority in the council; for Langcale, though he has always passed for one of the honest and rational party, cannot be suitably, or preceesely, termed either fish, or flesh, or gude red-herring—whoever has the stronger party has Langcale.'

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of honest Mr. Poundtext, who sighed deeply, as he considered the dangers in which he was placed betwixt unreasonable adversaries amongst themselves and the common enemy from without. Morton exhorted him to patience, temper, and composure; informed him of the good hope he had of negotiating for peace and indemnity through means of Lord Evandale, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his old-parchment-bound Calvin, his evening pipe of tobacco, and his noggin of inspiring ale, providing always he would afford his strong support and concurrence to the measures which he, Morton, had taken for a general pacification. Thus backed and comforted, Poundext resolved magnanimously to await the coming of the Cameronians.

Burley and his confederates had drawn together a considerable body of these sectaries, amounting to a hundred horse and about fifteen hundred foot, clouded and severe in aspect, morose and jealous in communication, haughty of heart, and confident, as men who believed that the pale of salvation was open for them exclusively; that all other Christians, however slight were the shades of difference of doctrine from their own, were in fact little better than outcasts and reprobates. These men entered the Presbyterian camp, rather as dubious and suspicious allies, or possibly antagonists, than as men who were heartily embarked in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers. Burley made no private visit to his colleagues, and held no communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them

to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

On the arrival of Morton and Poundtext at the place of assembly, they found their brethren already seated. Slight greeting passed between them, and it was easy to see that no amicable conference was intended by those who convoked the council. The first question was put by Macbriar, the sharp eagerness of whose zeal urged him to the van on all occasions. He desired to know by whose authority the malignant, called Lord Evandale, had been freed from the doom of death justly denounced against him.

'By my authority and Mr. Morton's,' replied Poundtext, who, besides being anxious to give his companion a good opinion of his courage, confided heartily in his support, and, moreover, had much less fear of encountering one of his own profession, and who confined himself to the weapons of theological controversy, in which Poundtext feared no man, than of entering into debate with the stern homicide Balfour.

'And who, brother,' said Kettledrummle, 'who gave you commission to interpose in such a high matter?'

'The tenor of our commission,' answered Poundtext, 'gives us authority to bind and to loose. If Lord Evandale was justly doomed to die by the voice of one of our number, he was of a surety lawfully redeemed from death by the warrant of two of us.'

'Go to, go to,' said Burley, 'we know your motives; it was to send that silkworm—that gilded trinket—that embroidered trifle of a Lord, to bear terms of peace to the tyrant.'

'It was so,' replied Morton, who saw his companion begin to flinch before the fierce eye of Balfour—"it was so; and what then?—Are we to plunge the nation in endless war, in order to pursue schemes which are equally wild, wicked, and unattainable?'

'Hear him!' said Balfour; 'he blasphemeth.'

'It is false,' said Morton; 'they blaspheme who pretend to expect miracles, and neglect the use of the human means with which Providence has blessed them. I repeat it—Our avowed object is the re-establishment of peace on fair and honourable terms of security to our religion and

our liberty. We disclaim any desire to tyrannize over those of others.'

The debate would now have run higher than ever, but they were interrupted by intelligence that the Duke of Monmouth had commenced his march towards the west, and was already advanced half way from Edinburgh.—This news silenced their divisions for the moment, and it was agreed that the next day should be held as a fast of general humiliation for the sins of the land; that the Reverend Mr. Poundtext should preach to the army in the morning, and Kettledrummle in the afternoon; that neither should touch upon any topics of schism or division, but animate the soldiers to resist to the blood, like brethren in the good cause. This healing overture having been agreed to, the moderate party ventured upon another proposal, confiding that it would have the support of Langcale, who looked extremely blank at the news which they had just received, and might be supposed reconverted to moderate measures. It was to be presumed, they said, that since the King had not entrusted the command of his forces upon the present occasion to any of their active oppressors, but, on the contrary, had employed a man of gentle temper, and of a disposition favourable to their cause, there must be some better intention entertained towards them than they had yet experienced. They contended, that it was not only prudent, but necessary, to ascertain, from a communication with the Duke of Monmouth, whether he was not charged with some secret instructions in their favour. This could only be learned by despatching an envoy to his army.

'And who will undertake the task?' said Burley, evading a proposal too reasonable to be openly resisted—'Who will go up to their camp, knowing that Grahame of Claverhouse hath sworn to hang up whomsoever we shall despatch towards them, in revenge of the death of the young man his nephew!'

'Let that be no obstacle,' said Morton; 'I will with pleasure encounter any risk attached to the bearer of your errand.'

'Let him go,' said Balfour, apart to Macbriar; 'our councils will be well rid of his presence.'

The motion, therefore, received no contradiction even from those who were expected to have been most active

in opposing it, and it was agreed that Henry Morton should go to the camp of the Duke of Monmouth, in order to discover upon what terms the insurgents would be admitted to treat with him. As soon as his errand was made known, several of the more moderate party joined in requesting him to make terms upon the footing of the petition entrusted to Lord Evandale's hands; for the approach of the King's army spread a general trepidation, by no means allayed by the high tone assumed by the Cameronians, which had so little to support it, excepting their own headlong zeal. With these instructions, and with Cuddie as his attendant, Morton set forth towards the royal camp at all the risks which attend those who assume the office of mediator during the heat of civil discord.

Morton had not proceeded six or seven miles before he perceived that he was on the point of falling in with the van of the royal forces; and, as he ascended a height, saw all the roads in the neighbourhood occupied by armed men marching in great order towards Bothwell-muir, an open common, on which they proposed to encamp for that evening, at the distance of about two miles from the Clyde, on the farther side of which river the army of the insurgents was encamped. He gave himself up to the first advanced guard of cavalry which he met, and communicated his wish to obtain access to the Duke of Monmouth. The non-commissioned officer who commanded the party made his report to his superior, and he again to another in still higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

'You are but losing your time, my friend, and risking your life,' said one of them, addressing Morton; 'the Duke of Monmouth, will receive no terms from traitors with arms in their hands, and your cruelties have been such as to authorize retaliation of every kind.'

'I cannot think,' said Morton, 'that even if the Duke of Monmouth should consider us as criminals, he would condemn so large a body of his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am conscious of having consented to, or authorized no cruelty, and the fear of suffering innocently for the crimes of others shall not deter me from executing my commission.'

The two officers looked at each other.

'I have an idea,' said the younger, 'that this is the young man of whom Lord Evandale spoke'——

'Is my Lord Evandale in the army?' said Morton.

'He is not,' replied the officer; 'we left him at Edinburgh too much indisposed to take the field—Your name, sir, I presume, is Henry Morton?'

'It is, sir,' answered Morton.

'We will not oppose your seeing the Duke, sir,' said the officer, with more civility of manner; 'but you may assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favour your people, others are joined in commission with him who will hardly consent to his doing so.'

'I shall be sorry to find it thus,' said Morton, 'but my duty requires that I should persevere in my desire to have an interview with him.'

'Lumley,' said the superior officer, 'let the Duke know of Mr. Morton's arrival, and remind his Grace that this is the person of whom Lord Evandale spoke so highly.'

The officer returned with a message that the General could not see Mr. Morton that evening, but would receive him by times on the ensuing morning. He was detained in a neighbouring cottage all night, but treated with civility, and every thing provided for his accommodation. Early on the next morning the officer he had first seen came to conduct him to his audience.

The army was drawn out, and in the act of forming column for march, or attack. The Duke was in the centre, nearly a mile from the place where Morton had passed the night. In riding towards the General, he had an opportunity of estimating the force which had been assembled for the suppression of this hasty and ill-concerted insurrection. There were three or four regiments of English, the flower of Charles's army—there were the Scottish Life Guards, burning with desire to revenge their late defeat—other Scottish regiments of regulars were also assembled, and a large body of cavalry, consisting partly of gentlemen volunteers, partly of the tenants of the crown who did military duty for their fiefs. Morton also observed several strong parties of Highlanders drawn from the points nearest to the lowland frontiers, a people particularly obnoxious to the western whigs, and who hated and

despised them in the same proportion. These were assembled under their chiefs, and made part of this formidable array. A complete train of field-artillery accompanied the army; and the whole had an air so imposing, that it seemed nothing short of an actual miracle could prevent the ill-equipped, ill-modelled, and tumultuary army of the insurgents from being utterly distroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton endeavoured to gather from his looks the feelings with which this splendid and awful parade of military force had impressed him. But true to the cause he had espoused, he laboured successfully to prevent the anxiety which he felt from appearing in his countenance, and looked around him on the war-like display as on a sight which he expected, and to which he was indifferent.

"You see the entertainment prepared for you,' said the officers.

'If I had no appetite for it,' replied Morton, 'I would not have been accompanying you at this moment. But I shall be better pleased with a more peaceful regale, for the sake of all parties.'

As they spoke thus, they approached the commander-in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a knoll commanding an extensive prospect of the distant country, and from which could be easily discovered the windings of the majestic Clyde and the distant camp of the insurgents on the opposite bank. The officers of the royal army appeared to be surveying the ground with the purpose of directing an immediate attack. When Captain Lumley, the officer who accompanied Morton, had whispered in Monmouth's ear his name and errand, the Duke made a signal for all around him to retire, excepting only two general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a few minutes before Morton was permitted to advance, he had time to study the appearance of the persons with whom he was to treat.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of Monmouth without being captivated by his personal graces and accomplishments, of which the great high-priest of all the nine afterwards recorded—

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face."

Yet, to a strict observer, the manly beauty of Monmouth's face was occasionally rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Claverhouse, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer, whose appearance was singularly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, and composed of shamoy leather, curiously slashed and covered with antique lace and garniture. His boots and spurs might be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breast-plate, over which descended a grey beard of venerable length, which he cherished as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered, and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, piercing grey eyes, and marked features, evinced age unbroken by infirmity, and stern resolution unsoftened by humanity. Such is the outline, however feebly expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, a man more feared and hated by the whigs than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the same violences against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Grahame only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by person, and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the unfavourable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being entrusted to him. Monmouth received him with the graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Claverhouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

'You come, sir, from these unfortunate people,' said the

Duke of Monmouth, 'and your name, I believe, is Morton; will you favour us with the purport of your errand?'

'It is contained, my Lord,' answered Morton, 'in a paper, termed a Remonstrance and Supplication, which my Lord Evandale has placed, I presume, in your Grace's hands?'

'He has done so, sir,' answered the Duke, 'and I understand, from Lord Evandale, that Mr. Morton has behaved in these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks.'

Here Morton observed Dalzell shake his head indignantly, and whisper something into Claverhouse's ear, who smiled in return, and elevated his eyebrows, but in a degree so slight as scarce to be perceptible. The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket proceeded, obviously struggling between the native gentleness of his own disposition and his conviction that the petitioners demand no more than their rights, and the desire, on the other hand, of enforcing the king's authority and complying with the sterner opinions of the colleagues in office, who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

'There are, Mr. Morton, in this paper, proposals, as to the abstract propriety of which I must now waive delivering any opinion. Some of them appear to me reasonable and just; and, although I have no express instruction from the King upon the subject, yet I assure you, Mr. Morton, and I pledge my honour, that I will interpose in your behalf, and use my utmost influence to procure you satisfaction from his Majesty. But you will understand, that I can only treat with supplicants, not with rebels; and, as a preliminary to every act of favour on my side, I must insist upon your followers laying down their arms and dispersing themselves.'

'To do so, my Lord Duke,' replied Morton, undauntedly, 'were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our enemies term us. Our swords are drawn for recovery of a birth-right wrested from us; your Grace's moderation and good sense has admitted the general justice of our demand,—a demand which would never have been listened to, had it not been accompanied with the sound of the trumpet. We cannot, therefore, and dare not, lay down

our arms, even on your Grace's assurance of indemnity, unless it were accompanied with some reasonable prospect of the redress of the wrongs which we complain of.'

'Mr. Morton,' replied the Duke, 'you are young, but you must have seen enough of the world to perceive that requests, by no means dangerous in themselves, may become so by the way in which they are pressed and supported.'

'We may reply, my Lord,' answered Morton, 'that this disagreeable mode has not been resorted to until all others have failed.'

'Mr. Morton,' said the Duke, 'I must break this conference short. We are in readiness to commence the attack, yet I will suspend it for an hour, until you can communicate my answer to the insurgents. If they please to disperse their followers, lay down their arms, and send a peaceful deputation to me, I will consider myself bound in honour to do all I can to procure redress of their grievances; if not, let them stand on their guard and expect the consequences.—I think, gentlemen,' he added, turning to his two colleagues, 'this is the utmost length to which I can stretch my instructions in favour of these misguided persons?'

'By my faith,' answered Dalzell, suddenly, 'and it is a length to which my poor judgment durst not have stretched them, considering I had both the King and my conscience to answer to. But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King's private mind than we, who have only the letter of our instructions to look to.'

'Monmouth blushed deeply. 'You hear,' he said, 'addressing Morton, 'General Dalzell blames me for the length which I am disposed to go in your favour.'

'General Dalzell's sentiments, my Lord,' replied Morton, 'are such as we expect from him; your Grace's such as we were prepared to hope you might please to entertain; but I cannot help adding, that, in the case of the absolute submission upon which you are pleased to insist, it might still remain something less than doubtful how far, with such counsellors around the King, even your Grace's intercession might procure us effectual relief. But I will communicate to our leaders your Grace's answer to our supplication; and, since we cannot obtain peace, we must bid war welcome as well as we may.'

'Good morning, sir,' said the Duke. 'I suspend the movements of attack for one hour, and for one hour only. If you have an answer to return within that space of time, I will receive it here, and earnestly intreat it may be such as to save the effusion of blood.'

At this moment another smile of deep meaning passed between Dalzell and Claverhouse. The Duke observed it, and repeated his words with great dignity.

'Yes, gentlemen, I said I trusted the answer might be such as would save the effusion of blood. I hope the sentiment neither needs your scorn, nor incurs your displeasure.'

Dalzell returned the Duke's frown with a stern glance, but made no answer. Claverhouse, his lip just curled with an ironical smile, bowed, and said, 'It was not for him to judge the propriety of his Grace's sentiments.'

The Duke made a signal to Morton to withdraw. He obeyed; and, accompanied by his former escort, rode slowly through the army to return to the camp of the nonconformists. As he passed the fine corps of Life Guards, he found Claverhouse was already at their head. That officer no sooner saw Morton, than he advanced and addressed him with perfect politeness of manner.

'I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr. Morton of Milnwood?'

'It is not Colonel Grahame's fault,' said Morton, smiling sternly, 'that he or any one else should be now incommoded by my presence.'

'Allow me at least to say,' replied Claverhouse, 'that Mr. Morton's present situation authorizes the opinion I have entertained of him, and that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty.

'To reconcile your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business, Colonel Grahame, not mine,' said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner required to approve of the sentence under which he had so nearly suffered.

'Nay, but stay an instant,' said Claverhouse; "Evandale insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman, who, though misguided, acts upon generous principles, and the crazy fanatical clowns yonder, with the blood-thirsty assassins who

head them; therefore, if they do not disperse upon your return, let me pray you instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself, for, be assured, they will not stand our assault for half an hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to enquire for me. Monmouth, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you—Dalzell will not—I both can and will; and I have promised to Evandale to do so, if you will give me an opportunity.'

'I should owe Lord Evandale my thanks,' answered Morton coldly, 'did not his scheme imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For you, Colonel Grahame, if you will honour me with a different species of satisfaction, it is probable, that, in an hour's time, you will find me at the west end of Bothwell Brigge with my sword in my hand.'

'I shall be happy to meet you there,' said Claverhouse, 'but still more so should you think better on my first proposal.'

They then saluted and parted.

'That is a pretty lad, Lumley,' said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; 'but he is a lost man—his blood be upon his head.'

So saying, he addressed himself to the task of preparation for instant battle.

CHAPTER II.

> But, hark! the tent has changed its voice,
> There's peace and rest nae longer.
>
> BURNS.

WHEN Morton had left the well-ordered out-posts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and entertain a proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same discord which agitated their counsels raged even among their meanest followers; and their picquets and patroles were more interested and occupied in disputing the true occasion and causes of wrath, and defining the limits of Eras-

heresy, than in looking out for and observing the
ions of their enemies, though within hearing of their
ms and trumpets.
There was a guard, however, posted at the long and nar-
bridge of Bothwell, over which the enemy must neces-
ly advance to the attack; but, like the others, they
e divided and disheartened; and, entertaining the idea
t they were posted on a desperate service, they even
litated withdrawing themselves to the main body.
is would have been utter ruin; for, on the defence or
of this pass, the fortune of the day was most likely to
end; all beyond it was a plain open field, excepting a
thickets of no great depth, and, consequently, was
and on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents,
cient as they were in cavalry, and totally unprovided
artillery, were altogether unlikely to withstand the
ck of regular troops.
Morton, therefore, viewed the pass carefully, and formed
hope, that by occupying two or three houses on the
bank of the river, with the copse and thickets of alders
hazels that lined its side, and, by blockading the pas-
e itself, and shutting the gates of a portal, which, ac-
ding to the old fashion, was built on the central arch of
bridge of Bothwell, it might be easily defended against
ry superior force. He issued directions accordingly,
commanded the parapets of the bridge, on the farther
of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might af-
no protection to the enemy when they should attempt
passage. Morton then conjured the party at this im-
tant post to be watchful and upon their guard, and
mised them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He
sed them to advance videttes beyond the river to
tch the progress of the enemy, which out-posts he di-
ed should be withdrawn to the left bank as soon as
y approached; finally, he charged them to send regu-
information to the main body of all they should observe.
n under arms, and in a situation of danger, are usually
iciently alert in appreciating the merit of their officers.
rton's intelligence and activity gained the confidence of
se men, and with better hope and heart than they had
ore, they began to fortify their position in the manner
recommended, and saw him depart with three loud
ers.

Morton now galloped hastily towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and shocked at the scene of confusion and clamour which it exhibited, at the moment when good order and concord were of such essential consequence. Instead of being drawn up in line of battle, and listening to the commands of their officers, they were crowding together in a confused mass that rolled and agitated itself like the waves of the sea, while a thousand tongues spoke, or rather vociferated, and not a single ear was found to listen. Scandalized at a scene so extraordinary, Morton endeavoured to make his way through the press to learn, and, if possible, to remove the cause of this so untimely disorder. While he is thus engaged, we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the puritans during the earlier civil war, they considered as the most effectual mode of solving all difficulties and waving all discussions. A temporary pulpit, or tent, was erected in the middle of the encampment; which, according to the fixed arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Poundtext, to whom the post of honour was assigned, as the eldest clergymen present. But as the worthy divine, with slow and stately steps, was advancing towards the rostrum which had been prepared for him, he was prevented by the unexpected apparition of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, the insane preacher, whose appearance had so much startled Morton at the first council of the insurgents after their victory at Loudon-hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and instigation of the Cameronians, or whether he was merely impelled by his own agitated imagination, and the temptation of a vacant pulpit before him, to seize the opportunity of exhorting so respectable a congregation. It is only certain, that he took occasion by the forelock, sprung into the pulpit, cast his eyes wildly round him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the audience, opened the Bible, read forth as his text from the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, 'Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, let us go serve other gods which you have not known; and then rushed at once into the midst of his subject.

The harangue of Mucklewrath was as wild and extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorized and untimely; but it was provokingly coherent, in so far as it turned entirely upon the very subjects of discord, of which it had been agreed to adjourn the consideration until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the moderate party with heresy, with crouching to tyranny, with seeking to be at peace with God's enemies, he applied to Morton, by name, the charge that he had been one of those men of Belial, who, in the words of his text, had gone out from amongst them to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go astray after false gods. To him, and all who followed him, or approved of his conduct, Mucklewrath denounced fury and vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undefiled to come up from the midst of them.

'Fear not,' he said, 'because of the neighing of horses, or the glittering of the breastplate. Seek not aid of the Egyptians, because of the enemy, though they may be numerous as locusts, and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not as our trust, nor their rock as our rock; how else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to the flight! I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, 'Habakkuk, take thy fan and purge the wheat from the chaff, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation and the lightning of fury.' Wherefore, I say, take this Henry Morton—this wretched Achan, who hath brought the accursed thing among ye, and made himself brethren in the camp of the enemy—take him and stone him with stones, and thereafter burn him with fire, that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant. He hath not taken a Babylonish garment, but he hath sold the garment of righteousness to the woman of Babylon—he hath not taken two hundred shekels of fine silver, but he hath bartered the truth, which is more precious than shekels of silver or wedges of gold.'

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of their most active commanders, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had, in their phrase, touched of that which was accursed, or temporized more

or less with the heresies and corruptions of the times. While such was the demand of the Cameronians, they vociferated loudly, that those who were not with them were against them,—that it was no time to relinquish the substantial part of the covenanted testimony of the Church, if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause; and that, in their eyes, a lukewarm Presbyterian was little better than a Prelatist, an Anti-covenanter, and a Nullifidian.

The parties accused repelled the charge of criminal compliance and defection from the truth, with scorn and indignation, and charged their accusers with breach of faith, as well as with wrong-headed and extravagant zeal in introducing such divisions into an army, the joint strength of which could not, by the most sanguine, be judged more than sufficient to face their enemies. Poundtext, and one or two others, made some faint efforts to stem the increasing fury of the factious, exclaiming to those of the other party, in the words of the Patriarch,—'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we be brethren.'—No pacific overture could possibly obtain audience. It was in vain that even Burley himself, when he saw the dissension proceed to such ruinous lengths, exerted his stern and deep voice, commanding silence and obedience to discipline. The spirit of insubordination had gone forth, and it seemed as if the exhortation of Habakkuk Mucklewrath had communicated a part of his frenzy to all who heard him. The wiser, or more timid part of the assembly, were already withdrawing themselves from the field, and giving up their cause as lost. Others were moderating a harmonious call, as they somewhat improperly termed it, to new officers, and dismissing those formerly chosen, and that with a tumult and clamour worthy of the deficiency of good sense and good order implied in the whole transaction. It was at this moment when Morton arrived in the field, and joined the army, in total confusion, and on the point of dissolving itself. His arrival occasioned loud exclamations of applause on the one side, and of imprecation on the other.

'What means this ruinous disorder at such a moment?' he exclaimed to Burley, who, exhausted with his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword,

and regarding the confusion with an eye of resolute despair.

'It means,' he replied, 'that God has delivered us into the hands of our enemies.'

'Not so,' answered Morton, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; 'it is not God who deserts us, it is we who desert him, and dishonour ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion. Hear me,' he exclaimed, springing to the pulpit which Mucklewrath had been compelled to evacuate by actual exhaustion—'I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can ensure you the means of making an honourable defence, if you are of more manly tempers. The time flies fast on. Let us resolve either for peace or war; and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward's wisdom to retreat in good time and with safety. What signifies quarrelling on minute points of church-discipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with total destruction? O, remember, my brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom he had once chosen—the last and worst punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart, was the bloody dissensions which rent asunder their city, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates.'

Some of the audience testified their feelings of this exhortation by loud exclamations of applause; others by hooting, and exclaiming,—'To your tents, O Israel!'

Morton, who beheld the columns of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right bank, and directing their march upon the bridge, raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and, pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed, —'Silence your senseless clamours, yonder is the enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him depend our lives, as well as our hope to reclaim our laws and liberties.—There shall at least one Scottishman die in their defence.—Let any one who loves his country follow me!'

The multitude had turned their heads in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the foot-guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, of the cannon which the artillerymen were busily engaged

in planting against the bridge, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack, silenced at once their clamorous uproar, and struck them with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They gazed on each other, and on their leaders, with looks resembling those that indicate the weakness of a patient when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet when Morton, springing from the rostrum, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about an hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command.

Burley turned to Macbriar—'Ephraim,' he said, 'it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of this latitudinarian youth.—He that loves the light, let him follow Burley.'

'Tarry,' replied Macbriar; 'it is not by Henry Morton, or such as him, that our goings-out and our comings-in are to be meted; therefore tarry with us. I fear treachery to the host from this *nullifidian* Achan—Thou shalt not go with him. Thou art our chariots and our horsemen.'

'Hinder me not,' replied Burley; he hath well said that all is lost, if the enemy win the bridge—therefore let me not—Shall the children of this generation be called wiser or braver than the children of the sanctuary?—Array yourselves under your leaders—let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition; and accursed be he who turneth back from the work on this great day!'

Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed by about two hundred of the most gallant and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disheartened pause when Morton and Burley departed. The commanders availed themselves of it to display their lines in some sort of order, and exhorted those who were most exposed to throw themselves upon their faces, to avoid the cannonade which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to remonstrate; but the awe which had silenced their discords had dismayed their courage. They suffered themselves to be formed into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time, more resolution or energy: for they experienced a sinking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and imminent approach of the danger which they

neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favourable circumstance would restore their spirit and courage.

Kettledrummle, Poundtext, Macbriar, and other preachers, busied themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on them to raise a psalm. But the superstitious among them observed, as an ill omen, that their song of praise and triumph sunk into "a quaver of consternation,' and resembled rather a penitentiary stave sung on the scaffold of a condemned criminal, than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of Loudon-hill, in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received a rough accompaniment, for the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the bridge of Bothwell, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER III.

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow from the bow,
Sae our Scots lads fell even down,
And they lay slain on every knowe.
Old Ballad.

Ere Morton or Burley had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot-Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered se-

vorely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his marksmen commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, entreating, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by copsewood along the bank of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protracted and obstinate, that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot-Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell, who putting himself at the head of a body of Lenox Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cry of Locksloy. The ammunition of the defenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis., messages, commanding and imploring succours and supplies, were in vain despatched, one after the other, to the main body of the Presbyterian army, which remained inactively drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and misrule, had gone abroad among them, and, while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and became more fatal. Animated by the example and exhortations of their gene-

rals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blockaded. The portal-gate was broken open, the beams, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade, pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberts, and partizans, to encounter the bayonets of the Guards and the broadswords of the Highlanders. But those behind them began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manœuvre slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from the windows of which the Covenanters continued to fire. Burley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

'There is yet time,' said the former, 'to bring down horse to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, me may thus regain the bridge—hasten thou to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and wearied body.'

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cuddie held in readiness for him behind the thicket, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Cameronians. Ere he could speak his errand, or utter his orders, he was saluted by the execrations of the whole body.

'He flies,' they exclaimed—'the cowardly traitor flies like a hart from the hunters, and hath left valiant Burley in the midst of the slaughter!'

'I do not fly,' said Morton. 'I come to lead you to the attack.—Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well.'

'Follow him not!—Follow him not!'—such were the tumultuous exclamations which resounded from the ranks; 'he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy.'

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful; and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defences, being in complete possession of the enemy,

Burley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the King crossed the bridge at their leisure, and, securing the access, formed in line of battle; while Claverhouse, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and eying the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the event of the action from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and, leading them in squadrons through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound;—the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the cavaliers. Front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers—'Kill, kill—no quarter—think on Richard Grahame!'—the dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon-hill, required no exhortations to vengeance as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the resisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit. About twelve hundred of the insurgents who remained in a body a little apart from the rest, and out of the line of the charge of cavalry, threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, upon the approach of the Duke of Monmouth at the head of the infantry. That mild-tempered nobleman instantly allowed them the quarter which they

prayed for; and, galloping about through the field, exerted himself as much to stop the slaughter as he had done to obtain the victory. While busied in this humane task he met with General Dalzell, who was encouraging the fierce Highlanders and royal volunteers to shew their zeal for King and country, by quenching the flame of the rebellion with the blood of the rebels.

'Sheath your sword, I command you, General!' exclaimed the Duke, 'and sound the retreat; enough of blood has been shed; give quarter to the King's misguided subjects.'

'I obey your Grace,' said the old man, wiping his bloody sword, and returning it to the scabbard; 'but I warn you, at the same time, that enough has *not* been done to intimidate these desperate rebels. Has not your Grace heard that Basil Olifant has collected several gentlemen and men of substance in the west, and is in the act of marching to join them?'

'Basil Olifant!' said the Duke, 'who, or what, is he?'

'The next male heir to the last Earl of Torwood; he is disaffected to government from his claim to the estate being set aside in favour of Lady Margaret Bellenden; and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has set him in motion.'

'Be his motives what they will,' replied Monmouth, 'he must soon disperse his followers, for this army is far too much broken to rally again. Therefore, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped.'

'It is your Grace's province to command, and to be responsible for your commands,' answered Dalzell, as he gave reluctant orders for checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindictive Grahame was already far out of hearing of the signal of retreat, and continued with his cavalry an unwearied and bloody pursuit, breaking, dispersing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Burley and Morton were both hurried off the field by the confused tide of fugitives. They made some attempt to defend the streets of Hamilton; but, while labouring to induce the flyers to face about and stand to their weapons, Burley received a bullet which broke his sword-arm.

'May the hand be withered that shot the shot!' he ex-

claimed, as the sword which he was waving over his head fell powerless to his side. 'I can fight no longer.'

Then turning his horse's head, he retreated out of the confusion. Morton too now saw that the continuing his unavailing efforts to rally the flyers could only end in his own death or captivity, and, followed by the faithful Cuddie, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two enclosures, and got into the open country.

From the first hill which they gained in their flight, they looked back, and beheld the whole country covered with their fugitive companions, and with the pursuing dragoons, whose wild shouts and halloo, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and screams of their victims, rose shrilly up the hill.

'It is impossible they can ever make head again,' said Morton.

'The head's ta'en aff them as clean as I wad bite it aff a sybo,' rejoined Cuddie. 'Eh, lord! see how the broadswords are flashing! war's a fearsome thing. They'll be cunning that catches me at this wark again—but, for God's sake, sir, let us make for some strength.'

Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty squire. They resumed a rapid pace, and continued it without intermission, directing their course towards the wild and mountainous country, where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together for the sake either of making defence, or of obtaining terms.

CHAPTER IV.

They require
Of Heaven the hearts of lions, breath of tigers,
Yea, and the fierceness too.

FLETCHER.

EVENING had fallen; and, for the last two hours, they had seen none of their ill-fated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant gained the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farm-house, situated in the

entrance of a wild and moorish glen, far remote from any other habitation.

'Our horses,' said Morton, 'will carry us no farther without rest or food, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible.'

So speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke issuing from the chimney in a considerable volume, and the marks of recent hoofs were visible around the door. They could even hear the murmuring of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured; and, when they knocked at the door, no answer was returned. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable, or shed, in order to accommodate their horses, ere they used farther means of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose appearance of fatigue, as well as the military yet disordered appearance of their saddles and accoutrements, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own circumstances.

'This meeting bodes gude luck,' said Cuddie; 'and they hae walth o' beef, that's ae thing certain, for here's a raw hide that has been about the hurdies o' a stot not half an hour syne—it's warm yet.'

Encouraged by these appearances, they returned again to the house, and, announcing themselves as men in the same predicament with the inmates, clamoured loudly for admittance.

'Whoever ye be,' answered a stern voice from the window, after a long and obdurate silence, 'disturb not those who mourn for the desolation and captivity of the land, and search out the causes of wrath and of defection, that the stumbling-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled.'

'They are wild western whigs,' said Cuddie, in a whisper to his master, 'I ken by their language. Fiend hae me if I like to venture on them.'

Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance; but, finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and pushing asunder the shutters, which were but slightly secured, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voice had issued. Cuddie followed him, muttering betwixt his teeth,

as he put his head within the window, 'That he hoped there was nae scalding brose on the fire,' and master and servant both found themselves in the company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire on which refreshments were preparing, and busied apparently in their devotions.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the fire-light, Morton had no difficulty in recognizing several of those zealots who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted pastor, Ephraim Macbriar, and the maniac, Habakkuk Mucklewrath. The Cameronians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued to listen to the low murmured exercise of Macbriar, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up his hand from his people, and not make an end in the day of his anger. That they were conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sullen and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unfriendly society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm, that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window through which they had entered. One of these ominous centinels whispered to Cuddie, 'Son of that precious woman, Mause Headrigg, do not cast thy lot farther with this child of treachery and perdition—Pass on thy way, and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee.'

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Cuddie jumped without hesitation; for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

'Winnocks are no lucky wi' me,' was his first reflection when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. 'They'll kill him, the murdering loons, and think they're doing a gude turn; but I'se tak the road back for Hamilton, and see if I canna get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needcessity.'

So saying, Cuddie hastened to the stable, and, taking the best horse he could find instead of his own tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the devotion of the fanatics. As it died in the distance, Macbriar brought his exercise to a conclusion, and his audience raised themselves from the stooping posture, and louring downward look with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes sternly on Henry Morton.

'You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen,' said he, addressing them. 'I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them.'

'Out upon thee! out upon thee!' exclaimed Mucklewrath, starting up; 'the word that thou hast spurned shall become a rock to crush and to bruise thee; the spear which thou wouldst have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned, for an offering to atone the sins of the congregation, and lo! the very head of the offence is delivered into our hand. He hath burst in like a thief through the window; he is a ram caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to redeem vengeance from the church, and the place shall from henceforth be called Jehovah-Jirah, for the sacrifice is provided. Up then, and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar!'

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Morton regret at that moment the incautious haste with which he had ventured into their company. He was armed only with his sword, for he had left his pistols at the bow of his saddle, and as the whigs were all provided with fire-arms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by resistance. The interposition, however, of Macbriar protected him for the moment.

'Tarry yet a while, brethren—let us not use the sword rashly, lest the load of innocent blood lie heavy on us.—Come,' he said, addressing himself to Morton, 'we will reckon with thee ere we avenge the cause thou hast betrayed. Hast thou not,' he continued, 'made thy face as hard as flint against the truth in all the assemblies of the host?'

'He has—he has,' murmured the deep voices of the assistants.

'He hath ever urged peace with the malignants,' said one.

'And pleaded for the dark and dismal guilt of the indulgence,' echoed another.

'And would have surrendered the host into the hands of Monmouth,' echoed a third, 'and was the first to desert the honest and manly Burley, while he yet resisted at the pass. I saw him on the moor, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge.'

'Gentlemen,' said Morton, 'if you mean to bear me down by clamour, and take my life without hearing me, it is perhaps a thing in your power; but you will sin before God and man by the commission of such a murder.'

'I say, hear the youth,' said Macbriar, 'for Heaven knows our bowels have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and exert his gifts in its defence. But he is blinded by his carnal knowledge, and has spurned the light when it blazed before him.'

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assert the good faith which he had displayed in the treaty with Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

'I may not, gentlemen,' he said, 'be fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of tyrannizing over others; but none shall go further in asserting our own lawful freedom.—And I must needs aver, that had others been of my mind in counsel, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defeated and discordant remnant, have sheathed our weapons in an useful and honourable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory:'

'He hath spoken the word,' said one of the assembly—'he hath avowed his carnal self-seeking and Erastianism; let him die the death!'

'Peace yet again,' said Macbriar, 'for I will try him further.—Was it not by thy means that the malignant Evandale twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Miles Bellenden and his garrison of cut-throats were saved from the edge of the sword?'

'I am proud to say, that you have spoken the truth in both instances,' replied Morton.

'Lo! you see,' said Macbriar, 'again hath his mouth spoken it—And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Midianitish woman, one of the spawn of prelacy, a toy with which the arch-enemy's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Bellenden?'

'You are incapable,' answered Morton, boldly, 'of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had she never existed.'

'Thou art a hardy rebel to the truth—And didst thou not so act, that by conveying away the aged woman, Margaret Bellenden, and her grand-daughter, thou mightest thwart the wise and godly project of John Balfour of Burley for bringing forth to battle Basil Olifant, who had agreed to take the field if he were insured possession of these women's worldly endowments?'

'I never heard of such a scheme,' said Morton, 'and therefore I could not thwart it—But does your religion permit you to take such uncreditable and immoral modes of recruiting?'

'Peace,' said Macbriar, somewhat disconcerted; 'it is not for thee to instruct tender professors, or to construe Covenant obligations; for the rest you have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful defection to draw down defeat on a host, were it as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. And it is our judgment, that we are not free to let you pass from us safe and in life, since Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with godly Joshua, saying, What shall we say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?—Then camest thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest sustain the punishment of one that hath wrought folly in Israel. Therefore, mark my words.—This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run! Wherefore improve thy span, for it flitteth fast away.—Seize on the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon from him.'

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered and disarmed before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a dead and stern silence took place. The fanatics ranked themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton amongst them, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clock which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which

they offered their intended victim a share; but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this was removed, the party resumed their devotions, Macbriar expostulating in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a signal that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained, as if to gain some sight or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the dial plate of the time-piece, to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection, that there appeared no possibility of his life being expanded beyond the narrow segment which the index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour. Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honour, and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected, had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Claverhouse. Then he was conscious, that, amid the spectators, were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious zealots, whose hardoned brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph, upon his execution,—without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement,—awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop,—it is no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His destined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like the spectres in a feverish dream; their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded, rather by a band of demons than of human beings; the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful dis-

tinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wavering while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to devotional exercises, and unequal, during that fearful strife of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, instinctively, recourse to the petition for deliverance and for composure of spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. Macbriar, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognized the words which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

'There lacked but this,' he said, his pale cheek kindling with resentment, 'to root out my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilt. He is a prelatist who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erastian, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him, must needs be verity. His blood be on his head, the deceiver,—let him go down to Tophet with the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book in his right hand.'

'I take up my song against him!' exclaimed the maniac. 'As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for intimating the recovery of holy Hezekiah, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity.'

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by putting the index forward; and several of the party began to make ready their weapons for immediate execution, when Muckle-wrath's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

'Hist!' he said,—'I hear a distant noise.'

'It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles,' said one.

'It is the sough of the wind among the bracken,' said another.

'It is the galloping of horse,' said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood; 'God grant they may come as my deliverers!'

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

'It is horse,' cried Macbriar. 'Look out and descry who they are.'

'The enemy are upon us,' cried one who had opened the window, in obedience to his order.

A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment.

'Have at the bloody rebels!—Remember Cornet Graham!' was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the dubious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistol-shots were fired; the whig next to Morton received a shot as he was rising, stumbled against the prisoner, whom he bore down with his weight, and lay stretched above him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where fire-arms were discharged and sword-blows given for upwards of five minutes.

'Is the prisoner safe?' said the well known voice of Claverhouse; 'look about for him, and dispatch the dog who is groaning there.'

Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, disencumbered of his weight, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Cuddie, who blubbered for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear explained the secret of the very timely appearance of the soldiers.

'I fell into Claverhouse's party when I was seeking for some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the hands o' the whigs; sae being atween the de'il and the deep sea, I e'en thought it best to bring him on wi' me, for he'll be wearied wi' felling folk the night, an' the morn's a new day, and Lord Evandale awes ye a day in ha'rst; and Monmouth gi'es quarter, the dragoons tell me, for the asking. Sae haud up ye're heart, an' we'll do a' weel aneugh yet.'

CHAPTER V.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
Anonymous.

When the desperate affray had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farm-house, and for marching early in the ensuing morning. He then turned his attention to Morton, and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him.

'You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr. Morton, if you had honoured my counsel yesterday morning with some attention; but I respect your motives. You are a prisoner-of-war at the disposal of the King and council, but you shall be treated with no incivility; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape.'

When Morton had passed his word to that effect, Claverhouse bowed civilly, and, turning away from him, called for his serjeant-major.

'How many prisoners, Halliday, and how many killed?'

'Three killed in the house, sir, two cut down in the court, and one in the garden—six in all; four prisoners.'

'Armed or unarmed?' said Claverhouse.

'Three of them armed to the teeth,' answered Halliday; 'one without arms—he seems to be a preacher.'

'Ay—the trumpeter to the long-ear'd route, I suppose,' replied Claverhouse, glancing slightly round upon his victims, 'I will talk with him to-morrow. Take the other three down to the yard, draw out two files, and fire upon them; and, d'ye hear, make a memorandum in the orderly-book, of three rebels taken in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place. Drumshinnel, I think, they call it—Look after the preacher till to-morrow; as he was not armed, he must undergo a short examination. Or better, perhaps, take him before the council; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting drudgery.—Let Mr. Morton be civilly used, and see that the men look well

after their horses, and let my groom wash Wildblood's back with some vinegar, the saddle has touched him a little.'

All these various orders,—for life and death, the securing of his prisoners, and the washing his charger's shoulder,—were given in the same unmoved and equable voice, of which no accent or tone intimated that the speaker considered one direction as of more importance than another.

The Cameronians, so lately about to be the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves to undergo it. They seemed prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them shew the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the room for the purpose of meeting instant death. Their severe enthusiasm sustained them in that dreadful moment, and they departed with a firm look and in silence, excepting that one of them, as he left the apartment, looked Claverhouse full in the face, and pronounced, with a stern and steady voice,—' Mischief shall hunt the violent man ;' to which Grahame only answered with a smile of contempt.

They had no sooner left the room than Claverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party had hastily provided, and invited Morton to follow his example, observing, it had been a busy day for them both. Morton declined eating ; for the sudden change of circumstances—the transition from the verge of the grave to a prospect of life, had occasioned a dizzy revulsion in his whole system. But the same confused sensation was accompanied by a burning thirst, and he expressed his wish to drink.

' I will pledge you, with all my heart,' said Claverhouse ; ' for here is a black jack full of ale, and good it must be, if there be good in the country, for the whigs never miss to find it out.—My service to you, Mr. Morton,' he said, filling one horn of ale for himself, and handing another to his prisoner

Morton raised it to his head, and was just about to drink, when the discharge of carabines beneath the window, followed by a deep and hollow groan, repeated twice or thrice, and more faint at each interval, announced the fate of the three men who had just left them. Morton shuddered and set down the untasted cup.

'You are but young in these matters, Mr. Morton,' said Claverhouse, after he had very composedly finished his draught; 'and I do not think the worse of you as a young soldier for appearing to feel them acutely. But habit, duty, and necessity, reconcile men to every thing.'

'I trust,' said Morton, 'they will never reconcile me to such scenes as these.'

'You would hardly believe,' said Claverhouse in reply, 'that, in the beginning of my military career, I had as much aversion to seeing blood spilt as ever man felt, it seemed to me to be wrung from my own heart; and yet, if you trust one of those whig fellows, he will tell you I drink a warm cup of it every morning before I breakfast. But, in truth, Mr. Morton, why should we care so much for death, light around us whenever it may! Men die daily—not a bell tolls the hour, but it is the death-note of some one or other, and why hesitate to shorten the span of others, or take over-anxious care to prolong our own? It is all a lottery—when the hour of midnight came you were to die—it has struck—you are alive and safe, and the lot has fallen on these fellows who were to murder you.—It is not the expiring pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befal us on any given moment—it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun—that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr. Morton, as a thing worth thinking of, it is the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear—*that* would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for!'

At the moment when Grahame delivered these sentiments, his eye glancing with the martial enthusiasm which formed such a prominent feature in his character, a gory figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the maniac so often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Claverhouse eyes, in which the grey light of insanity still twinkled, though just about to flit for

ever, and exclaimed, with his usual wildness of ejaculation, 'Wilt thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy steed and in thy banner? And shall not God visit thee for innocent blood?—Wilt thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee?—Behold the princes, for whom thou hast sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and banished to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast been drunken and mad because thereof, the wish of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine own pride shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Grahame, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the seas besides which thou hast shed.'

He drew his right hand across his bleeding face, and held it up to Heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very loud, and then added more faintly, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, doest thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints?'

As he uttered the last word he fell backwards without an attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor.

Morton was much shocked at this extraordinary scene, and the prophecy of the dying man, which tallied so strangely with the wish which Claverhouse had just expressed. Two of the dragoons who were in the apartment, hardened as they were, and accustomed to such scenes, showed great consternation at the sudden apparition, the event, and the words which preceded it. Claverhouse alone was unmoved. At the first instant of Mucklewrath's appearance, he had put his hand to his pistol, but on seeing the situation of the wounded wretch, he immediately withdrew it, and listened with great composure to his dying exclamation.

When he dropped, Claverhouse asked, in an unconcerned tone of voice—'How came the fellow here?—Speak, you staring fool,' he added, addressing the nearest dragoon, 'unless you would have me think you such a poltroon as to fear a dying man.'

The dragoon crossed himself, and replied with a faultering voice,—'That he had escaped their notice when

they removed the other bodies, as he chanced to have fallen where a cloak or two had been flung aside, and covered him.'

'Take him away now, then, you gaping idiot, and see that he does not bite you, to put an old proverb to shame. This is a new incident, Mr. Morton, that dead men should rise and push us from our stools. I must see that my blackguards grind their swords sharper; they used not to do their work so slovenly.—But we have had a busy day; they are tired with their bloody work, and I suppose you, Mr. Morton, as well as I, are well disposed for a few hours repose.'

So saying, he yawned, and taking a candle which a soldier had placed ready, saluted Morton courteously, and walked to the apartment which had been prepared for him.

Morton was also accommodated, for the evening, with a separate room. Being left alone, his first occupation was the returning thanks to Heaven for redeeming him from danger, even through the instrumentality of those who seemed his most dangerous enemies; he also prayed sincerely for the Divine assistance in guiding his course through times which held forth so many dangers and so many errors. And having thus poured forth his spirit in prayer before the Great Being who gave it, he betook himself to the repose which he so much required.

CHAPTER VI.

> The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met;
> The judges all ranged—a terrible show!
>
> *Beggar's Opera.*

So deep was the slumber which succeeded the agitation and embarrassment of the preceding day, that Morton hardly knew where he was when it was broken by the stamp of horses, the hoarse voice of men, and the wild sound of the trumpets blowing the reveillie. The serjeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, which he did in a very respectful manner, saying the General (for Claverhouse now held that rank) hoped for the

pleasure of his company upon the road. In some situations an intimation is a command, and Morton considered that the present occasion was one of these. He waited upon Claverhouse as speedily as he could, found his own horse saddled for his use, and Cuddie in attendance. Both were disarmed of their fire arms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of the prisoners; and Morton was permitted to retain his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Claverhouse seemed also to take pleasure in riding beside him, in conversing with him, and in confounding his ideas when he attempted to appreciate his real character. The gentleness and urbanity of his general manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which he occasionally expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him; while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help, in his heart, contrasting him with Balfour of Burley; and so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a hint of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

'You are right,' said Claverhouse, with a smile; 'you are very right—we are both fanatics; but there is some distinction between the fanaticism of honour and that of dark and sullen superstition.'

'Yet you both shed blood without mercy or remorse,' said Morton, who could not suppress his feelings.

'Surely,' said Claverhouse, with the same composure; 'but of what kind?—there is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and sullen boors;—some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine and dashing down a cann full of base muddy ale.'

'Your distinction is too nice for my comprehension,' replied Morton. 'God gives every spark of life—that of the peasant as well as of the prince; and those who de-

stroy his work recklessly or causelessly, must answer in either case. What right, for example, have I to General Grahame's protection now, more than when I first met him?'

'And narrowly escaped the consequences, you would say,' answered Claverhouse—'why, I will answer you frankly. Then I thought I had to do with the son of an old round-headed rebel, and the nephew of a sordid Presbyterian laird; now I know your points better, and there is that about you which I respect in an enemy as much as I like in a friend. I have learned a good deal concerning you since our first meeting, and I trust that you have found that my construction of the information has not been unfavourable to you.'

'But yet,' said Morton——

'But yet,' interrupted Grahame, taking up the word, 'you would say you were the same when I first met you that you are now? True; but then, how could I know that? though, by the by, even my reluctance to suspend your execution may shew you how high your abilities stood in my estimation.'

'Do you expect, General,' said Morton, 'that I ought to be particularly grateful for such a mark of your esteem?'

'Poh! poh! you are critical,' returned Claverhouse.—'I tell you I thought you a different sort of person. Did you ever read Froissart?'

'No,' was Morton's answer.

'I have half a mind,' said Claverhouse, 'to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment, in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love!—Ah benedicite! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favour, or on the other. But, truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churles, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive histo-

rian has marvellous little sympathy—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse.'

'There is one ploughman in your possession, General, for whom,' said Morton, 'in despite of the contempt in which you hold a profession which some philosophers have considered as useful as that of a soldier, I would humbly request your favour.'

'You mean,' said Claverhouse, looking at a memorandum-book, 'one Hatherick—Hedderick—or—or—Headrigg. Ay, Cuthbert, or Cuddie Headrigg—here I have him.—O, never fear him, if he will be but tractable. The ladies of Tillietudlem made interest with me on his account some time ago. He is to marry their waiting-maid, I think. He will be allowed to slip off easy, unless his obstinacy spoils his good fortune.'

'He has no ambition to be a martyr, I believe,' said Morton.

''Tis the better for him,' said Claverhouse. 'But, besides, although the fellow had more to answer for, I should stand his friend, for the sake of the blundering gallantry which threw him into the midst of our ranks last night, when seeking assistance for you. I never desert any man who trusts me with such implicit confidence. But, to deal sincerely with you, he has been long in our eye.—Here, Halliday; bring me up the black-book.'

The serjeant, having committed to his commander this ominous record of the disaffected, which was arranged in alphabetical order, Claverhouse, turning over the leaves as he rode on, began to read names as they occurred.

'Gumblegumption, a minister, aged 50, indulged, close, sly, and so forth—Pooh! pooh!—He—He—I have him here—Heathercat; outlawed—a preacher—a zealous Cameronian—Keeps a conventicle among the Campsie hills—Tush!—O, here is Headrigg—Cuthbert; his mother a bitter puritan—himself a simple fellow—like to be forward in action, but of no genius for plots—more for the hand than the head, and might be drawn to the right side, but for his attachment to'—— (Here Claverhouse looked at Morton, and then shut the book, and changed his tone,) 'Faithful and true are words never thrown away upon me, Mr. Morton. You may depend on the young man's safety.'

'Does it not revolt a mind like yours,' said Morton, 'to

follow a system which is to be supported by such minute enquiries after obscure individuals?'

'You do not suppose *we* take the trouble?' said the General haughtily. 'The curates, for their own sakes, willingly collect all these materials for their own regulation in each parish; they know best the black sheep of the flock. I have had your picture for three years.'

'Indeed?' replied Morton. "Will you favour me by imparting it?'

'Willingly,' said Claverhouse; 'it can signify little, for you cannot avenge yourself on the curate, as you will probably leave Scotland for some time.'

This was spoken in an indifferent tone. Morton felt an involuntary shudder at hearing words which implied a banishment from his native land, but ere he answered, Claverhouse proceeded to read, 'Henry Morton, son of Silas Morton, Colonel of horse for the Scottish parliament, and nephew of Morton of Milnwood—imperfectly educated, but with spirit beyond his years—excellent at all exercises—indifferent to forms of religion, but seems to incline to the Presbyterian—has high-flown and dangerous notions about liberty of thought and speech, and hovers between a latitudinarian and an enthusiast. Much admired and followed by the youth of his own age—modest, quiet, and unassuming in manner, but in his heart peculiarly bold and intractable. He is'——'Here follow three red crosses, Mr. Morton, which signify triply dangerous. You see how important a person you are.—But what does this fellow want?'

A horseman rode up as he spoke, and gave a letter. Claverhouse glanced it over, laughed scornfully, bade him tell his master to send his prisoners to Edinburgh, for there was no answer; and, as the man turned back, said contemptuously to Morton—'Here is an ally of yours deserted from you, or rather, I should say, an ally of your good friend Burley—Hear how he sets forth—'*Dear Sir*,' (I wonder when we were such intimates,) 'may it please your Excellency to accept my humble congratulations on the victory'—hum—hum—'Blessed be his Majesty's army. I pray you to understand I have my people under arms to take and intercept all fugitives, and have already several prisoners,' and so forth. Subscribed Basil Olifant—You know the fellow by name, I suppose?'

'A relative of Lady Margaret Bellenden, is he not?'

'Ay,' replied Grahame, 'and heir male of her father's family, though a distant one, and moreover a suitor to the fair Edith, though discarded as an unworthy one; but, above all, an admirer of the estate of Tillietudlem, and all thereunto belonging.'

'He takes an ill mode of recommending himself,' said Morton, suppressing his own feelings, 'to the family at Tillietudlem by corresponding with our unhappy party."

'O, this precious Basil shall turn cat in pan with any man! He was displeased with the government, because they would not overturn in his favour a settlement of the late Earl of Torwood, which gave his own estate to his own daughter; he was displeased with Lady Margaret because she shewed no desire for his alliance, and with the pretty Edith, because she did not like his tall ungainly person. So he held a close correspondence with Burley, and raised his men with the purpose of helping him, if he needed no help, that is, if you had beat us yesterday—And now the rascal pretends he was all the while proposing the King's service, and, for aught I know, the council will receive his pretext for current coin, for he knows how to make friends among them. And a dozen scores of poor vagabond fanatics will be shot, or hung, while this cunning scoundrel lies hid under the double cloak of loyalty, well lined with the fox-fur of hypocrisy.'

With conversation on this and other matters they beguiled the way, Claverhouse all the while speaking with great frankness to Morton, and treating him rather as a friend and companion than as a prisoner; so that, however uncertain of his fate, the hours he passed in the company of this remarkable man were so much lightened by the varied play of his imagination, and the depth of his knowledge of human nature, that since the period of his becoming a prisoner of war, which relieved him at once from the cares of his doubtful and dangerous station among the insurgents, and from the consequences of their suspicious resentment, his hours flowed on less anxiously than at any time since his having commenced actor in public life. He was now, with respect to his fortune, like a rider who has flung his reins on the horse's neck, and, while he abandoned himself to circumstances, was at least relieved from the task of attempting to direct them. In this mood he journeyed on,

the number of his companions being continually augmented by detached parties of horse, who came in from every quarter of the country, bringing with them, for the most part, the unfortunate persons who had fallen into their power. At length they approached Edinburgh.

'Our council,' said Claverhouse, 'being resolved, I suppose, to testify, by their present exultation, the extent of their former terror, have decreed a kind of triumphal entry to us victors and our captives; but as I do not quite approve the taste of it, I am willing to avoid my own part in the shew, and, at the same time, to save you from yours.'

So saying, he gave up the command of the forces to Allan, (now a lieutenant-colonel,) and, turning his horse into a by-lane, rode into the city privately, accompanied by Morton and two or three servants. When Claverhouse arrived at the quarters which he usually occupied in the Canongate, he assigned to his prisoner a small apartment, with an intimation, that his parole confined him to it for the present.

After about a quarter of an hour spent in solitary musing on the strange vicissitudes of his late life, the attention of Morton was summoned to the window by a great noise in the street beneath. Trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, contended in noise with the shouts of a numerous rabble, and apprised him that the royal cavalry were passing in the triumphal attitude which Claverhouse had mentioned. The magistrates of the city, attended by their guard of halberts, had met the victors with their welcome, at the gate of the city, and now preceded them as a part of the procession. The next object was two heads borne upon pikes; and before each bloody head were carried the hands of the dismembered sufferers, which were, by the brutal mockery of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of exhortation or prayer. These bloody trophies belonged to two preachers who had fallen at Bothwell Bridge. After them came a cart led by the executioner's assistant, in which were placed Macbriar, and other two prisoners, who seemed of the same profession. They were bareheaded, and strongly bound, yet looked around them with an air rather of triumph than dismay, and appeared in no respect moved either by the fate of their companions, of which the bloody evidences were carried before them, or by dread of their

own approaching execution, which these preliminaries so plainly indicated.

Behind these prisoners, thus held up to public infamy and derision, came a body of horse, brandishing their broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous outcries and huzzas of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too happy in being permitted to huzza for any thing whatever which calls them together. In the rear of these troopers came the main body of the prisoners, at the head of whom were some of their leaders, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the animal's tail; others were chained to long bars of iron, which they were obliged so support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling to the port where they are to be put on shipboard. The heads of others who had fallen were borne in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberts, some in sacks, bearing the names of the slaughtered persons labelled on the outside. Such were the objects who headed the ghastly procession, who seemed as effectually doomed to death as if they wore the *sanbenitos* of the condemned heretics in an *auto-da fe*.

Behind them came on the nameless crowd to the number of several hundreds, some retaining under their misfortunes a sense of confidence in the cause for which they suffered captivity, and were about to give a still more bloody testimony; others seemed pale, dispirited, dejected, questioning in their own minds their prudence in espousing a cause which Providence seemed to have disowned, and looking about for some avenue through which they might escape from the consequences of their rashness. Others there were who seemed incapable of forming an opinion on the subject, or of entertaining either hope, confidence, or fear, but who, foaming with thirst and fatigue, stumbled along like over-driven oxen, lost to every thing but their present sense of wretchedness, and without having any distinct idea whether they were driven to the shambles or to the pasture. These unfortunate men were guarded on each hand by troopers, and behind them came the main body of the cavalry, whose military music resounded back from the high houses on each side of the street, and mingled with

their own songs of jubilee and triumph, and the wild shouts of the rabble.

Morton felt himself heart-sick while he gazed on the dismal spectacle, and recognized in the bloody heads and still more miserable and agonized features of the living sufferers, faces which had been familiar to him during the brief insurrection. He sunk down in a chair in a bewildered and stupified state, from which he was awaked by the voice of Cuddie.

'Lord forgi'e us, sir!' said the poor fellow, his teeth chattering like a pair of nut crackers, his hair erect like boar's bristles, and his face as pale as that of a corpse—'Lord forgi'e us sir! we maun instantly gang before the council—O, Lord, what made them send for a puir bodie like me, sae mony braw lords and gentles!—and there's my mother come on the tramp frae Glasgow to see to gar me testify, as she ca's it, that is to say, confess and be hanged; but de'il tak me if they mak sic a goose o' Cuddie, if I can do better. But here's Claverhouse himsel—the Lord preserve and forgi'e us, I say ance mair!'

'You must immediately attend the council, Mr. Morton,' said Claverhouse, who entered while Cuddie spoke, 'and your servant must go with you. You need be under no apprehension for the consequences to yourself personally. But I warn you that you will see something that will give you much pain, and from which I would willingly have saved you, if I had possessed the power. My carriage waits us—shall we go?'

It will be readily supposed that Morton did not venture to dispute this invitation, however unpleasant. He rose and accompanied Claverhouse.

'I must apprise you,' said the latter, as he led the way down stairs, 'that you will get off cheap, and so will your servant, providing he can keep his tongue quiet.'

Cuddie caught these last words to his exceeding joy.

'De'il a fear o' me,' said he, 'an' my mother doesna pit her finger in the pye.'

At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mause, who had contrived to thrust herself forward into the lobby of the apartment.

'O, hinny, hinny!' said she to Cuddie, hanging upon his neck, 'glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, a' in ane and the same instant, to see my bairn ganging to

testify for the truth gloriously with his mouth in council, as he did with his weapon in the field.'

'Whisht, whisht, mother,' cried Cuddie impatiently. 'Odd, ye daft wife, is this a time to speak o' thae things?—I tell ye I'll testify naething either ae gate or another, I hae spoken to Mr. Poundtext and I'll tak the declaration, or whate'er they ca' it, and we're a' to win free off if we do that—he's gotten life for himsel and a' his folk, and that's a minister for my siller; I like nane o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket.'

'O, Cuddie, man, laith wad I be they suld hurt ye,' said old Mause, divided grievously between the safety of her son's soul and that of his body; 'but mind, my bonny bairn, ye ha' battled for the faith, and dinna let the dread o' losing creature-comforts withdraw ye frae the gude fight.'

'Hout tout, mother,' replied Cuddie, 'I hae fought e'en ower muckle already, and, to speak plain, I'm wearied o' the trade. I hae swaggered wi' a' the arms, and muskets, and pistols, buff-coats, and bandaliers, lang eneugh, and I like the pleugh-paidle a hantle better. I ken naething suld gar a man fight, (that's to say, when he's no angry,) by and out-taken the dread o' being hanged, or killed if he turns back.'

'But, my dear Cuddie,' continued the persevering Mause, 'your bridal garment—Oh, hinny, dinna sully the marriage garment?'

'Awa', awa', mother,' replied Cuddie; 'dinna ye see the folks waiting for me?—Never fear me—I ken how to turn this far better than ye do—for ye're bleezing awa' about marriage, and the job is how we are to win by hanging.'

So saying, he extricated himself out of his mother's embraces, and requested the soldiers who took him in charge to conduct him to the place of examination without delay. He had been already preceded by Claverhouse and Morton.

CHAPTER VII.

My native land, good night.
LORD BYRON.

THE Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendance of the executive department, was met in the ancient, dark, Gothic room, adjoining to the House of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Grahame entered and took his place amongst them at the council table.

'You have brought us a leash of game to-day, General,' said a nobleman of high place amongst them. 'Here is a cravan to confess—a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third General?'

'Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested,' replied Claverhouse.

'And a whig into the bargain,' said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar.

'Yes, please your Grace, a whig, as your Grace was in 1641,' replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.'

'He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke,' said one of the Privy Counsellors.

'Ay, ay,' returned the Duke, laughing, 'there's no speaking to him since Drumclog—but come, bring in the prisoners—and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record.'

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Grahame of Claverhouse and Lord Evandale entered themselves securities, that Henry Morton, younger, of Milnwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign parts, until his Majesty's pleasure was further known in respect to the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion, and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand marks to each of his securities.

'Do you accept of the King's mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?' said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the council.

'I have no other choice, my Lord,' replied Morton.

'Then subscribe your name in the record.'

Morton did so without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of the case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostacy.

'He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant!' he exclaimed, with a deep groan—'A fallen star!—a fallen star!'

'Hold your peace, sir,' said the Duke, 'and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge—ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you—Call in the other fellow, who has some common sense. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first.'

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the bottom of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over him. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

'Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brig?' was the first question which was thundered in his ears.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied with true Caledonian indirectness of response.

'I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there.

'Answer directly, you knave—yes or no?—You know you were there.'

'It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's grace's honour,' said Cuddie.

'Once more, sir, were you there?—yes or no?' said the Duke, impatiently.

'Dear stir,' again replied Cuddie, 'how can ane mind preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?'

'Speak out, you scoundrel,' said General Dalzell, 'or I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-haft—Do you

hink we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you, like greyhounds after a hare?'

'Aweel, then,' said Cuddie, 'since naething else will please you, write down that I cannot deny but I was there.'

'Well, sir, said the Duke, 'and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?'

'I'm no just free to gi'e my opinion, stir, on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better.'

'Better than what?'

'Just than rebellion, as your honour ca's it,' replied Cuddie.

'Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose. And are you content to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pray for the King?'

'Blithly, stir; and drink his health into the bargain, when the ale's gude.'

'Egad,' said the Duke, 'this is a hearty cock.—What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?'

'Just ill example, stir, and a daft auld jaud of a mother. wi' reverence to your Grace's honour.'

'Why, God-a-mercy, my friend I think thou art not likely to commit treason on thine own score.—Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair.'

Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

'Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?' was in like manner, demanded of him.

'I was,' answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

'Were you armed?'

'I was not—I went in my calling as a preacher of God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in his cause.'

'In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?' said the Duke.

'Thou hast spoken it,' replied the prisoner.

'Well, then,' continued the interrogator, 'let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party?—I presume you know him?'

'I bless God that I do know him,' replied Macbriar; 'he is a zealous and a sincere Christian.'

'And when and where did you last see this pious personage?' was the query which immediately followed.

'I am here to answer for myself, and not to endanger others.'

'We shall know,' said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue.'

'If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle,' answered Lauderdale, 'he will find it without you.—Come laddie, speak while the play is good—you're too young to bear the burthen will be laid on you else.'

'I defy you,' retorted Macbriar. 'This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and, young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon.

'Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate,' said Laudedale, and rung a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche, or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws and an iron case, called the Scottish boot, used in these tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose, but Macbriar's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Do you know who that man is?' said Lauderdale in, a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

'He is, I suppose,' replied Macbriar, 'the infamous executioner of your blood-thirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and, I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may shed tears, or send forth cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the rock of ages.'

'Do your duty,' said the Duke to the executioner.'

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine.

'Let him choose for himself,' said the Duke; 'I should like to oblige him in any thing that is reasonable.'

'Since you leave it to me,' said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, 'take the best—I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer.'

The executioner, with the help of the assistants, enclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot, or case, and then placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for farther orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the president of the council repeated with the same stern voice the question, 'When and where did you last see John Balfour of Burley?'

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to Heaven as if imploring divine strength, and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible, 'Thou hast said thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!'

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye around the council as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave on his own part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

'Will you yet say,' repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, 'where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?'

'You have my answer,' said the sufferer resolutely, and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded, but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer, and, although unarmed and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, 'For God's sake, think where you are!'

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by

no other of the counsellors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

'He is gone,' said the surgeon—'he has fainted, my Lords, and human nature can endure no more.'

'Release him,' said the duke, and added, turning to Dalzell, 'He will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him.'

'Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him, we have plenty of drudgery behind.'

Strong waters and essences were busily employed to recal the senses of the unfortunate captive; and, when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the Duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the council, and all and sundry his moveable goods and gear escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use.

'Doomster,' he continued, 'repeat the sentence to the prisoner.'

The office of Doomster was in these days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner, *in commendam*, with his ordinary functions. The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection, that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the cruelties he denounced. Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, 'And this I pronounce for doom,' he answered boldly—'My Lords, I thank you for the only favour I looked for, or would accept at your hands, namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcase which has this day sustained your cruelty to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me, whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house. But if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage,

many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my Lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained —And why should I not?—Ye send me to a happy exchange—to the company of angels and the spirits of the just for that of frail dust and ashes—Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and, in a word, from earth to heaven!—If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!'

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

The council broke up, and Morton found himself again in the carriage with General Grahame.

'Marvellous firmness and gallantry!' said Morton, as he reflected upon Macbriar's conduct; 'what a pity it is that with such self-devotion and heroism should have been mingled the fiercer features of his sect!'

'You mean,' said Caverhouse, 'his resolution to condemn you to death!—to that he would have reconciled himself by a single text; for example, 'And Phineas arose and executed judgment,' or something to the same purpose—But wot ye where you are now bound, Mr. Morton?'

'We are on the road to Leith, I observe,' answered Morton. 'Can I not be permitted to see my friends ere I leave my native land?'

'Your uncle,' replied Grahame, 'has been spoken with, and declines visiting you. The good gentleman is terrified, and not without good reason, that the crime of your treason may extend itself over his lands and tenements—he sends you, however, his blessing and a small sum of money. Lord Evandale continues extremely indisposed. Major Bellenden is at Tillietudlem putting matters in order. The scoundrels have made great havoc there with Lady Margaret's muniments of antiquity, and have destroyed what the good lady called the Throne of his most sacred Majesty. Is there any one else whom you would wish to see?'

Morton sighed deeply as he answered 'No—it would avail nothing—but my preparations, small as they are, some must be necessary.'

'They are all ready for you,' said the General. 'Lord Evandale has anticipated all you wish. Here is a packet from him with letters of recommendation for the court of the Stadtholder Prince of Orange, to which I have added one or two. I made my first campaigns under him, and first saw fire at the battle of Seneff. There are also bills of exchange for your immediate wants, and more will be sent when you require it.'

Morton heard all this, and received the parcel with an astounded and confused look, so sudden was the execution of the sentence of banishment.

'And my servant?' he said.

'He shall be cared for, and replaced, if it be practicable, in the service of Lady Margaret Bellenden; I think he will hardly neglect the parade, or go a whigging a second time.—But here we are upon the quay, and the boat waits you.'

It was even as Claverhouse said. A boat waited for Captain Morton with the trunks and baggage belonging to his rank. Claverhouse shook him by the hand, and wished him good fortune, and a happy return to Scotland in quieter times.

'I shall never forget,' he said, 'the gallantry of your behaviour to my friend Evandale, in circumstances when many men would have sought to rid him out of their way.'

Another friendly pressure, and they parted. As Morton descended the pier to get into the boat, a hand placed in his a letter folded up in a very small space. He looked round. The person who gave it seemed much muffled up; he pressed his finger upon his lip, and then disappeared among the crowd. The incident awakened Morton's curiosity; and when he found himself on board of a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and saw all his companions of the voyage busy making their own arrangements, he took opportunity to open the billet thus mysteriously thrust upon him. It ran thus:—'Thy courage on the fatal day when Israel fled before his enemies, hath, in some measure, atoned for thy unhappy owning of the Erastian interest. These are not days for Ephraim to strive with Israel.

—I know thy heart is with the daughter of the stranger. But turn from that folly; for in exile, and in flight, and even in death itself, shall my hand be heavy against that bloody and malignant house, and Providence hath given me the means of meting unto them with their own measure of ruin and confiscation. The resistance of their strong-hold was the main cause of our being scattered at Bothwell Bridge, and I have bound it upon my soul to visit it upon them. Wherefore, think of her no more, but join with our brethren in banishment, whose hearts are still towards this miserable land to save and to relieve her. There is an honest remnant in Holland whose eyes are looking out for deliverance. Join thyself unto them like the true son of the stout and worthy Silas Morton, and thou wilt have good acceptance among them for his sake and for thine own working. Shouldst thou be found worthy again to labour in the vineyard, thou wilt at all times hear of my in-comings and out-goings, by enquiring after Quintin Mackell of Irongray, at the house of that singular Christian woman, Bessie Maclure, near to the place called the Howff, where Niel Blane entertaineth guests. So much from him who hopes to hear again from thee in brotherhood, resisting unto blood, and striving against sin. Meanwhile, possess thyself in patience. Keep thy sword girded, and thy lamp burning, as one that wakes in the night; for He who shall judge the Mount of Esau, and shall make false professors as straw, and malignants as stubble, will come in the fourth watch with garments dyed in blood, and the house of Jacob shall be for spoil, and the house of Joseph for fire. I am he that hath written it, whose hand hath been on the mighty in the waste field.'

This extraordinary letter was subscribed J. B. of B.; but the signature of these initials was not necessary for pointing out to Morton that it could come from no other than Burley. It gave him new occasion to admire the indomitable spirit of this man, who, with art equal to his courage and obstinacy, was even now endeavouring to re-establish the web of conspiracy which had been so lately torn to pieces. But he felt no sort of desire, in the present moment, to sustain a correspondence which must be perilous, or to renew an association, which, in so many ways, had been nearly fatal to him. The threats which Burley held out against the family of Bellenden, he con-

sidered as a mere expression of his spleen on account of their defence at Tillietudlem; and nothing seemed less likely than that, at the very moment of their party being victorious, their fugitive and distressed adversary could exercise the least influence over their fortunes.

Morton, however, hesitated for an instant, whether he should not send the Major or Lord Evandale intimation of Burley's threats. Upon consideration, he thought he could not do so without betraying his confidential correspondence; for to warn them of his menaces would have served little purpose, unless he had given them a clew to prevent them, by apprehending his person; while, by doing so, he deemed he should commit an ungenerous breach of trust to remedy an evil which seemed almost imaginary. Upon mature consideration, therefore, he tore the letter, having first made a memorandum of the name and place where the writer was to be heard of, and threw the fragments into the sea.

While Morton was thus employed, the vessel was unmoored, and the white sails swelled out before a favourable north-west wind. The ship leaned her side to the gale, and went roaring through the waves, leaving a long and rippling furrow to track her course. The city and port from which he had sailed became undistinguishable in the distance; the hills by which they were surrounded melted finally into the blue sky, and Morton was separated for several years from the land of his nativity.

CHAPTER VIII.

Whom does time gallop withal?

SHAKESPEARE.

It is fortunate for tale-tellers that they are not tied down like theatrical writers to the unities of time and place, but may conduct their personages to Athens and Thebes at their pleasure, and bring them back at their convenience. Time, to use Rosalind's similie, has hitherto paced with the hero of our tale; for, betwixt Morton's first appearance as a competitor for the popinjay, and his final

departure for Holland, hardly two months elapsed. Years, however, glided away ere we find it possible to resume the thread of our narrative, and Time must be held to have gallopped over the interval. Craving, therefore, the privilege of my cast, I entreat the reader's attention to the continuation of the narrative, as it starts from a new æra, being the year immediately subsequent to the British Revolution.

Scotland had just begun to repose from the convulsion occasioned by a change of dynasty, and, through the prudent tolerance of King William, had narrowly escaped the horrors of a protracted civil war. Agriculture began to revive; and men, whose minds had been disturbed by the violent political concussions, and the general change of government in church and state, had begun to recover their ordinary temper, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders alone resisted the newly-established order of things, and were in arms in a considerable body under the Viscount of Dundee, whom our readers have hitherto known by the name of Grahame of Claverhouse. But the general state of the Highlands was so unruly, that their being more or less disturbed was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquillity of the country, so long as their disorders were confined within their own frontiers. In the Lowlands, the Jacobites, now the undermost party, had ceased to expect any immediate advantage by open resistance, and were, in their turn, driven to hold private meetings, and form associations for mutual defence, which the government termed treason, while they cried out persecution.

The triumphant whigs, while they re-established presbytery as the national religion, and assigned to the General Assemblies of the Kirk their natural influence, were very far from going the lengths which the Cameronians and more extravagant portion of the non-conformists under Charles and James loudly demanded. They would listen to no proposal for re-establishing the Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William, a zealous Covenanted Monarch were grievously disappointed when he intimated, with the phlegm peculiar to his country, his intentions to tolerate all forms of religion which were consistent with the safety of the state.

The principles of indulgence, thus espoused and gloried in by the government, gave great offence to the more violent party, who condemned them as diametrically contrary to Scripture; for which narrow-spirited doctrine they cited various texts, all, as it may well be supposed, detached from their context, and most of them derived from the charges given to the Jews in the Old Testament dispensation to extirpate idolaters out of the promised land. They also murmured highly against the influence assumed by secular persons in exercising the rights of patronage, which they termed a rape upon the chastity of the Church. They censured and condemned as Erastian many of the measures by which government after the Revolution shewed an inclination to interfere with the management of the Church, and they positively refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary, until they should, on their part, have sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant, the Magna Charta, as they termed it, of the Presbyterian Church.

This party, therefore, remained grumbling and dissatisfied, and made repeated declarations against defections and causes of wrath, which, had they been prosecuted as in the two former reigns, would have led to the same consequences of open rebellion. But as the murmurers were allowed to hold their meetings uninterrupted, and to testify as much as they pleased against Socinianism, Erastianism, and all the compliances and defections of the time, their zeal, unfann'd by persecution, died gradually away, their numbers became diminished, and they sunk into the scattered remnant of serious, scrupulous, and harmless enthusiasts, of whom Old Mortality, whose legends have afforded the ground work of my Tale, may be taken as no bad representative. But in the years which immediately succeeded the Revolution, the Cameronians continued a sect strong in numbers and vehement in their political opinions, whom government wished to discourage while they prudently temporized with them. These men formed one violent party in the state; and the Episcopalian and Jacobite interest, notwithstanding their ancient and national animosity, yet repeatedly endeavoured to intrigue among them, and avail themselves of their discontents, to obtain their assistance in recalling the Stuart family. The Revolutionary government, in the meanwhile, was sup-

ported by the great bulk of the Lowland interest, who were chiefly disposed to a moderate presbytery, and formed, in a great measure, the party, who, in the former oppressive reigns, were stigmatized by the Cameronians, for having exercised that form of worship under the declaration of Indulgence issued by Charles II. Such was the state of parties in Scotland immediately subsequent to the Revolution.

It was upon a delightful summer evening, that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle and the river Clyde, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods to sweep around the towers formerly built by Aymer de Valence. Bothwell Bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and bushes, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very murmur of the river seemed to soften itself into unison with the stillness of the scene around. The path, through which the traveller descended, was occasionally shaded by detached trees of great size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of flourishing orchards, now loaden with summer fruits.

The nearest object of consequence was a farmhouse, or it might be the abode of a small proprietor, situated on the side of a sunny bank, which was covered by apple and pear-trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion was a small cottage, pretty much in the situation of a porter's-lodge, though obviously not designed for such a purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland; it had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs; a cow and six sheep fed in a paddock hard by; the cock strutted and crowed, and summoned his family around him before the door; a heap of brush-wood and turf, neatly made up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided; and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bound chimney, and winded slowly out from among the green trees, shewed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To con-

plete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl about five years old was fetching water in a pitcher from a beautiful fountain of the purest water, which bubbled up at the root of a decayed old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

The stranger reined up his horse, and called to the little nymph, desiring to know the way to Fairy-knowe. The child set down its water-pitcher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair flaxen hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering "What's ye're wull ?" which is usually a peasant's first answer, if it can be called one, to all questions whatsoever.

"I wish to know the way to Fairy-knowe."

"Mammie, mammie," exclaimed the little rustic, running towards the door of the hut, "come out and speak to this gentleman.'

Her mother appeared,—a handsome young countrywoman, to whose features, originally sly, and espiegle in expression, matrimony had given that decent matronly air which peculiarly marks the peasant's wife of Scotland. She had an infant in one arm, and with the other she smoothed down her apron, to which hung a chubby child of two years old. The elder girl, whom the traveller had first seen, fell back behind her mother as soon as she appeared, and kept that station, occasionally peeping out to look at the stranger.

'What was your pleasure, sir ?' said the woman, with an air of respectful breeding, not quite common in her rank of life, but without any thing resembling forwardness.

The stranger looked at her with great earnestness for a moment, and then replied, "I am seeking a place called Fairy-knowe' and a man called Cuthbert Headrigg. You can probably direct me to him.'

'It's my good-man, sir,' said the young woman, with a smile of welcome; 'will you alight, sir, and come into our poor dwelling ?—Cuddie, Cuddie,'—(a white-headed rogue of four years appeared at the door of the hut)—'Rin awa', my bonnie man, and tell your father a gentleman wants him.—Or, stay—Jenny, ye'll hae mair sense—rin ye awa' and tell him; he's down at the Four-acres Park.—Winna ye light down and bide a blink, sir ?—Or would ye take a mouthfu' o' bread and cheese, or a drink

o' ale; till our good-man comes? It's gude ale, though I shouldna say sae that brews it; but ploughman lads work hard, and maun hae something to keep their hearts aboon by ordinary, sae I aye pit a good gowpin o' maut to the browst.'

As the stranger declined her courteous offers, Cuddie, the reader's old acquaintance, made his appearance in person. His countenance still presented the same mixture of apparent dullness, with occasional sparkles, which indicated the craft so often found in the clouted shoe. He looked on the rider as on one whom he never had before seen; and, like his daughter and wife, opened the conversation with the regular query, 'What's your wull wi' me, sir?'

'I have a curiosity to ask some questions about this country,' said the traveller, 'and I was directed to you as an intelligent man who can answer them.'

'Nae doubt, sir,' said Cuddie, after a moment's hesitation; 'but I would first like to ken what sort of questions they are. I hae had sae mony questions speered at me in my day, and in sic queer ways, that if ye kend a', ye wadna wonder at my jealousing a' thing about them. My mother gar'd me learn the Single Carritch, whilk was a great vex; then I behoved to learn about my godfathers and godmothers to please the auld leddy; and whiles I jumbled them thegither and pleased nane o' them; and when I cam to man's yestate, cam anither kind o' questioning in fashion, that I liked waur than Effectual Calling; and the 'did promise and vow' of the tane were yoked to the end of the tother. Sae ye see, sir, I aye like to hear questions asked before I answer them.'

'You have nothing to apprehend from mine, my good friend; they only relate to the state of the country.'

'Country?' replied Cuddie; 'ou, the country's weel aneugh, an' it werena that dour devil, Claver'se, (they ca' him Dundee now) that's stirring about yet in the Highlands, they say, wi' a' the Donalds, and Duncans, and Dugalds, that ever wore bottomless breeks, driving about wi' him, to set things a-stear again, now we hae gotten them a' reasonably weel settled. But Mackay will pit him down, there's little doubt o' that; he'll gi'e him his fairing, I'll be caution for it.'

'What makes you so positive of that, my friend?' asked the horseman.

'I heard it wi' my ain lugs,' answered Cuddie, 'foretauld to him by a man that had been three hours stane dead, and came back to this earth again just to tell him his mind. It was at a place they ca' Drumshinnel.'

'Indeed?' said the stranger; 'I can hardly believe you, my friend.'

'Ye might ask my mother then, if she were in life,' said Cuddie; 'it was her explained it a' to me, for I thought the man had only been wounded. At ony rate, he spake of the casting out of the Stuarts by their very names, and the vengeance that was brewing for Claver'se and his dragoons. They ca'd the man Habakkuk Mucklewrath; his brain was awee agee, but he was a braw preacher for a' that.'

'You seem,' said the stranger, 'to live in a rich and peaceful country.'

'It's no to complain o', sir, an' we get the crap weel in,' quoth Cuddie; 'but if ye had seen the blude runnin' as fast on the tap o' that brig yonder as ever the water ran below it, ye wadna hae thought it sae bonnie a spectacle.'

'You mean the battle some years since?—I was waiting upon Monmouth that morning, my good friend, and did see some part of the action,' said the stranger.

'Then ye saw a bonny stour,' said Cuddie, 'that sall serve me for fighting a' the days o' my life.—I judged ye wad be a trooper by your red scarlet lace-coat and your looped hat.'

'And which side were you upon, my friend?' continued the inquisitive stranger.

'Aha, lad!' retorted Cuddie, with a knowing look, or what he designed for such—'there's nae use in telling that, unless I kenn'd wha was asking me.'

'I commend your prudence, but it is unnecessary; I know you acted upon that occasion as servant to Henry Morton.'

'Ay!' said Cuddie, in surprise, 'how cam ye by that secret?—No that I need care a bodle about it, for the sun's on our side o' the hedge now. I wish my master were living to get a blink o't.'

'And what became of him?' said the rider.

'He was lost in the vessel gaun to that weary Holland

—clean lost—and a' body perished, and my poor master amang them. Neither man nor mouse was ever heard o' mair.' Then Cuddie uttered a groan.

'You had some regard for him, then?' continued the stranger.

'How could I help it?—His face was made of a fiddle, as they say, for a' body that looked on him liked him. And a braw soldier he was. O, an' ye had but seen him down at the brig there, fleeing about like a fleeing dragon to gar folk fight that had unco little will till't! There was he and that sour whigamore they ca'd Burley—if twa men could hae won a field, we wadna hae gotten our skins paid that day.'

'You mention Burley—Do you know if he yet lives?'

'I kenna muckle about him. Folk say he was abroad, and our sufferers wad hold no communion wi' him, because o' his having murdered the archbishop. Sae he cam hame ten times dourer than ever, and broke aff wi' mony of the Presbyterians; and, at this last incoming of the Prince of Orange, he could get nae countenance nor command for fear of his devilish temper, and he hasna been heard of since; only some folks say, that pride and anger hae driven him clean wud.'

'And—and,' said the traveller, after considerable hesitation,—'do you know any thing of Lord Evandale?'

'Div I ken ony thing o' Lord Evandale?—Div I no? Is not my young leddy up by yonder at the house, that's as good as married to him?'

'And are they not married, then?' said the rider, hastily.

'No; only what they ca' betrothed—my wife and I were witnesses—it's no mony months bypast—it was a lang courtship—few folk kenn'd the reason by Jenny and mysel.—But will ye no light down? I douna bide to see ye sitting up there, and the clouds are casting up thick in the west ower Glasgow-ward, and maist skeily folk think that bodes rain.'

In fact, a deep black cloud had already surmounted the setting sun; a few large drops of rain fell, and the murmurs of distant thunder were heard.

'The de'il's in this man,' said Cuddie to himself; 'I wish he would either light aff or ride on, that he may quarter himsel in Hamilton or the shower begin.'

But the rider sate motionless on his horse for two or three moments after his last question, like one exhausted by some uncommon effort. At length, recovering himself, as if with a sudden and painful effort, he asked Cuddie, 'if Lady Margaret Bellenden still lived.'

'She does,' replied Cuddie, 'but in a very sma' way. They hae been a sad changed family since thae rough times began; they hae suffered aneugh first and last—and to lose the auld Tower, and a' the bonny barony and the holms that I hae pleughed sae often, and the Mains and my kaleyard that I suld hae gotten back again, and a' for naething, as a' body may say, but just the want o' some bits of sheep-skin that were lost in the confusion of the taking of Tillietudlem.'

'I have heard something of this,' said the stranger, deepening his voice and averting his head. 'I have some interest in the family, and would willingly help them if I could. Can you give me a bed in your house to-night, my friend?'

'It's but a corner of a place, sir,' said Cuddie, 'but we'se try, rather than ye suld ride on in the rain and thunner; for, to be free wi' you, sir, I think ye seem no that ower weel.'

'I am liable to a dizziness,' said the stranger, 'but it will soon wear off'

'I ken we can gi'e you a decent supper, sir,' said Cuddie; 'and we'll see about a bed as weel as we can. We wad be laith a stranger suld lack what we have, though we are jimply provided for in beds rather; for Jenny has sae mony bairns, (God bless them and her,) that troth I maun speak to Lord Evandale to gi'e us a bit eik, or outshot o' some sort, to the onstead.'

'I shall be easily accommodated,' said the stranger, as he entered the house.

'And ye may rely on your naig being weel sorted,' said Cuddie; 'I ken weel what belongs to suppering a horse, and this is a very gude ane.'

Cuddie took the horse to the little cow-house, and called to his wife to attend in the meanwhile to the stranger's accommodation. The officer entered, and threw himself on a settle at some distance from the fire, and carefully turning his back to the little lattice window. Jenny, or Mrs. Headrigg, if the reader pleases, requested him to lay

aside the cloak, belt, and flapped-hat, which he wore upon his journey, but he excused himself under pretence of feeling cold; and, to divert the time till Cuddie's return, he entered into some chat with the children, carefully avoiding, during the interval, the inquisitive glances of his landlady.

CHAPTER IX.

What tragic tears bedim the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more.

LOGAN.

CUDDIE soon returned, assuring the stranger, with a cheerful voice, 'that the horse was properly suppered up, and that the gude-wife should make a bed up for him at the house, mair purpose-like and comfortable than the like o' them could gi'e him.'

'Are the family at the house?' said the stranger, with an interrupted and broken voice.

'No, sir; they're awa' wi' a' the servants—they keep only twa now-a-days, and my gude-wife, there, has the keys and the charge, though she's no a fee'd servant. She has been born and bred in the family, and has a' trust and management. If they were there, we behoved na to take sic freedom without their order; but when they are awa', they will be weel pleased we serve a stranger gentleman. Miss Bellenden wad help a' the haill warld an' her power were as gude as her will; and her grandmother, Leddy Margaret, has an unco respect for the gentry, and she's no ill to the poor bodies neither—And now, wife, what for are ye no getting forrit wi' the sowens?'

'Never mind, lad,' rejoined Jenny, 'ye sall hae them in gude time; I ken weel that ye like your brose het.'

Cuddie fidgetted, and laughed with a peculiar expression of intelligence at this repartee, which was followed by a dialogue of little consequence betwixt his wife and him, in which the stranger took no share. At length he suddenly interrupted them by the question—'Can you tell me when Lord Evandale's marriage takes place?'

'Very soon, we expect,' answered Jenny, before it was possible for her husband to reply; 'it would hae been ower afore now, but for the death o' auld Major Bellenden.'

'The excellent old man!' said the stranger; 'I heard at Edinburgh he was no more—Was he long ill?'

'He couldna be said to haud up his head after his brother's wife and his niece were turned out of their ain house; and he had himsel sair borrowing siller to stand the law—but it was in the latter end o' King James's days—and Basil Olifant, who claimed the estate, turned a papist to please the managers, and then naething was to be refused him, sae the law gaed again the leddies at last, after they had fought a weary sort o' years about it, and, as I said before, the Major ne'er held up his head again. And then cam the pitting awa' o' the Stuart line; and, though he had but little reason to like them, he couldna brook that, and it clean broke the heart o' him, and creditors cam to Charnwood and cleaned out a' that was there—he was never rich, the gude auld man, for he dow'd na see ony body want.'

'He was, indeed,' said the stranger, with a faultering voice, 'an admirable man—that is, I have heard that he was so.—So the ladies were left without fortune as well as without a protector?'

'They will neither want the tane nor the tother while Lord Evandale lives,' said Jenny; 'he has been a true friend in their griefs—E'en to the house they live in is his Lordship's; and never man, as my auld gudemother Mause used to say, since the days of the patriarch Jacob, served sae lang and sae sair for a wife as gude Lord Evandale has dune.'

'And why,' said the stranger, with a voice that quivered with emotion, 'why was he not sooner rewarded by the object of his attachment?'

'There was the law-suit to be ended,' said Jenny readily, 'forby many other family arrangements.'

'Na, but,' said Cuddie, 'there was another reason forby; for the young leddy'——

'Whisht, haud your tongue, and sup your sowens,' said his wife; 'I see the gentleman's far frae weel, and downa eat our coarse supper—I wad kill him a chicken in an instant.'

'There is no occasion,' said the stranger; 'I shall want only a glass of water, and to be left alone.'

'You'll gi'e yoursel the trouble then to follow me,' said Jenny, lighting a small lantern, 'and I'll shew you the way.'

Cuddie also proffered his assistance; but his wife reminded him, 'That the bairns would be left to fight thegither, and coup ane anither into the fire,' so that he remained to take charge of the menage.

His wife led the way up a little winding path, which, after threading some thickets of sweet briar and honeysuckle, conducted to the back-door of a small garden. Jenny undid the latch, and they passed through an old-fashioned flower-garden, with its clipped yew hedges and formal parterres, to a glass-sashed door, which she opened with a master key, and lighting a candle, which she placed upon a small work-table, asked pardon, for leaving him there for a few minutes, until she prepared his apartment. She did not exceed five minutes in these preparations; but, when she returned, was startled to find that the stranger had sunk forward with his head upon the table, in what she at first apprehended to be a swoon. As she advanced to him, however, she could discover by his short-drawn sobs that it was a paroxysm of mental agony. She prudently drew back until he raised his head, and then shewing herself, without seeming to have observed his agitation, informed him, that his bed was prepared. The stranger gazed at her a moment, as if to collect the sense of her words. She repeated them, and only bending his head, as an indication that he understood her, he entered the apartment, the door of which she pointed out to him. It was a small bed-chamber, used, as she informed him, by Lord Evandale when a guest at Fairy-knowe, connecting, on one side, with a little china-cabinet which opened to the garden, and, on the other, with a saloon, from which it was only separated by a thin wainscot partition. Having wished the stranger better health and good rest, Jenny descended as speedily as she could to her own mansion.

'O, Cuddie!' she exclaimed to her helpmate as she entered, 'I doubt we're ruined folk!'

'How can that be? What's the matter wi' ye?' return-

ed the imperturbed Cuddie, who was one of those persons who do not easily take alarm at any thing.

'Wha d'ye think yon gentleman is?—O, that ever ye suld hae asked him to light here!' exclaimed Jenny.

'Why, wha the muckle de'il d'ye say he is? There's nae law against harbouring and intercommuiicating now,' said Cuddie; 'sae, whig or tory, what need we care whae he be?'

'Ay, but it's ane will ding Lord Evandale's marriage ajee yet, if it's no the better looked too,' said Jenny; 'it's Miss Edith's first joe, your ain auld master, Cuddie.'

'The de'il, woman!' exclaimed Cuddie, starting up, 'trow ye that I am blind? I wad hae kenn'd Mr. Harry Morton amang a hunder.'

'Ay, but, Cuddie lad,' replied Jenny, 'though ye are no blind, ye are no sae notice-taking as I am.'

'Weel, what for needs ye cast that up to me just now? or what did ye see about the man that was like our Maister Harry?'

'I will tell ye,' said Jenny; 'I jaloused his keeping his face frae us, and speaking wi' a made-like voice, sae I e'en tried him wi' some tales o' lang syne, and when I spake o' the brose, ye ken, he didna just laugh—he's ower grave for that now-a-days,—but he gae a gledge wi' his e'e that I kenn'd he took up what I said. And a' his distress is about Miss Edith's marriage, and I ne'er saw a man mair tane down wi' true love in my days—I might say man or woman—only I mind how ill Miss Edith was when she first gat word that him and you (ye muckle graceless loon) were coming against Tillietudlem wi' the rebels.—But what's the matter wi' the man now?'

'What's the matter wi' me, indeed!' said Cuddie, who was again hastily putting on some of the garments he had stripped himself of, 'am I no gaun up this instant to see my maister!'

'Indeed, Cuddie, ye are gaun nae sic gate,' said Jenny, coolly and resolutely.

'The de'il's in the wife,' said Cuddie; 'd'ye think I am to be John Tamson's man, and maistered by a woman a' the days o' my life?'

And wha's man wad ye be? And wha wad ye hae to maister ye but me, Cuddie lad?' answered Jenny. 'I'll gar ye comprehend in the making of a hay-band. Nae-

body kens that this young gentleman lives but oursels, and frae that he keeps himsel up sae close, I am judging that he's purposing, if he fand Miss Edith either married, or just gaun to be married, he wad just slide awa' easy and gi'e them nae mair trouble.—But if Miss Edith kenn'd that he was living, and if she were standing before the very minister wi' Lord Evandale when it was tauld to her, she wad say no when she suld say yes.'

'Weel,' replied Cuddie, 'and what's my business wi' that? if Miss Edith likes her auld joe better than her new ane, what for suld she no be free to change her mind like ither folk?—Ye ken, Jenny, Halliday aye threeps he had a promise frae yoursel.'

'Halliday's a liar, and ye're a gomeril to hearken till him, Cuddie. And then for this leddy's choice, lack-a-day!—ye may be sure a' the gowd Mr. Morton has is on the outside o' his coat, and how can he keep Leddy Margaret and the young leddy?'

'Isna there Milnwood?' said Cuddie. 'Nae doubt, the auld laird left his house-keeper the kerent as he heard nought o' his nephew; but it's but speaking the auld wife fair, and they may a' live brawly thegither, Leddy Margaret and a'.'

'Hout tout, lad,' replied Jenny, 'ye ken them little to think leddies o' their rank wad set up house wi' auld Ailie Wilson, when they're maist ower proud to tak favours frae Lord Evandale himsel. Na, na, they maun follow the camp, if she tak Morton.'

'That wad sort ill wi' the auld leddy, to be sure,' said Cuddie; 'she wad hardly win ower a lang day in the baggage wain.'

'Then sic a flyting as there wad be between them a' about whig and tory,' continued Jenny.

'To be sure,' said Cuddie, 'the auld leddy's unco kittle in thae points.'

'And then, Cuddie,' continued his helpmate, who had reserved her strongest argument to the last, 'if this marriage wi' Lord Evandale is broken off, what comes o' our ain bit free-house, and the kale-yard, and the cow's grass? —I trow that us and thae bonny bairns will be turned on the wide warld.'

Here Jenny began to whimper—Cuddie writhed himself this way and that way, the very picture of indecision

At length, 'Weel, woman, canna ye tell us what we suld do, without a' this din about it?'

'Just do naething at a',' said Jenny. 'Never seem to ken ony thing about this gentleman, and for your life say a word that he suld hae been here or up at the house.—An' I had kenn'd I wad hae gi'en him my ain bed, and sleepit in the byre or he had gane up by, but it canna be helpit now. The neist thing's to get him canaily awa' the morn, and I judge he'll be in nae hurry to come back again.'

'My puir maister!' said Cuddie; 'and maun I no speak to him, then?'

'For your life, no,' said Jenny; 'ye're no obliged to ken him; and I wadna hae tauld ye, only I feared ye wad ken him in the morning.'

'Aweel,' said Cuddie, sighing heavily, 'I'se awa, to pleugh the outfield then; for, if I am no to speak to him, I wad rather be out o' the gate.'

'Very right, my dear,' replied Jenny; 'naebody has better sense than you when ye crack a bit wi' ane ower your affairs, but ye suld ne'er do ony thing aff hand out o' your ain head.'

'Ane wad think it's true,' quoth Cuddie; 'for I hae aye had some carline, or quean or another, to gar me gang their gate instead o' my ain. There was first my mother,' he continued, as he undressed and tumbled himself into bed—'than there was Leddy Margaret didna let me ca' my soul my ain—than my mother and her quarrelled, and pu'ed me twa ways at ance, as if ilk ane had an end o' me, like Punch and the Deevil rugging about the Baker at the fair—and now I hae gotten a wife,' he murmured in continuation,, as he stowed the blankets around his person, 'and she's like to tak the guiding o' me a' thegither.'

'And am na I the best guide ye ever had in a' your life?' said Jenny, as she closed the conversation by assuming her place beside her husband, and extinguishing the candle.

Leaving this couple to their repose, we have next to inform the reader, that, early on the next morning, two ladies on horseback, attended by their servants, arrived at the house of Fairy-knowe, whom, to Jenny's utter confusion, she instantly recognized as Miss Bellenden, and Lady Emily Hamilton, a sister of Lord Evandale.

'Had I no better gang to the house to put things to

rights ?' said Jenny, confounded with this unexpected apparition.

'We want nothing but the pass-key,' said Miss Bellenden; 'Gudyill will open the windows of the little parlour.'

'The little parlour's locked, and the lock's spoiled,' answered Jenny, who recollected the local sympathy between that apartment and the bed-chamber of her guest.

'In the red parlour, then,' said Miss Bellenden, and rode up to the front of the house, but by an approach different from that through which Morton had been conducted.

'All will be out,' thought Jenny, 'unless I can get him smuggled out of the house the back way.'

So saying, she sped up the bank in great tribulation and uncertainty.

'I had better hae said at ance there was a stranger there,' was her next natural reflection. 'But then they wad hae been for asking him to breakfast. O, Lord! what will I do ?—And there's Gudyill walking in the garden, too !' she exclaimed internally on approaching the wicket—'and I daurna gang in the back way till he's aff the coast. O, Lord ! what will become of us ?'

In this state of perplexity she approached the *ci-devant* butler, with the purpose of decoying him out of the garden. But John Gudyill's temper was not improved by his decline in rank and increase in years. Like many peevish people, too, he seemed to have an intuitive perception as to what was most likely to teaze those whom he conversed with ; and, upon the present occasion, all Jenny's efforts to remove him from the garden served only to root him in it as fast as if he had been one of the shrubs. Unluckily, also, he had commenced florist during his residence at Fairy-knowe, and, leaving all other things to the charge of Lady Emily's servant, his first care was dedicated to the flowers which he had taken under his special protection, and which he propped, dug, and watered, prosing all the while upon their respective merits to poor Jenny, who stood by him trembling, and almost crying with anxiety, fear, and impatience.

Fate seemed determined to win a match against Jenny this unfortunate morning. So soon as the ladies entered the house, they observed that the door of the little parlour, the very apartment out of which she was desirous of

excluding them on account of its contiguity to the room in which Morton slept, was not only unlocked, but absolutely ajar. Miss Bellenden was too much engaged with her own immediate subjects of reflection to take much notice of the circumstance, but, commanding the servant to open the window-shutters, walked into the room along with her friend.

'He is not yet come,' she said. 'What can your brother possibly mean?—Why express so anxious a wish that we should meet him here? And why not come to Castle-Dinnan, as he proposed? I own, my dear Emily, that, even engaged as we are to each other, and with the sanction of your pesence, I do not feel that I have done quite right in indulging him.'

'Evandale was never capricious,' answered his sister; 'I am sure he will satisfy us with his reasons, and if he does not, I will help you to scold him.'

'What I chiefly fear,' said Edith, 'is his having engaged in some of the plots of this fluctuating and unhappy time. I know his heart is with that dreadful Claverhouse and his army, and I believe he would have joined them ere now but for my uncle's death, which gave him so much additional trouble on our account. How singular that one so rational and so deeply sensible of the errors of the exiled family, should be ready to risk all for their restoration!'

'What can I say;' answered Lady Emily; 'it is a point of honour with Evandale. Our family have always been loyal—he served long in the Guards—the Viscount of Dundee was his commander and his friend for years—he is looked on with an evil eye by many of his own relations, who set down his inactivity to the score of want of spirit. You must be aware, my dear Edith, how often family connections, and early predilections, influence our actions more than abstract arguments. But I trust Evandale will continue quiet, though, to tell you the truth, I believe you are the only one who can keep him so.'

'And how is it in my power?' said Miss Bellenden.

'You can furnish him with the scriptural apology for not going forth with the host,—'he has married a wife, and therefore cannot come.'

'I have promised,' said Edith, in a faint voice; 'but I trust I shall not be urged on the score of time.'

'Nay,' said Lady Emily, 'I will leave Evandale (and here he comes) to plead his own cause.'

'Stay, stay, for God's sake,' said Edith, endeavouring to detain her.

'Not I, not I,' said the young lady, making her escape; 'the third person makes a silly figure on such occasions. When you want me for breakfast, I will be found in the willow-walk by the river.'

As she tripped out of the room, Lord Evandale entered —'Good-morrow, brother, and goodbye till breakfast time,' said the lively young lady; 'I trust you will give Miss Bellenden some good reasons for disturbing her rest so early in the morning.'

And so saying, she left them together without waiting a reply.

'And now, my Lord,' said Edith, 'may I desire to know the meaning of your singular request to meet you here at so early an hour?'

She was about to add, that she hardly felt herself excusable in having complied with it; but upon looking at the person whom she addressed, she was struck dumb by the singular and agitated expression of his countenance, and interrupted herself to exclaim—'For God's sake, what's the matter?'

'His Majesty's faithful subjects have gained a great and most decisive victory near Blair of Athole; but, alas! my gallant friend, Lord Dundee'——

'Has fallen?' said Edith, anticipating the rest of his tidings.

'True—most true—he has fallen in the arms of victory, and not a man remains of talents and influence sufficient to fill up his loss in King James's service. This, Edith, is no time for temporizing with our duty. I have given directions to raise my followers, and I must take leave of you this evening.'

'Do not think of it, my Lord,' answered Edith; 'your life is essential to your friends; do not throw it away in an adventure so rash. What can your single arm, and the few tenants or servants who might follow you, do against the force of almost all Scotland, the Highland clans only excepted?'

'Listen to me, Edith,' said Lord Evandale. 'I am not so rash as you may suppose me, nor are my present mo-

lives of such light importance as to effect only those personally dependent on myself. The Life-Guards, with whom I served so long, although, new-moddelled and new-officered by the Prince of Orange, retain a predilection for the cause of their rightful master"—(and here he whispered as if he feared even the walls of the apartment had ears)—"When my foot is known to be in the stirrup, two regiments of cavalry have sworn to renounce the usurper's service, and fight under my orders. They delayed only till Dundee should descend into the Low Countries;—but, since he is no more, which of his successors dare take that decisive step, unless encouraged by the troops declaring themselves? Meantime, the zeal of the soldiers will die away. I must bring them to a decision while their hearts are glowing with the victory their old leader has obtained, and burning to avenge his untimely death."

"And will you, on the faith of such men as you know these soldiers to be," said Edith, "take a step of such dreadful moment?"

'I will,' said Lord Evandale—'I must; my honour and loyalty are both pledged for it.'

'And all for the sake,' continued Miss Bellenden, 'of a prince, whose measures, while he was on the throne, no one could condemn more than Lord Evandale?'

'Most true,' replied Lord Evandale; 'and as I resented, even during the plenitude of his power, his innovations on church and state, like a freeborn subject, I am determined I will assert his real rights, when he is in adversity, like a loyal one. Let courtiers and sycophants flatter power and desert misfortune, I will neither do the one nor the other.'

'And if you are determined to act what my feeble judgment must still term rashly, why give yourself the pain of this untimely meeting?'

'Were it not enough to answer,' said Lord Evandale, 'that ere rushing on battle, I wished to bid adieu to my betrothed bride?—surely it is judging coldly of my feelings, and shewing too plainly the indifference of your own, to question my motive for a request so natural.'

'But why in this place, my Lord?' said Edith—'why with such peculiar circumstances of mystery?'

'Because,' he replied, putting a letter into her hand, 'I have yet another request, which I dare hardly proffer, even when prefaced by these credentials.'

In haste and terror Edith glanced over the letter, which was from her grandmother.

'My dearest childe,' such was its tenor in style and spelling, 'I never more deeply regretted the reumatizm, which disqualified me from riding on horseback, than at this present writing, when I would most have wished to be where this paper will soon be, that is at Fairy-knowe, with my poor dear Willie's only child. But it is the will of God I should not be with her, which I conclude to be the case, as much for the pain I now suffer, as because it hath now not given way either to cammomile poultices or to decoxion of wild mustard, wherewith I have often relieved others. Therefore, I must tell you, by writing instead of word of mouth, that, as my young Lord Evandale is called to the present campaign, both by his honour and his duty, he hath earnestly solicited me that the bonds of holy matrimony be knitted before his departure to the wars between you and him, in implement of the indenture formerly entered into for that effeck, whereuntill, as I see no raisonable objexion, so I trust that you, who have been always a good and obedient childe, will not devize any which has less than raison. It is trew that the contraxs of our house have heretofore been celebrated in a manner more befitting our Rank, and not in private, and with few witnesses, as a thing done in a corner. But it has been Heaven's own free-will, as well as those of the kingdom where we live, to take away from us our estate, and from the King his throne. Yet I trust He will yet restore the rightful heir to the throne, and turn his heart to the true Protestant Episcopal faith, which I have the better to expect to see even with my old eyes, as I have beheld the royal family when they were struggling as sorely with masterful usurpers and rebels as they are now; that is to say, when his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, honoured our poor house of Tillietudlem, by taking his *disjune* therein,' &c. &c. &c.

We will not abuse the reader's patience by quoting more of Lady Margaret's prolix epistle. Suffice it to say, that it closed by laying her commands on her grand-child to consent to the solemnization of her marriage without loss of time.

'I never thought till this instant,' said Edith, dropping the letter from her hand, 'that Lord Evandale would have acted ungenerously.

'Ungenerously, Edith?' replied her lover. 'And how can you apply such a term to my desire to call you mine, ere I part from you perhaps for ever?'

'Lord Evandale ought to have remembered,' said Edith, 'that when his perseverance, and, I must add, a due sense of his merit and of the obligations we owed him, wrung from me a slow consent that I would one day comply with his wishes, I made it my condition, that I should not be pressed to a hasty accomplishment of my promise; and now he avails himself of his interest with my only remaining relative, to hurry me with precipitate and even indelicate importunity. There is more selfishness than generosity, my Lord, in such eager and urgent solicitation.'

Lord Evandale, evidently much hurt, took two or three turns through the apartment ere he replied to this accusation; at length he spoke—'I should have escaped this painful charge, durst I at once have mentioned to Miss Bellenden my principal reason for urging this request. It is one which she will probably despise on her own account, but which ought to weigh with her for the sake of Lady Margaret. My death in battle must give my whole estate to my heirs of entail; my forfeiture as a traitor, by the usurping government, may vest it in the Prince of Orange, or some Dutch favourite. In either case, my venerable friend and betrothed bride must remain unprotected and in poverty. Vested with the rights and provisions of Lady Evandale, Edith will find, in the power of supporting her aged parent, some consolation for having condescended to share the title and fortunes of one who does not pretend to be worthy of her.'

Edith was struck dumb by an argument which she had not expected, and was compelled to acknowledge, that Lord Evandale's suit was urged with delicacy as well as with consideration.

'And yet,' she said, 'such is the waywardness with which my heart reverts to former times, that I cannot,' (she burst into tears,) 'suppress a degree of ominous reluctance at fulfilling my engagement upon such a brief summons.'

'We have already fully considered this painful subject,' said Lord Evandale; 'and I hoped, my dear Edith, your own enquiries, as well as mine, had fully convinced you that these regrets were fruitless.'

'Fruitless, indeed!' said Edith, with a deep sigh, which, as if by an unexpected echo, was repeated from the adjoining apartment. Miss Bellenden started at the sound, and scarcely composed herself upon Lord Evandale's assurances, that she had heard but the echo of her own respiration.

'It sounded strangely distinct,' she said, 'and almost ominous; but my feelings are so harassed that the slightest trifle agitates them.'

Lord Evandale eagerly attempted to sooth her alarm and reconcile her to a measure, which, however hasty, appeared to him the only means by which he could secure her independence. He urged his claim in virtue of the contract, her grandmother's wish and command, the propriety of insuring her comfort and independence, and touched lightly on his own long attachment, which he had evinced by so many and such various services. These Edith felt the more the less they were insisted upon; and at length, as she had nothing to oppose to his ardour, excepting a causeless reluctance, which she was herself ashamed to oppose against so much generosity, she was compelled to rest upon the impossibility of having the ceremony performed upon such hasty notice, at such a time and place. But for all this Lord Evandale was prepared, and he explained, with joyful alacrity, that the former chaplain of his regiment was in attendance at the Lodge with a faithful domestic, once a non-commissioned officer in the same corps; that his sister was also possessed of the secret; and that Headrigg and his wife might be added to the list of witnesses, if agreeable to Miss Bellenden. As to the place, he had chosen it on very purpose. The marriage was to remain a secret, since Lord Evandale was to depart in disguise very soon after it was solemnized, a circumstance, which, had their union been public, must have drawn upon him the attention of the government as being altogether unaccountable, unless from his being engaged in some dangerous design. Having hastily urged these motives and explained his arrangements, he ran, without waiting for an answer, to summon his sister to attend his bride, while he went in search of the other persons whose presence was necessary.

When Lady Emily arrived, she found her friend in an agony of tears, of which she was at some loss to compre-

hend the reason, being one of those damsels who think there is nothing either wonderful or terrible in matrimony, and joining with most who knew him in thinking, that it could not be rendered peculiarly alarming by Lord Evandale being the bridegroom. Influenced by these feelings, she exhausted in succession all the usual arguments for courage, and all the expressions of sympathy and condolence ordinarily employed on such occasions. But when Lady Emily beheld her future sister-in-law deaf to all those ordinary topics of consolation—when she beheld tears follow fast and without intermission down cheeks as pale as marble—when she felt that the hand which she pressed in order to enforce her arguments turned cold within her grasp, and lay, like that of a corpse, insensible and unresponsive to her caresses, her feelings of sympathy gave way to those of hurt pride and pettish displeasure.

'I must own,' she said, 'that I am something at a loss to understand all this, Miss Bellenden. Months have passed since you agreed to marry my brother, and you have postponed the fulfilment of your engagement from one period to another, as if you had to avoid some dishonourable or highly disagreeable connection. I think I can answer for Lord Evandale, that he will seek no woman's hand against her inclination; and, though his sister, I may boldly say, that he does not need to urge any lady further than her inclinations carry her. You will forgive me, Miss Bellenden; but your present distress augurs ill for my brother's future happiness, and I must needs say, that he does not merit all these expressions of dislike and dolour, and that they seem an odd return for an attachment which he has manifested so long and in so many ways.'

'You are right, Lady Emily,' said Edith, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to resume her natural manner, though still betrayed by her faultering voice and the paleness of her cheeks—"You are quite right—Lord Evandale merits such usage from no one, least of all from her whom he has honoured with his regard. But if I have given way, for the last time, to a sudden and irresistible burst of feeling, it is my consolation, Lady Emily, that your brother knows the cause; that I have hid nothing from him, and that he at least is not apprehensive of finding in Edith Bellenden a wife undeserving of his affection. But still you are right, and I merit your censure for indulg-

ing for a moment fruitless regret and painful remembrances. It shall be so no longer; my lot is cast with Evandale, and with him I am resolved to bear it; nothing shall in future occur to excite his complaints, or the resentment of his relations; no idle recollections of other days shall intervene to prevent the zealous and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusion recall the memory of other days'——

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the latticed window of the apartment, which was partly open, uttered a dismal shriek, and fainted. Lady Emily turned her eyes in the same direction, but saw only the shadow of a man, which seemed to disappear from the window, and, terrified more by the state of Edith than by the apparition she had herself witnessed, she uttered shriek upon shriek for assistance. Her brother soon arrived with the chaplin and Jenny Dennison, but strong and vigorous remedies were necessary ere they could recall Miss Bellenden to sense and motion. Even then her language was wild and incoherent.

'Press me no further,' she said to Lord Evandale; 'it cannot be—Heaven and earth—the living and the dead, have leagued themselves against this ill-omened union.—Take all I can give—my sisterly regard—my devoted friendship. I will love you as a sister, and serve you as a bondswoman, but never speak to me more of marriage.'

The astonishment of Lord Evandale may easily be conceived.

'Emily,' he said to his sister, 'this is your doing—I was accursed when I thought of bringing you here—some of your confounded folly has driven her mad.'

'On my word, brother,' answered Lady Emily, 'you're sufficient to drive all the women in Scotland mad. Because your mistress seems much disposed to jilt you, you quarrel with your sister who has been arguing in your cause, and had brought her to a quiet hearing, when, all of a sudden, a man looked in at a window, whom her crazed sensibility mistook either for you or some one else, and has treated us gratis with an excellent tragic scene.'

'What man?—What window?' said Lord Evandale, in impatient displeasure. 'Miss Bellenden, is incapable of trifling with me, and yet what else could have'—

'Hush! hush!' said Jenny, whose interest lay particularly in shifting further enquiry; 'for Heaven's sake, my Lord, speak low; my Lady begins to recover.'

Edith was no sooner somewhat restored to herself than she begged, in a feeble voice, to be left alone with Lord Evandale. All retreated, Jenny with her usual air of officious simplicity, Lady Emily and the chaplain with that of awakened curiosity. No sooner had they left the apartment than Edith beckoned Lord Evandale to sit beside her on the couch; her next motion was to take his hand, in spite of her surprised resistance, to her lips; her last was to sink from her seat and to clasp his knees.

'Forgive me, my Lord!' she exclaimed—'Forgive me!—I must deal most untruly by you, and break a solemn engagement. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude—You have more; you have my word and my faith—But, O, forgive me, for the fault is not mine—you have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin!'

'You dream, my dearest Edith!' said Evandale, perplexed in the utmost degree—'you let your imagination beguile you; this is but some delusion of an over-sensitive mind; the person whom you preferred to me has been long in a better world, where your unavailing regret cannot follow him, or, if it could, would only diminish his happiness.'

'You are mistaken, Lord Evandale,' said Edith solemnly. 'I am not a sleep-walker or a mad woman. No—I could not have believed from any one what I have seen. But, having seen him, I must believe mine own eyes.'

'Seen *him*?—seen whom?' asked Lord Evandale, in great anxiety.

'Henry Morton,' replied Edith, uttering these two words as if they were her last, and very nearly fainting when she had done so.

'Miss Bellenden,' said Lord Evandale, 'you treat me like a fool or a child; if you repent your engagement to me,' he continued, indignantly, 'I am not a man to enforce it against your inclination; but deal with me as a man, and forbear this trifling.'

He was about to go on, when he perceived, from her quivering eye and pallid cheek, that nothing less than imposture was intended, and that by whatever means her

imagination had been so impressed [illegible] really disturbed by unaffected awe and terror. He changed his tone, and exerted all his eloquence in endeavouring to sooth and extract from her the secret cause of such terror.

'I saw him!' she repeated—I saw Henry Morton stand at that window, and look into the apartment at the moment I was on the point of abjuring him for ever. His face was darker, thinner, and paler than it was wont to be; his dress was a horseman's cloak, and hat looped down over his face; his expression was like that he wore on that dreadful morning when he was examined by Claverhouse at Tillietudlem. Ask your sister, ask Lady Emily, if she did not see him as well as I.—I know what has called him up—he came to upbraid me, that, while my heart was with him in the deep and dead sea, I was about to give my hand to another. My Lord, it is ended between you and me—be the consequences what they will, she cannot marry whose union disturbs the repose of the dead.'

'Good Heaven!' said Evandale, as he paced the room, half mad himself with surprise and vexation. 'her fine understanding must be totally overthrown, and that by the effort which she has made to comply with my ill-timed, though well-meant, request. Without rest and attention her health is ruined for ever.'

At this moment the door opened, and Halliday, who had been Lord Evandale's principal personal attendant since they both left the Guards on the Revolution, stumbled into the room with a countenance as pale and ghastly as terror could paint it.

'What is the matter next, Halliday?' cried his master, starting up. 'Any discovery of thee'——

He had just recollection sufficient to stop short in the midst of the dangerous sentence.

'No sir,' said Halliday, 'it is not that nor any thing like that; but I have seen a ghost!

'A ghost! you eternal idiot!' said Lord Evandale, forced altogether out of his patience. "Has all mankind sworn to go mad in order to drive me so?—What ghost, you simpleton?'

'The ghost of Henry Morton, the whig captain at Bothwell Bridge,' replied Halliday. 'He passed by me like a fire-flaught when I was in the garden!'

'This is midsummer madness,' said Lord Evandale, 'or

there is some strange [illegible] many afloat.—Jenny, attend your Lady to her chamber, while I endeavour to find a clew to all this.'

But Lord Evandale's enquiries were in vain. Jenny, who might have given (had she chosen) a very satisfactory explanation, had an interest to leave the matter in darkness; and interest was a matter which now weighed principally with Jenny, since the possession of an active and affectionate husband in her own proper right had altogether allayed her spirit of coquetry. She had made the best use of the first moments of confusion hastily to remove all traces of any one having slept in the apartment adjoining to the parlour, and even to erase the mark of footsteps beneath the window through which she conjectured Morton's face had been seen while attempting, ere he left the garden, to gain one look at her whom he had so long loved, and was now on the point of losing for ever. That he had passed Halliday in the garden was equally clear; and she learned from her elder boy, whom she had employed to have the stranger's horse saddled and ready for his departure, that he had rushed into the stable, thrown the child a guinea, and, mounting his horse, ridden with fearful rapidity down towards the Clyde. The secret was, therefore, in their own family, and Jenny was resolved it should remain so.

'For, to be sure,' she said, 'although her lady and Halliday kenn'd Mr. Morton by broad daylight, that was nae reason I suld own to kenning him in the gloaming and by candle-light, and him keeping his face frae Cuddie and me a' the time.'

So she stood resolutely upon the negative when examined by Lord Evandale. As for Halliday, he could only say, that as he entered the garden-door, the supposed apparition met him walking swiftly, and with a visage on which anger and grief appeared to be contending.

'He knew him well,' he said, 'having been repeatedly guard upon him, and obliged to write down his marks of stature and visage in case of escape. And there were few faces like Mr. Morton's.'

But what should make him haunt the country where he was neither hanged nor shot, he, the said Halliday, did not pretend to conceive.

Lady Emily confessed she had seen the face of a man

at the window, but her evidence went no farther. John Gudyill deponed *nil novit in causa.* He had left his gardening to get his morning dram just at the time when the apparition had taken place. Lady Emily's servant was waiting orders in the kitchen, and there was not another being within a quarter of a mile of the house.

Lord Evandale returned perplexed and dissatisfied in the highest degree, at beholding a plan which he thought necessary not less for the protection of Edith in contingent circumstances, than for the assurance of his own happiness, and which he had brought so very near perfection, thus broken off without any apparent or rational cause. His knowledge of Edith's character set her beyond the suspicion of covering any capricious change of determination by a pretended vision. But he would have set the apparition down to the influence of an overstrained imagination, agititated by the circumstances in which she had so suddenly been placed, had it not been for the co-inciding testimony of Halliday, who had no reason for thinking of Morton more than any other person, and knew nothing of Miss Bellenden's vision when he promulgated his own. On the other hand, it seemed in the highest degree improbable that Morton, so long and so vainly sought after, and who was, with such good reason, supposed to be lost when the Vryheid of Rotterdam went down with crew and passengers, should be alive and lurking in this country, where there was no longer any reason why he should not openly shew himself, since the present government favoured his party in politics. When Lord Evandale reluctantly brought himself to communicate these doubts to the chaplain, in order to obtain his opinion, he could only obtain a long lecture on dæmonology, in which, after quoting Delrio, and Burthoog, and De L'Ancre, on the subject of apparitions, together with sundry civilians and common lawyers on the nature of testimony, the learned gentleman expressed his definite and determined opinion to be, either that there had been an actual apparition of the deceased Henry Morton's spirit, the possibility of which he was, as a divine and a philosopher, neither fully prepared to admit or to deny; or else, that the said Henry Morton, being still in *rerum natura*, had appeared in his proper person that morning; or, finally, that some strong *deceptio visus*, or striking similitude of person, had deceived the eyes of Miss

Bellenden and of Thomas Halliday. Which of these was the most probable hypothesis, the Doctor declined to pronounce, but expressed himself ready to die in the opinion that one or other of them had occasioned that morning's disturbance.

Lord Evandale soon had additional cause for distressful anxiety. Miss Bellenden was declared to be dangerously ill.

'I will not leave this place,' he exclaimed, 'till she is pronounced to be in safety. I neither can nor ought to do so; for whatever may have been the immediate occasion of her illness, I have the first cause for it by my unhappy solicitation.'

He established himself, therefore, as a guest in the family, which the presence of his sister as well as of Lady Margaret Bellenden, (who, in despite of her rheumatism, caused herself to be transported thither when she heard of her grand-daughter's illness,) rendered a step equally natural and delicate. And thus he anxiously awaited, until, without injury to her health, Edith could sustain a final explanation ere his departure on his expedition.

'She shall never,' said the generous young man, 'look on her engagement with me as the means of fettering her to a union, the idea of which seems almost to unhinge her understanding.'

CHAPTER X.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shades!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain.
Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

It is not by corporeal wants and infirmities only, that men of the most distinguished talents are levelled, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind. There are periods of mental agitation when the firmest must be ranked with the weakest of his brethren; and when, in paying the general tax of humanity, his distresses are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in indulgence

of his grief, the rules of religion and philosophy, by which he endeavours in general to regulate his passions and his actions. It was during such a paroxysm that the unfortunate Morton left Fairy-knowe. To know that his long-loved and still-beloved Edith, whose image had filled his mind for so many years, was on the point of marriage to his early rival, who had laid claim to her heart by so many services, as hardly left her a title to refuse his addresses, bitter as the intelligence was, yet came not as an unexpected blow. During his residence abroad he had once written to Edith. It was to bid her farewell for ever, and to conjure her to forget him. He had requested her not to answer his letter, yet he half hoped, for many a day, that she might transgress his injunction. The letter never reached her to whom it was addressed, and Morton, ignorant of its miscarriage, could only conclude himself laid aside and forgotten, according to his own self-denying request. All that he had heard of their mutual relations since his return to Scotland, prepared him to expect that he could only look upon Miss Bellenden as the betrothed bride of Lord Evandale; and, even if freed from the burthen of obligation to the latter, it would still have been inconsistent with his generosity of disposition to disturb their arrangements, by attempting the assertion of a claim, prescribed by absence and barred by a thousand circumstances of difficulty. Why then did he seek the cottage which their broken fortunes had now rendered the retreat of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter? He yielded, we are under the necessity of acknowledging, to the impulse of an inconsistent wish, which many might have felt in his situation.

Accident apprised him, while travelling towards his native district, that the ladies, near whose mansion he must necessarily pass, were absent, and, learning that Cuddie and his wife acted as their principal domestics, he could not resist pausing at their cottage, to learn, if possible, the real progress which Lord Evandale had made in the affections of Miss Bellenden—alas! no longer his Edith. This rash experiment ended as we have related, and he parted from the house of Fairy-knowe, conscious that he was still beloved by Edith, yet compelled, by faith and honour, to relinquish her for ever. With what feelings he must have listened to the dialogue between Lord Evandale

and Edith, the greater part of which he involuntarily overheard, the reader must conceive, for we dare not attempt to describe them. An hundred times he was tempted to burst upon their interview, or to exclaim aloud—'Edith, I yet live!'—and as often the recollection of her plighted troth, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Evandale, (to whose influence with Claverhouse he justly ascribed his escape from torture and from death) withheld him from a rashness which might indeed have involved all in further distress, but gave little prospect of forwarding his own happiness. He repressed forcibly these selfish emotions, though with an agony which thrilled his every nerve.

'No, Edith!' was his internal oath, 'never will I add a thorn to thy pillow—That which heaven has ordained let it be, and let me not add, by my selfish sorrows, one atom's weight to the burden that thou hast to bear. I was dead to thee when thy resolution was adopted; and never—never shalt thou know that Henry Morton still lives!'

As he formed this resolution, diffident of his own power to keep it, and seeking that firmness in flight which was every moment shaken by his continuing within hearing of Edith's voice, he hastily rushed from his apartment by the little closet and the sashed door which led to the garden. But firmly as he thought his resolution was fixed, he could not leave the spot where the last tones of a voice so beloved still vibrated on his ear, without endeavouring to avail himself of the opportunity which the parlour window afforded to steal one last glance at the lovely speaker. It was in this attempt, made while Edith seemed to have her eyes unalterably bent upon the ground, that Morton's presence was detected by her raising them suddenly. So soon as her wild scream made this known to the unfortunate object of a passion so constant, and which seemed so ill-fated, he hurried from the place as if pursued by the furies. He passed Halliday in the garden without recognizing, or even being sensible that he had seen him, threw himself on his horse, and, by a sort of instinct rather than recollection, took the first by-road rather than the public route to Hamilton.

In all probability this prevented Lord Evandale from learning that he was actually in existence, for the news that the Highlanders had obtained a decisive victory at

Killiecrankie, had occasioned an accurate look-out to be kept on all the passes, for fear of some commotion among the Lowland Jacobites. They did not omit to post centinels on Bothwell Bridge, and as these men had not seen any traveller pass westward in that direction, and as, besides, their comrades stationed in the village of Bothwell were equally positive that none had gone eastward, the apparition, in the existence of which Edith and Halliday were equally positive, became yet more mysterious in the judgment of Lord Evandale, who was finally inclined to settle in the belief that the heated and disturbed imagination of Edith had summoned up the phantom she stated herself to have seen, and that Halliday had, in some unaccountable manner, been infected by the same superstition.

Meanwhile, the by-path which Morton pursued, with all the speed which his vigorous horse could exert, brought him in a very few seconds to the brink of the Clyde, at a spot marked with the feet of horses who were conducted to it as a watering-place. The steed, urged as he was to the gallop, did not pause a single instant, but throwing himself into the river, was soon beyond his depth. The plunge which the animal made as his feet quitted the ground, with the feeling that the cold water rose above his sword-belt, were the first incidents which recalled Morton, whose movements had been hitherto mechanical, to the necessity of taking measures for preserving himself and the noble animal which he bestrode. A perfect master of all manly exercises, the management of a horse in water was as familiar to him as when upon a meadow. He directed the animal's course somewhat down the stream towards a low plain, or holm, which seemed to promise an easy egress from the river. In the first and second attempt to get on shore, the horse was frustrated by the nature of the ground, and nearly fell backwards on his rider. The instinct of self-preservation seldom fails, even in the most desperate circumstances, to recall the human mind to some degree of equipoise, unless when altogether distracted by terror, and Morton was obliged to the danger in which he was placed for complete recovery of his self-possession. A third attempt at a spot more carefully and judiciously selected, succeeded better than the former, and

placed the horse and his rider in safety upon the further bank of the Clyde.

'But whither,' said Morton, in the bitterness of his heart, 'am I now to direct my course? or rather, what does it signify to which point of the compass a wretch so forlorn betakes himself? I would to God, could the wish be without a sin, that these dark waters had flowed over me, and drowned my recollection of that which was, and that which is.'

The sense of impatience, which the disturbed state of his feelings had occasioned, scarcely had vented itself in these violent expressions, ere he was struck with shame at having given way to such a paroxysm. He remembered how marvellously the life, which he now held so lightly in the bitterness of his disappointment, had been preserved through the almost incessant perils which had beset him since he entered upon his public career.

'I am a fool!' he said, 'and worse than a fool, to set light by that which Heaven has so often preserved in the most marvellous manner. Something there yet remains for me in this world, were it only to bear my sorrows like a man, and to aid those who need my assistance. What have I seen—what have I heard, but the very conclusion of that which I knew was to happen? They'—(he durst not utter their names, even in soliloquy)—'they are embarrassed and in difficulties. She is stripped of her inheritance, and he seems rushing on some dangerous career, with which, but for the low voice in which he spoke, I might have become acquainted. Are there no means to aid or to warn them?'

As he pondered upon this topic, forcibly withdrawing his mind from his own disappointment, and compelling its attention to the affairs of Edith and her betrothed husband, the letter of Burley, long forgotten, suddenly rushed on his memory, like a ray of light darting through a mist.

'Their ruin must have been his work,' was his internal conclusion—'If it can be repaired, it must be through his means, or by information obtained from him. I will search him out. Stern, crafty, and enthusiastic as he is, my plain and downright rectitude of purpose has more than once prevailed with him. I will seek him out, at least, and who knows what influence the information I may acquire from

him may have on the fortune of those whom I shall never see more, and who will probably never learn that I am now suppressing my own grief to add, if possible, to their happiness.'

Animated by these hopes, though the foundation was but slight, he sought the nearest way to the high-road, and as all the tracts through the valley were known to him since he hunted through them in youth, he had no other difficulty than that of surmounting one or two enclosures, ere he found himself on the road to the small burgh where the feast of the popinjay had been celebrated. He journeyed in a state of mind sad indeed and dejected; yet relieved from its earlier and more intolerable state of anguish; for virtuous resolution and manly disinterestedness seldom fail to restore tranquillity even where they cannot create happiness. He turned his thoughts with strong effort upon the means of discovering Burley, and the chance there was of extracting from him any knowledge which he might possess favourable to her in whose cause he interested himself, and at length formed the resolution of guiding himself by the circumstances in which he might discover the object of his quest, trusting, that, from Cuddie's account of a schism betwixt Burley and his brethren of the presbyterian persuasion, he might find him less rancorously disposed against Miss Bellenden, and inclined to exert the power which he asserted that he possessed over her fortunes more favourably than heretofore.

Noontide had passed away when our traveller found himself in the neighbourhood of his deceased uncle's habitation of Milnwood. It rose among glades and groves that were chequered with a thousand early recollections of joy and sorrow, and made upon Morton that mournful impression, soft and affecting, yet, withal, soothing, which the sensitive mind usually receives from a return to the haunts of childhood and early youth, after having experienced the vicissitudes and tempests of public life. A strong desire came upon him to visit the house itself.

'Old Alison,' he thought, 'will not know me, more than the honest couple whom I saw yesterday. I may indulge my curiosity, and proceed on my journey, without her having any knowledge of my existence. I think they said my uncle had bequeathed to her my family mansion—Well—be it so. I have enough to sorrow for, besides la-

menting such a disappointment as that; and yet methinks he has chosen an odd successor in my grumbling old dame, to a line of respectable, if not distinguished, ancestry. Let it be as it may, I will visit the old mansion at least once more.'

The house of Milnwood, even in its best days, had nothing cheerful about it, but its gloom appeared to be doubled under the auspices of the old housekeeper. Every thing indeed was in repair; there were no slates deficient upon the steep grey roof, and no panes broken in the narrow windows. But the grass in the court-yard looked as if the foot of man had not been there for years; the doors were carefully locked, and that which admitted to the hall seemed to have been shut for a length of time, since the spiders had fairly drawn their webs over the door-way and the staples. Living sight or sound there was none, until, after much knocking, Morton heard the little window, through which it was usual to reconnoitre visitors, open with much caution. The face of Alison, puckered with some score of wrinkles, in addition to those with which it was furrowed when Morton left Scotland, now presented itself, enveloped in a *toy*, from under the protection of which some of her grey tresses had escaped in a manner more picturesque than beautiful, while her shrill tremulous voice demanded the cause of the knocking.

'I wish to speak an instant with one Alison Wilson who resides here,' said Henry.

'She's no at hame the day,' answered Mrs. Wilson, *in propria persona*, the state of whose head-dress, perhaps, inspired her with this direct mode of denying herself; 'and ye are but a mislear'd person to speer for her in sic a manner. Ye might hae had an M under your belt for *Mistress* Wilson of Milnwood.'

'I beg pardon,' said Morton, internally smiling at finding in old Ailie the same jealousy of disrespect which she used to exhibit upon former occasions—'I beg pardon; I am but a stranger in this country, and have been so long abroad, that I have almost forgotten my own language.'

'Did ye come frae foreign parts?' said Ailie; 'then may be ye may hae heard of a young gentleman of this country that they ca' Henry Morton?'

'I have heard," said Morton, 'of such a name in Germany.'

'Then bide a wee bit where ye are, friend—or stay—gang round by the back o' the house, and ye'll find a laigh door; it's on the latch, for it's never barred till sunset.—Ye'll open't—and tak care ye dinna fa' ower the tub, for the entry's dark—and then ye'll turn to the right, and then ye'll haud straight forward, and then ye'll turn to the right again, and ye'll tak heed o' the cellar stairs, and then ye'll be at the door o' the little kitchen—it's a' the kitchen that's at Milnwood now—and I'll come down t'ye, and whate'er ye wad say to Mistress Wilson ye may very safely tell it to me.'

A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuteness of the directions supplied by Ailie, to pilot himself in safety through the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the back-door to the little kitchen, but Henry was too well acquainted with the navigation of these straights to experience danger, either from the Scylla which lurked on one side in shape of a bucking tub, or the Charybdis which yawned on the other in the profundity of a winding cellar-stair. His only impediment arose from the snarling and vehement barking of a small cocking spaniel, once his own property, but which, unlike to the faithful Argus, saw his master return from his wanderings without any symptom of recognition.

'The little dogs and all!' said Morton to himself, on being disowned by his former favourite. 'I am so changed that no breathing creature that I have known and loved will now acknowledge me.'

At this moment he had reached the kitchen, and soon after the tread of Alison's high heels, and the pat of the crutch-handled cane, which served at once to prop and to guide her footsteps, were heard upon the stairs, an amunciation which continued for some time ere she fairly reached the kitchen.

Morton had, therefore, time to survey the slender preparations for house-keeping, which were now sufficient in the house of his ancestors. The fire, though coals are plenty in that neighbourhood, was husbanded with the closest attention to economy of fuel, and the small pipkin, in which was preparing the dinner of the old woman and her maid of-all-work, a girl of twelve years old, intimated, by its thin and watery vapour, that Ailie had not mended her cheer with her improved fortune.

When she entered, the head which nodded with self-importance—the features in which an irritable peevishness, acquired by habit and indulgence, strove with a temper naturally affectionate and good natured—the coif—the apron—the blue checked gown, were all those of old Ailie; but laced pinners, hastily put on to meet the stranger, with some other trifling articles of decoration, marked the difference between Mrs. Wilson of Milnwood and the housekeeper of the late proprietor.

'What were ye pleased to want wi' Mrs. Wilson, sir?—I am Mrs. Wilson,' was her first address; for the five minutes time which she had gained for the business of the toilette, entitled her, she conceived, to assume the full merit of her illustrious name, and shine forth on her guest in unchastened splendour. Morton's sensations, confounded between the past and present, fairly confused him so much, that he would have had difficulty in answering her, even if he had known well what to say. But as he had not determined what character he was to adopt while concealing that which was properly his own, he had an additional reason for remaining silent. Mrs. Wilson, in perplexity, and with some apprehension, repeated her question.

'What were ye pleased to want wi' me, sir? Ye said ye kenn'd Mr. Harry Morton?'

'Pardon me, madam,' answered Henry; 'it was of one Silas Morton I spoke.'

The old woman's countenance fell.

'It was his father then ye kent o', the brother o' the late Milnwood,—ye canna mind him abroad, I wad think—he was come hame afore ye were born. I thought ye had brought me news of poor Maister Harry.'

'It was from my father I learned to know Colonel Morton,' said Henry; 'of the son I know little or nothing; rumour says he died abroad on his passage to Holland.'

'That's ower like to be true, and mony a tear it's cost my auld e'en. His uncle, poor gentleman, just sough'd awa' wi' it in his mouth. He had been gi'eing me preceese directions anent the bread and the wine, and the brandy, at his burial, and how often it was to be handed round the company, (for, dead or alive, he was a prudent, frugal, pains-taking man) and then he said, said he, 'Ailie,' (he aye ca'd me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance,) 'Ailie, take ye care and hand the gear weel thegither; for the

name of Morton of Milnwood's ga'en out like the last sough of an auld sang.' And sae he fell out o' ae dwam into another, and ne'er spake a word mair, unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude eneugh to see to die wi'.—He cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table.'

While Mrs. Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old miser, Morton was pressingly engaged in diverting the assiduous curiosity of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much snuffing and examination, begun a course of capering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming, in a tone of hasty impatience, 'Down, Elphin! Down, sir!'

'Ye ken our dog's name,' said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise—'ye ken our dog's name, and it's no a common ane. And the creature kens you too,' she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone—'God guide us! it's my ain bairn!'

So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton's neck, clung to him, kissed him as if he had been actually her child, and wept for joy. There was no parrying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise. He returned the embrace with the most grateful warmth, and answered—

'I do indeed live, dear Ailie, to thank you for all your kindness, past and present, and to rejoice that there is at least one friend to welcome me to my native country.'

'Friends!' exclaimed Ailie, 'ye'll hae mony friends—ye'll hae mony friends; for ye will hae gear, hinny—ye will hae gear. Heaven mak ye a gude guide o't! But, eh, sirs!' she continued, pushing him back from her with her trembling hand and shrivelled arm, and gazing in his face as if to read, at a more convenient distance, the ravages which sorrow rather than time had made on his face—'Eh, sirs! ye're sair altered, hinny, your face is turned pale, and your e'en are sunken, and your bonny red-and white cheeks is turned a' dark and sun-burned. O weary on the wars! mony's the comely face they destroy.—And when cam ye here, hinny? And where hae ye been?—

And what hae ye been doing?—And what for did ye na write till us?—And how cam ye to pass yoursel for dead?—And what for did ye come creeping to your ain house as if ye had been an unco body, to gi'e poor auld Ailie sic a start?' she concluded, smiling through her tears.

It was some time ere Morton could overcome his own emotion, so as to give the kind old woman the information which we shall communicate to our readers in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

——————— Aumerle that was,
But that is gone for being Richard's friend,
And, Madam, you must call him Rutland now.

The scene of explanation was hastily removed from the little kitchen to Mrs. Wilson's own matted room, the very same which she had occupied as housekeeper, and which she continued to retain. 'It was,' she said, 'better secured against sifting winds than the hall, which she had found dangerous to her rheumatisms, and more fitting for her use than the late Milnwood's apartment, honest man, which gave her sad thoughts;' and as for the great oak parlour, it was never opened but to be aired, washed, and dusted, according to the invariable practice of the family, unless upon their most solemn festivals. In the matted room, therefore, they were settled, surrounded by pickle-pots and conserves of all kinds, which the *ci-devant* housekeeper continued to compound, out of mere habit, although neither she herself, nor any one else, ever partook of the comfits which she so regularly prepared.

Morton, adapting his narrative to the comprehension of his auditor, informed her briefly of the wreck of the vessel and the loss of all hands, excepting two or three common seamen, who had early secured the skiff, and were just putting off from the vessel when he leaped from the deck into their boat, and unexpectedly, as well as contrary to their inclination, made himself partner of their voyage and

of their safety. Landed at Flushing, he was fortunate enough to meet with an old officer who had been in service with his father. By his advice, he shunned going immediately to the Hague, but forwarded his letters to the court of the Stadtholder.

'Our Prince,' said the veteran, 'must, as yet, keep terms with his father-in-law, and with your King Charles; and to approach him in the character of a Scottish malcontent would render it imprudent for him to distinguish you by his favour. Wait, therefore, his orders, without forcing yourself on his notice; observe the strictest prudence and retirement; assume for the present a different name; shun the company of the British exiles; and, depend upon it, you will not repent your prudence.'

The old friend of Silas Morton argued justly. After a considerable time had elapsed, the Prince of Orange, in a progress through the United States, came to the town where Morton, impatient at his situation and the incognito which he was obliged to observe, still continued, nevertheless, to be a resident. He had an hour in private interview assigned, in which the Prince expressed himself highly pleased with his intelligence, his prudence, and the liberal view which he seemed to take of the factions of his native country, their motives and their purposes.

'I would willingly,' said William, 'attach you to my own person, but that cannot be without giving offence in England. But I will do as much for you, as well out of respect for the sentiments you have expressed, as for the recommendations you have brought me. Here is a commission in a Swiss regiment at present in garrison in a distant province, where you will meet few or none of your countrymen. Continue to be Captain Melville, and let the name of Morton sleep till better days.'

'Thus began my fortune,' continued Morton; 'and my services have, on various occasions, been distinguished by his Royal Highness, until the moment that brought him to Britain as our political deliverer. His commands must excuse my silence to my few friends in Scotland; and I wonder not at the report of my death, considering the wreck of the vessel, and that I found no occasion to use the letters of exchange with which I was furnished by the liberality of some of them, a circumstance which must have confirmed the belief that I had perished.'

'But, dear hinny,' asked Mrs. Wilson, 'did ye find nae Scotch body at the Prince of Oranger's court that kenn'd ye? I wad hae thought Morton o' Milnwood was kenn'd a' through the country.'

'I was purposely engaged in distant service,' said Morton, 'until a period when few, without as deep and kind a motive of interest as yours, Ailie, would have known the stripling Morton in Major-General Melville.'

'Malville was your mother's name,' said Mrs. Wilson; 'but Morton sounds far bonnier in my auld lugs. And when ye tak up the lairdship, ye maun tak the auld name and designation again.'

'I am like to be in no haste to do either the one or the other, Ailie, for I have some reasons for the present to conceal my being alive from every one but you; and, as for the lairdship of Milnwood, it is in as good hands.'

'As good hands, hinny!' re-echoed Ailie; 'I'm hopefu' ye are no meaning mine? The rents and the lands are but a sair fash to me. And I'm ower faild to tak a help-mate, though Wylie Mactrickit the writer was very pressing and spak very civilly; but I'm ower auld a cat to draw that strae before me. He canna whillywha me as he's dune mony a ane. And then I thought aye ye wad come back, and I wad get my pickle meal and my soup milk, and keep a' things right about, ye as I used to do in your puir uncle's time, and it wad be just pleasure aneugh for me to see ye thrive and guide the gear canny—Ye'll hae learned that in Holland I'se warrant, for they're thrifty folk there, as I hear tell—But ye'll be for keeping rather a mair house than puir auld Milnwood that's gane; and, indeed, I would approve o' your eating butcher-meat maybe as aften as three times a-week—it keeps the wind out o' the stamack.'

'We will talk of all this another time,' said Morton, surprised at the generosity upon a large scale, which mingled in Ailie's thoughts and actions with habitual and sordid parsimony, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-acquisition. 'You must know,' he continued, 'that I am in this country only for a few days on some special business of importance to the government, and therefore, Ailie, not a word of having seen me. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions.

'E'en be it sae, my jo,' replied Ailie, 'I can keep a se-

cret like my neighbours; and weel auld Milnwood kenn'd it, honest man, for he tauld me where he keepit his gear, and that's what maist folks like to hae as private as possibly may be.—But come awa' wi' me, hinny, till I show ye the oak-parlour how grandly it's keepit, just as if ye had been expected hame every day—I loot naebody sort it but my ain hands. It was a kind o' divertisement to me, though whiles the tear wan into my e'e, and I said to mysel, what needs I fash wi' grates, and carpets, and cushions, and the muckle brass candlesticks ony mair? for they'll ne'er come hame that aught it rightfully.'

With these words she hauled him away to this *sanctum sanctorum*, the scrubbing and cleansing whereof was her daily employment, as its high state of good order constituted the very pride of her heart. Morton, as he followed her into the room, underwent a rebuke for not 'dighting his shoon,' which shewed that Ailie had not relinquished her habits of authority. On entering the oak-parlour, he could not but recollect the feelings of solemn awe with which, when a boy, he had been affected at his occasional and rare admission to an apartment which he then supposed had not its equal, save in the halls of princes. It may be readily supposed, that the worked worsted-chairs, with their short ebony legs and long upright backs, had lost much of their influence over his mind, that the large brass andirons seemed diminished in splendour, that the green worsted tapestry appeared no masterpiece of the Arras loom, and that the room appeared, on the whole, dark, gloomy, and disconsolate. Yet there were two objects, 'the counterfeit presentment of two brothers,' which, dissimilar as those described by Hamlet, affected his mind with a variety of sensations. One full-length portrait represented his father, in complete armour, with a countenance indicating his masculine and determined character; and the other set forth his uncle in velvet and brocade, looking as if he were ashamed of his own finery, though entirely indebted for it to the liberality of the painter.

'It was an idle fancy,' Ailie said, 'to dress the honest auld man in thae expensive fal-lalls that he ne'er wore in his life, instead o' his douce Raploch grey, and his band wi' the narrow edging.'

In private, Morton could not help being much of her opinion; for any thing approaching to the dress of a gen-

tleman sate as ill on the ungainly person of his relative as an open or generous expression would have done on his mean and money-making features. He now extricated himself from Ailie to visit some of his haunts in the neighbouring wood, while her own hands made an addition to the dinner she was preparing; an incident no otherwise remarkable than as it cost the life of a fowl, which, for any event of less importance than the arrival of Henry Morton, might have cackled on to a good old age, ere Ailie could have been guilty of the extravagance of killing and dressing it. The meal was seasoned by talk of old times, and by the plans which Ailie laid out for futurity, in which she assigned her young master all the prudential habits of her old one, and planned out the dexterity with which she was to exercise her duty as governate. Morton let the old woman enjoy her day-dreams and castle-building during moments of such pleasure, and deferred, till some fitter occasion, the communication of his purpose again to return and spend his life upon the continent.

His next care was to lay aside his military dress, which he considered likely to render more difficult his researches after Burley. He exchanged it for a gray doublet and cloak, formerly his usual attire at Milnwood, and which Mrs. Wilson produced from a chest of walnut-tree, wherein she had laid them aside, without forgetting carefully to brush and air them from time to time. Morton retained his sword and fire-arms, without which few persons travelled in these unsettled times. When he appeared in his new attire, Mrs. Wilson was first thankful 'that they fitted him sae decently, since, though he was nae fatter, yet he looked mair manly than when he was ta'en frae Milnwood.'

Next she enlarged on the advantage of saving old cloths to be what she called beet-masters to the new, and was far advanced in the history of a velvet cloak belonging to the late Milnwood, which had first been converted into a velvet doublet, and then into a pair of breeches, and appeared each time as good as new, when Morton interrupted her account of its transmigrations to bid her good-bye.

He gave, indeed, a sufficient shock to her feelings, by expressing the necessity he was under of proceeding on his journey that evening.

'And where are ye gaun?—And what wad ye do that

for?—And whar wad ye sleep but in your ain house, after ye hae been sae mony years frae hame?'

'I feel all the unkindness of it, Ailie, but it must be so; and that was the reason that I attempted to conceal myself from you, as I suspected you would not let me part from you so easily.'

'But whar are ye gaun, then?' said Ailie, once more. 'Saw e'er mortal e'en the like o' you, just to come ae moment, and flee awa' like an arrow out of a bow the neist!'

'I must go down,' replied Morton, 'to Niel Blane the Piper's Howff; he can give me a bed, I suppose?'

'A bed?—I'se warrant can he,' replied Ailie, 'and gar ye pay weel for't into the bargain. Laddie, I dare say ye hae lost your wits in thae foreign parts, to gang and gi'e siller for a supper and a bed, and might hae baith for naething, and thanks, t'ye for accepting them.'

'I assure you, Ailie,' said Morton, desirous to silen her remonstrances, 'that this is a business of great importance, in which I may be a great gainer, and cannot possibly be a loser.'

'I dinna see how that can be, if ye begin by gi'eing maybe the feck o' twal shillings Scots for your supper; but young folks are aye venturesome, and think to get siller that way. My puir auld maister took a surer gait, and never parted wi' it when he had ance gotten't.'

Persevering in his desperate resolution, Morton took leave of Ailie, and mounted his horse to proceed to the little town, after exacting a solemn promise that she would conceal his return until she again saw or heard from him.

'I not very extravagant,' was his natural reflection, as he trotted slowly towards the town; 'but were Ailie and I to set up house together, as she proposes, I think my profusion would break the good old creature's heart before a week were out.'

CHAPTER XII.

——————Where's the jolly host
You told me of? 't has been my custom ever
To parley with mine host.

Lover's Progress.

Morton reached the borough town without meeting with any remarkable adventure, and alighted at the little inn. It had occurred to him more than once, while upon his journey, that his resumption of the dress which he had worn while a youth, although favourable to his views in other respects, might render it more difficult for him to remain *incognito*. But a few years of campaigns and wandering had so changed his appearance, that he had great confidence that in the grown man, whose brows exhibited the traces of resolution and considerate thought, none would recognize the raw and bashful stripling who won the game of the popinjay. The only chance was, that here and there some whig, whom he had led to battle, might remember the Captain of the Milnwood Marksmen; but the risk, if there was any, could not be guarded against.

The Howff seemed full and frequented as if possessed of all its old celebrity. The person and demeanour of Niel Blane, more fat and less civil than of yore, intimated that he had increased as well in purse as in corpulence; for in Scotland a landlord's complaisance for his guests decreases in exact proportion to his rise in the world. His daughter had acquired the air of a dexterous barmaid, undisturbed by the circumstances of love and war, so apt to perplex her in the exercise of her vocation. Both shewed Morton the degree of attention which could have been expected by a stranger travelling without attendants, at a time when they were particularly the badges of distinction. He took upon himself exactly the character his appearance presented,—went to the stable and saw his horse accommodated,—then returned to the house, and, seating himself in the public room, (for to request one to himself would, in these days, have been thought an overweening degree of conceit,) he found himself in the very apartment in which he had some years before celebrated his victory

at the game of the popinjay, a jocular preferment which led to so many serious consequences.

He felt himself, as may well be supposed, a much changed man since that festivity; and yet, to look around him, the groups assembled in the Howff seemed not dissimilar to those which the same scene had formerly presented. Two or three burghers husbanded their 'dribbles o' brandy;' two or three dragoons lounged over their muddy ale, and cursed the inactive times that allowed them no better cheer. Their Cornet did not, indeed, play at backgammon with the curate in his cassock, but he drank a little modicum of *aqua mirabilis* with the gray-cloaked Presbyterian minister. The scene was another, and yet the same, differing only in persons, but corresponding in general character.

'Let the tide of the world wax or wane as it will,' he thought, as he looked around him, 'enough will be found to fill the places which chance renders vacant; and, in the usual occupations and amusements of life, human beings will succeed each other, as leaves upon the same tree, with the same individual difference and the same general resemblance.'

After pausing a few minutes, Morton, whose experience had taught him the readiest mode of securing attention, ordered a pint of claret, and, as the smiling landlord appeared with the pewter measure foaming fresh from the tap, (for bottling wine was not then in fashion,) he asked him to sit down and take a share of the good cheer. This invitation was peculiarly acceptable to Niel Blane, who, if he did not positively expect it from every guest not provided with better company, yet received it from many, and was no whit abashed or surprised at the summons. He sat down, along with his guest, in a secluded nook near the chimney; and, while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor before them, as a part of his expected function, he entered at length upon the news of the country—the births, deaths, and marriages—the change of property—the downfall of old families, and the rise of new. But politics, now the fertile source of eloquence, mine host did not care to mingle in his theme, and it was only in answer to a question of Morton, that he replied, with an air of indifference, "Um! ay! we aye hae sodgers amang us, mair or less. There's a

wheen German horse doun at Glasgow younder; they ca' their commander Wittybody, or some sic name, though he's as grave and grewsome an auld Dutchman as e'er I saw."

"Wittenbold, perhaps?" said Mortón; "an old man, with grey hair and short black moustaches, speaks seldom."

"And smokes for ever," replied Niel Blane. "I see your honour kens the man. He may be a very gude man too, for ought I see, that is, considering he is a sodger and a Dutchman; but if he were ten generals, and as mony Wittybodies, he has nae skill in the pipes; he gar'd me stop in the middle o' Torphichan's Rant, the best piece o' music that ever bag gae wind to."

"But these fellows," said Morton, glancing his eye towards the soldiers that were in the apartment, "are not of his corps?"

"Na, na, these are Scots dragoons; our ain auld caterpillars; these were Claver'se lads a while syne, and wad be again, maybe, if he had the lang ten in his hand."

"Is there not a report of his death?" said Morton.

"Troth is there—your honour is right—there is sic a fleeing rumour, but in my puir opinion, it's lang or the de'il die. I wad hae the folks here look to themselves. If he makes an outbreak, he'll be doun or I could drink this glass —and wi' ar are they then? A' thae hell-rakers o' dragoons wad be at his whistle in a moment. Nae doubt they're Willie's men e'en now, as they ware James's a while syne —and reason good—they fight for their pay; what else hae they to fight for? They hae neither lands nor houses, I trow. There's ae gude thing o' the change, or the Revolution, as they ca' it, folks may speak out afore the birkies now, and nae fear o' being haul'd awa, to the guardhouse, or having the thumikins screwed on your fingerends, just as I wad drive the screw through a cork."

There was a little pause, when Morton, feeling confident in the progress he had made in mine host's familiarity, asked, though with the hesitation proper to one who puts a question on the answer to which rests something of importance,—"Whether Blane knew a woman in that neighbourhood called Elizabeth Maclure?"

"Whether I ken Bessy Maclure?" answered the landlord, with a landlord's laugh—"How can I *but* ken my ain wife's (haly be her rest)—my ain wife's first gudeman?

sister, Bessie Maclure? an honest wife she is, but sair she's been trysted wi' misfortunes,—the loss o' twa decent lads o' sons, in the time o' the persecution, as they ca' it now-a-days; and doucely and decently she has bore her burthen, blaming nane, and condemning nane. If there's an honest woman in the world, it's Bessie Maclure. And to lose her twa sons, as I was saying, and to hae dragoons clinked down on her for a month bypast—for, be whig or tory uppermost, they aye quarter thae loons on victuallers, —to lose, as I was saying"—

"This woman keeps an inn, then?" interrupted Morton.

"A public, in a puir way," replied Blane, looking round at his own superior accommodations—"a sour browst o' sma' ale that she sells to folk that are ower drouthy wi' travel to be nice, but naething to ca' a stirring trade or a thriving change-house."

"Can you get me a guide there?" said Morton.

"Your honour will rest here a' the night!—ye'll hardly get accommodation at Bessie's," said Neil, whose regard for his deceased wife's relative by no means extended to sending company from his own house to hers.

"There is a friend," answered Morton, "whom I am to meet with there, and I only called here to take a stirrup cup and enquire the way."

"Your honour had better," answered the landlord, with the perseverance of his calling, "send some ane to warn your friend to come on here."

"I tell you, landlord," answered Morton impatiently, "that will not answer my purpose; I must go straight to this woman Maclure's house, and I desire you to find me a guide."

"Aweel, sir, ye'll chuse for yoursel, to be sure; but de'il a guide ye'll need, if ye gae doun the water for twa miles or sae, as gin ye were bound for Milnwood-house, and then tak the first broken disjacked-looking road that makes for the hills—ye'll ken't by a broken ash-tree that stands at the side of a burn just where the roads meet, and then travel out the path—ye canna miss Widow Maclure's public, for de'il another house or hauld is on the road for ten lang Scots miles, and that's worth twenty English. I am sorry your honour would think of gaun out o' my house the night. But my wife's gude-sister is a decent woman, and it's no lost that a friend gets."

Morton accordingly paid his reckoning and departed. The sunset of the summer day placed him at the ash-tree, where the path led up toward the moors.

"Here," he said to himself, "my misfortunes commenced; for just here, when Burley and I were about to separate on the first night we ever met, he was alarmed by the intelligence, that the passes were secured by soldiers lying in wait for him. Beneath that very ash sate the old woman who apprized him of his danger. How strange that my whole fortunes should have become inseparably interwoven with that man's, without any thing more on my part, than the discharge of an ordinary duty of humanity! Would to Heaven it were possible I could find my humble quiet and tranquillity of mind upon the spot where I lost them!"

Thus arranging his reflections betwixt speech and thought, he turned his horse's head up the path.

Evening lowered around him as he advanced up the narrow dell which had once been a wood, but was now divested of trees, unless where a few, from their inaccessible situation on the edge of precipitous banks, or clinging among rocks and huge stones, defied the invasion of men and of cattle, like the scattered tribes of a conquered country, driven to take refuge in the barren strength of its mountains. These too, wasted and decayed, seemed rather to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the landscape had once been. But the stream brawled down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet alone can confer on the barest and most savage scenes, and which the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the tranquil winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and beside palaces of splendour. The track of the road followed the course of the brook, which was now visible, and now only to be distinguished by its brawling heard among the stones, or in the clefts of the rock, that occasionally interrupted its course.

"Murmurer that thou art," said Morton in the enthusiasm of his reverie,—"why chafe with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There is a sea to receive thee in its bosom, and an eternity for man when his fretful and hasty course through the vale of time shall be ceased and over. What thy petty fuming is to the deep and vast billows of a shoreless ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys,

and sorrows, to the objects which must occupy us through the awful and boundless succession of ages!"

Thus moralizing, he passed on till the dell opened, and the banks receding from the brook, left a little green vale, exhibiting a croft, or small field, on which some corn was growing, and a cottage, whose walls were not above five feet high, and whose thatched roof, green with moisture, age, house-leek, and grass, had in some places suffered damage from the encroachment of two cows, whose appetite this appearance of verdure had diverted from their more legitimate pasture. An ill-spelled, and worse written inscription, intimated to the traveller that he might here find refreshment for man and horse;—no unacceptable intimation, rude as the hut appeared to be, considering the wild path he had trode in approaching it; and the high and waste mountains which rose in desolate dignity behind this humble asylum.

"It must indeed have been," thought Morton, "in some such spot as this, that Burley was likely to find a congenial confidante."

As he approached, he observed the good dame of the house herself, seated by the door; she had hitherto been concealed from him by a huge alder-bush.

"Good evening, mother," said the traveller. "Your name is Mistress Maclure?"

"Elizabeth Maclure, sir, a poor widow," was the reply.

"Can you lodge a stranger for a night?"

"I can, sir, if he will be pleased with the widow's cake and the widow's cruize."

"I have been a soldier, good dame," answered Morton, "and nothing can come amiss to me in the way of entertainment."

"A sodger, sir?" said the old woman with a sigh, "God send ye a better trade."

"It is believed to be an honourable profession, my good dame. I hope you do not think the worse of me for having belonged to it?"

"I judge no one, sir," replied the woman, "and your voice sounds like that of a civil gentleman; but I hae seen sae muckle ill wi' sodgering in this poor land, that I am e'en content that I can see nae mair o't wi' these sightless organs."

As she spoke thus, Morton observed that she was blind.

"Shall I not be troublesome to you, my good dame?" said he compassionately; "your infirmity seems ill calculated for your profession."

"Na, sir," answered the old woman; "I can gang about the house readily eneugh; and I hae a bit lassie to help me, and the dragoon lads will look after your horse when they come hame frae their patrole, for a sma' matter; they are civiller now than lang syne."

Upon these assurances, Morton alighted

"Peggy, my bonny bird," continued the hostess, addressing a little girl of twelve years old, who had by this time appeared, "tak the gentleman's horse to the stable, and slack his girths, and tak aff the bridle, and shake down a lock o' hay before him, till the dragoons come back.—Come this way, sir," she continued; "ye'll find my house clean, though it's a puir ane."

Morton followed her into the cottage accordingly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Then out and spak the auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa'—
"Ye wadna be warn'd, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa!"

Old Ballad.

When he entered the cottage, Morton perceived that the old hostess had spoken truth. The inside of the hut belied its outward appearance, and was neat, and even comfortable, especially the inner apartment, in which the hostess informed her guest that he was to sup and sleep. Refreshments were placed before him, such as the little inn afforded, and, though he had small occasion for them, he accepted the offer, as the means of maintaining some discourse with the landlady. Notwithstanding her blindness, she was assiduous in her attendance, and seemed, by a sort of instinct, to find her way to what she wanted.

"Have you no one but this pretty little girl to assist you in waiting on your guests?" was the natural question.

"None, sir; I dwell alone, like the widow of Zarephthah. Few guests come to this puir place, and I hasna custom

enough to hire servants. I had once twa fine sons that lookit after a' thing—But God gives and takes away—His name be praised!" she continued, turning her clouded eyes towards Heaven—"I was ance better off, that is worldly speaking, even since I lost them; but that was before this last change."

"Indeed! But you are a presbyterian, good mother?"

"I am, sir; praised be the light that shewed me the right way," replied the landlady.

"Then, I should have thought the Revolution would have brought you nothing but good."

"If," said the old woman, "it has brought the land gude, and freedom of worship to tender consciences, it's little matter what it has brought to a puir blind worm like me."

'Still,' replied Morton, 'I cannot see how it could possibly injure you."

'It's a lang story, sir. But ae night, sax weeks or thereby, afore Bothwell Brig, a young gentleman stopped at this puir cottage, stiff and bloody with wounds, pale and dune out with riding, and his horse sae weary he couldna drag ae foot after the other, and his foes were close ahint him, and he was ane o' our enemies—What could I do, sir?—You that's a soldier will think me but a silly auld wife—but I fed him, and relieved him, and keepit him hidden till the pursuit was ower.'

'And who,' said Morton, 'dares disapprove of your having done so?'

'Ikenna—I gat ill-will about it amang some o' our ain folk. They said I should hae been to him what Jael was to Sisera—But weel I wot I had nae divine command to shed blood, and to save it was baith like a woman and a Christian.—And then they said I wanted natural affection to relieve ane that belanged to the band that murdered my twa sons.'

'That murdered your two sons?'

'Ay, sir; though maybe ye'll gi'e their deaths another name—The tane fell wi' sword in hand, fighting for a broken national Covenant; the tother—O, they took him and shot him dead on the green before his mother's face!—My auld e'en dazzled when the shots were looten off, and, to my thought, they waxed weaker and weaker ever since that weary day—and sorrow, and heart-break, and tears,

might help on the disorder. But, alas! betraying Lord Evandale's young blood to his enemies' sword wad ne'er hae brought my Ninian and Johnie alive again.'

'Lord Evandale?' said Morton in surprise; 'Was it Lord Evandale whose life you saved?'

'In troth, even his. And kind he was to me after, and gae me a cow and calf, malt, meal, and siller, and nane durst steer me when he was in power. But we live on an outside bit of Tillietudlem land, and the estate was sair plea'd between Leddy Margaret Bellenden, and the present laird, Basil Olifant, and Lord Evandale backed the auld leddy for love o' her daughter Miss Edith, as the country said, ane o' the best and bonniest lassies in Scotland. But they behuved to gi'e way, and Basil gat the Castle and land, and on the back o' that came the Revolution, and wha to turn coat faster than the laird? for he said he had been a true whig a' the time, and turned papist only for fashion's sake. And then he got favour, and Lord Evandale's head was under water; for he was ower proud and manfu' to bend to every blast o' wind, though mony a ane may ken as weel as me, that, be his ain principles as they will, he was nae ill friend to our folk when he could protect us, and far kinder than Basil Olifant that aye keepit the coble head doun the stream. But he was set by and ill looked on, and his word ne'er asked; and then Basil, wha's a revengefu' man, set himsel to vex him in a' shapes, and specially by oppressing and despoiling the auld widow, Bessie Maclure, that saved Lord Evandale's life, and that he was sae kind to. But he's mista'en, if that's his end; for it will be lang or Lord Evandale hears a word frae me about the selling my kye for rent e'er it was due, or the putting the dragoons on me when the country's quiet, or ony thing else that will vex him—I can bear my ain burden patiently, and warld's loss is the least part o't.'

Astonished and interested at this picture of patient, grateful, and disinterested resignation, Morton could not help bestowing an execration upon the poor spirited rascal who had taken such a dastardly course of vengeance.

'Dinna curse him, sir,' said the old woman; 'I have heard a good man say, that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and maist like to return on his head that sent it. But if ye ken Lord Evandale, bid him look

to himsel, for I hear strange words pass atween the soldiers that are lying here, and his name is often mentioned; and the tane o' them has been twice up at Tillietudlem. He's a kind of favourite wi' the laird, though he was in former times ane o' the maist cruel oppressors ever rade through a country (out-taken Serjeant Bothwell)—they ca' him Inglis.'

'I have the deepest interest in Lord Evandale's safety,' said Morton, 'and you may depend on my finding some mode to apprise him of these suspicious circumstances: And, in return, my good friend, will you indulge me with another question? Do you know any thing of Quintin Mackell of Irongray?'

'Do I know *whom*?' echoed the blind woman, in a tone of great surprise and alarm.

'Quintin Mackell of Irongray,' repeated Morton; 'is there any thing so alarming in the sound of that name?'

'Na, na,' answered the woman with hesitation, 'but to hear him asked after by a stranger and a soldier—Gude protect us, what mischief is to come next!'

'None by my means, I assure you,' said Morton; 'the subject of my enquiry has nothing to fear from me, if, as I suppose, this Quintin Mackell is the same with John Bal——"

'Do not mention his name,' said the widow, pressing his lips with her fingers. 'I see you have his secret and his password, and I'll be free wi' you. But, for God's sake, speak lound and low. In the name of Heaven, I trust ye seek him not to his hurt.—Ye said ye were a soldier?'

'I said truly; but one he has nothing to fear from. I commanded a party at Bothwell Bridge.'

'Indeed?' said the woman. 'And verily there is something in your voice I can trust—Ye speak prompt and readily, and like an honest man.'

'I trust I am so,' said Morton.

'But nae displeasure to you, sir, in thae waefu' times,' continued Mrs. Maclure, 'the hand of brother is against brother, and he fears as mickle amaist frae this government as e'er he did frae the auld persecutors.'

'Indeed?' said Morton, in a tone of enquiry; 'I was not aware of that. But I am only just now returned from abroad.'

'I'll tell ye,' said the blind woman, first assuming an attitude of listening that showed how effectually her powers of collecting intelligence had been transferred from the eye to the ear; for instead of casting a glance of circumspection around, she stooped her face, and turned her head slowly around, in such a manner as to ensure that there was not the slightest sound stirring in the neighbourhood, and then continued. 'I'll tell ye. Ye ken how he has laboured to raise up again the Covenant, burned, broken, and buried in the hard hearts and selfish devices of this stubborn people. Now when he went to Holland, far from the countenance and thanks of the great and the comfortable fellowship of the godly, both whilk he was in right to expect, the Prince of Orange wad show him no favour, and the ministers no godly communion. This was hard to bide for ane that had suffered and done mickle—ower mickle it may be—but why suld I be a judge?—He came back to me and to the auld place o' refuge that had aften received him in his distresses, mair especially before the great day of victory at Drumclog, for I sall ne'er forget how he was bending hither of a' nights in the year on that e'ening after the play when young Milnwood wan the popinjay; but I warned him off for that time.'

'What,' exclaimed Morton, 'it was you that sate in your red cloak by the high-road, and told him there was a lion in the path?'

'In the name of heaven! wha are ye?' said the old woman, breaking off his narrative in astonishment. 'But be wha ye may,' she continued, resuming it with tranquillity, 'ye can ken naething waur o' me than that I hae been willing to save the life o' friend and foe.'

'I know no ill of you, Mrs. Maclure, and I mean no ill by you—I only wished to show you that I know so much of this person's affairs, that I might be safely entrusted with the rest. Proceed, if you please, in your narrative.'

'There is a strange command in your voice,' said the blind woman, 'though its tones are sweet. I have little mair to say. The Stuarts hae been dethroned, and William and Mary reign in their stead, but nae mair word o' the Covenant than if it were a dead letter. They hae ta'en the indulged clergy, and an Erastian General Assembly of the ance pure and triumphant Kirk of Scotland even into their arms and bosoms. Our faithfu' champions o'

the testimony agree e'en waur wi' this than wi' the open tyranny and apostacy of the persecuting times, for souls are hardened and deadened, and the mouths of fasting multitudes are crammed wi' fizenless bran instead of the sweet word in season; and mony an hungry, starving creature, when he sits down on a Sunday forenoon to get something that might warm him to the great work, has a dry clatter o' morality driven about his lugs, and—'

'In short,' said Morton, desirous to stop a discussion which the good old woman, as enthusiastically attached to her religious profession as to the duties of humanity, might probably have indulged longer—'In short, you are not disposed to acquiesce in this new government, and Burley is of the same opinion.'

'Many of our brethren, sir, are of belief we fought for the Covenant, and fasted, and prayed, and suffered for that grand national league, and now we are like neither to see nor hear tell of that which we suffered, and fought, and fasted, and prayed for.—And ance it was thought something might be made by bringing back the auld family on a new bargain and a new bottom, as, after a' when King James went awa', I understand the great quarrel of the English against him was in behalf of seven unhallowed prelates; and sae, though ae part of our people were free to join wi' the present model, and levied an armed regiment under the Yearl of Angus, yet our honest friend, and others of purity of doctrine and freedom of conscience, were determined to hear the breath o' the Jacobites before they took part again them, fearing to fa' to the ground like a wall built with unslacked mortar, or from sitting between twa stools.'

'They chose an odd quarter,' said Morton, from 'which to expect freedom of conscience and purity of doctrine.'

'O, dear sir! the natural day-spring rises in the east, but the spiritual day-spring may rise in the north, for what we blinded mortals ken.'

'And Burley went to the north to seek it?'

'Truly ay, sir; and he saw Claver'se himsel that they ca' Dundee now.'

'The devil he did!' exclaimed Morton, 'I would have sworn that meeting would have been the last one of their lives.'

'Na, na, sir! in troubled times, as I understand, there's

sudden changes—Montgomery, and Ferguson, and mony ane maire that were King James's greatest faes, are on his side now—Claver'se spake our friend fair, and sent him to consult with Lord Evandale. But then there was a break off, for Lord Evandale wadna look at, hear, or speak wi' him, and now he's ance wud and aye waur, and roars for revenge again Lord Evandale, and will hear nought of ony thing but burn and slay—and O thae starts o' passion! they unsettle his mind, and gi'e the enemy sair advantages.'

'The enemy?' said Morton, 'What enemy?'

'What enemy? Are ye acquainted familiarly wi' *John* Balfour o' Burley, and dinna ken that he has had sair and frequent combats to sustain against the Evil One? Did ye ever see him alone but the Bible was in his hand, and the drawn sword on his knee? did ye never sleep in the same room wi' him, and hear him strive in his dreams with the delusions of Satan? O, ye ken little o' him, if ye have seen him only in fair day-light, for nae man can put the face upon his doleful visits and strifes that he can do. I hae seen him after sic a strife of agony, tremble that an infant might hae held him, while the hair on his brow was dropping as fast as ever my puir thatched roof did in a heavy rain.'

As she spoke, Morton began to recollect the appearance of Burley during his sleep in the hay-loft at Milnwood, the report of Cuddie that his senses had become impaired, and some whispers current among the Cameronians, who boasted frequently of Burley's soul-exercises, and his strifes with the foul fiend; which several circumstances led him to conclude that this man himself was a victim to those delusions, though his mind, naturally accute and forcible, not only disguised his superstition from those in whose opinion it might have discredited his judgment, but by exerting such a force as is said to be proper to those afflicted with the epilepsy, could postpone the fits which it occasoned until he was either freed from superintendance, or surrounded by such as held him more highly on account of these visitations. It was natural to suppose, and could easily be inferred from the narrative of Mrs. Maclure, that disappointed ambition, wrecked hopes, and the downfal of the party which he had served with such desperate fidelity, were likely to aggravate enthusiasm into temporary in-

sanity. It was, indeed, no uncommon circumstance in these singular times, that men like sir Harry Vane, Harrison, Overton, and others, themselves slaves to the wildest and most enthusiastic dreams, could, when mingling with the world, conduct themselves not only with good sense in difficulties, and courage in dangers, but with the most acute sagacity and determined valour. The subsequent part of Mrs. Maclure's information confirmed Morton in these impressions.

'In the grey of the morning,' she said, 'my little Peggy sall shew ye the gate to him before the sodgers are up. But ye maun let his hour of danger, as he ca's it, be ower, afore ye venture on him in his place of refuge. Peggy will tell ye when to venture in. She kens his ways weel, for whiles she carries him some little helps that he canna do without to sustain life.'

'And in what retreat then,' said Morton, 'has this unfortunate person found refuge?'

'An awsome place,' answered the blind woman, 'as ever living creature took refuge in. They ca' it the Black Linn of Linklater—it's a doleful place; but he loves it abune a' others, because he has sae often been in safe hiding there, and it's my belief he prefers it to a tapestried chamber and a down bed. But ye'll see't. I hae seen it mysel mony a day syne. I was a daft hempie lassie then, and little thought what was to come o't. Wad ye chuse ony thing, sir, ere ye betake yoursel to your rest, for ye maun stir wi' the first dawn of the grey light?'

'Nothing more, my good mother,' said Morton, and they parted for the evening.

Morton recommended himself to Heaven, threw himself on the bed, heard, between sleeping and waking, the trampling of the dragoon horses at the riders' return from their patrole, and then slept soundly after such painful agitation.

CHAPTER XIV.

> The darksome cave they enter, where they found
> The accursed man, low sitting on the ground,
> Musing full sadly in his sullen mind.
>
> SPENSER.

As the morning began to appear on the mountains, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the humble apartment in which Morton slept, and a girlish treble voice asked him from without, 'If he wad please gang to the Linn or the folk raise?'

He rose upon the invitation, and, dressing himself hastily, went forth and joined his little guide. The mountain maid tript lightly before him, through the grey haze, over hill and moor. It was a wild and varied walk, unmarked by any regular or distinguishable track, and keeping, upon the whole, the direction of the ascent of the brook, though without tracing its windings. The landscape, as they advanced, turned waster and more wild, until nothing but heath and rock encumbered the side of the valley.

'Is the place still distant?' said Morton.

'Nearly a mile off,' answered the girl. 'We'll be there belive.'

'And do you often go this wild journey, my little maid?'

'When grannie sends me wi' milk and meal to the Linn,' answered the child.

'And are you not afraid to travel so wild a road alone?'

'Hout na, sir,' replied the guide; 'nae living creature wad touch sic a bit thing as I am, and grannie says we need never fear ony thing else when we are doing a gude turn.'

'Strong in innocence as in triple mail!' said Morton to himself, and followed her steps in silence.

They soon came to a decayed thicket, where brambles and thorns supplied the room of the oaks and birches of which it had once consisted. Here the guide turned short off the open heath, and, by a sheep-track, conducted Morton to the brook. A hoarse and sullen roar had in part prepared him for the scene which presented itself, yet it was not to be viewed without surprise and even terror.

When he emerged from the devious path which conducted him through the thicket, he found himself placed on a ledge of flat rock, projecting over one side of a chasm not less than a hundred feet deep, where the dark mountain stream made a decided and rapid shoot over the precipice, and was swallowed up by a deep, black, yawning gulph. The eye in vain strove to see the bottom of the fall; it could catch but one sheet of foaming uproar and sheer descent, until the view was obstructed by the projecting crags, which inclosed the bottom of the waterfall, and hid from sight the dark pool which received its tortured waters; far beneath, at the distance of, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, the eye caught the winding of the stream as it emerged into a more open course. But, for that distance, they were lost to sight as much as if a cavern had been arched over them; and indeed the steep and projecting ledges of rock, through which they wound their way in darkness, were very nearly closing and over-roofing their course.

While Morton gazed at this scene of tumult, which seemed, by the surrounding thickets and the clefts into which the waters descended, to seek to hide itself from every eye, his little attendant, as she stood beside him on the platform of rock which commanded the best view of the fall, pulled him by the sleeve, and said, in a tone which he could not hear without stooping his ear near the speaker, 'Hear till him! Eh! hear till him!'

Morton listened more attentively, and out of the very abyss into which the brook fell, and amidst the tumultuary sounds of the cataract, thought he could distinguish shouts, screams, and even articulate words, as if the tortured demon of the stream had been mingling his complaints with the roar of his broken waters.

'This is the way,' said the little girl; 'follow me gin you please, sir, but tak' tent to your feet;' and, with the daring agility which custom had rendered easy, she vanished from the platform on which she stood, and, by notches and slight projections in the rock, scrambled down its face into the chasm which it overhung. Steady, bold, and active, Morton hesitated not to follow her; but the necessary attention to secure his hold and footing in a descent where both foot and hand were needful for security, prevented him from looking around him, till, having descend-

ed nigh twenty feet, and being sixty or seventy above the pool which received the fall, his guide made a pause, and he again found himself by her side in a situation that appeared equally romantic and precarious. They were nearly opposite to the water-fall, and in point of level situated at about one-quarter's depth from the point of the cliff over which it thundered, and three-fourths of the height above the dark, deep, and restless pool which received its fall. Both these tremendous points, the first shoot, namely, of the yet unbroken stream, and the deep and sombre abyss into which it was emptied, were full before him, as well as the whole continuous stream of billowy froth, which, dashing from the one, was eddying and boiling in the other. They were so near this grand phenomenon that they were covered with its spray, and well nigh deafened by the incessant roar. But crossing in the very front of the fall, and at scarce three yards distance from the cataract, an old oak-tree, flung across the chasm in a manner that seemed accidental, formed a bridge of fearfully narrow dimensions and uncertain footing. The upper end of the tree rested on the platform on which they stood—the lower or uprooted extremity extended behind a projection on the opposite side, and was secured, Morton's eye could not discover where. From behind the same projection glimmered a strong red light, which, glancing in the waves of the falling water, and tinging them partially with crimson, had a strange preternatural and sinister effect when contrasted with the beams of the rising sun, which glanced on the first broken waves of the fall, though even its meridian splendour could not gain the third of its full depth. When he had looked around him for a moment, the girl again pulled his sleeve, and pointing to the oak and the projecting point beyond it, (for hearing speech was now out of the question,) indicated that there lay his farther passage.

Morton gazed at her with surprize; for, although he well knew that the persecuted Presbyterians had in the preceding reigns sought refuge among dells and thickets, caves and cataracts,—in spots the most extraordinary and secluded—although he had heard of the champions of the Covenant, who had long abidden beside Dobs-linn on the wild heights of Polmoodie, and others who had been concealed in the yet more terrific cavern called Creehope-linn, in the parish of Closeburn, yet his imagination had never exactly

figured out the horrors of such a residence, and he was surprised how the strange and romantic scene which he now saw had remained concealed from him while a curious investigator of such natural phenomena. But he readily conceived, that, lying in a remote and wild district, and being destined as a place of concealment to the persecuted preachers and professors of non-conformity, the secret of its existence was carefully preserved by the few shepherds to whom it might be known.

As, breaking from these meditations, he began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which, skirted by the cascade, and rendered wet and slippery by its constant drizzle, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give him courage, tript over and back without the least hesitation. Envying for a moment the little bare feet which caught a safer hold of the rugged side of the oak than he could pretend to do with his heavy boots, Morton nevertheless resolved to attempt the passage, and, fixing his eye firm on a stationary object on the other side, without allowing his head to become giddy, or his attention to be distracted by the flash, the foam, and the roar of the waters around him, he strode steadily and safely along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the farther side of the torrent. Here he paused; for a light, proceeding from a fire of red-hot charcoal, permitted him to see the interior of the cave, and enabled him to contemplate the appearance of its inhabitant, by whom he himself could not be so readily distinguished, being concealed by the shadow of the rock. What he observed would by no means have encouraged a less determined man to proceed with the task which he had undertaken.

Burley, only altered from what he had been formerly by the addition of a grizly beard, stood in the midst of his cave, with his clasped Bible in one hand and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, dimly ruddied by the light of the red charcoal, seemed that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, and his gestures and words, as far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irregular. All alone, and in a place of almost unapproachable seclusion, his demeanour was that of a man who strives for life and death with a mortal enemy.

'Ha! ha!—there—there!' he exclaimed, accompany-

ng each word with a thrust, urged with his whole force against the impassable and empty air—'Did I not tell thee so?—I have resisted and thou fleest from me!—Coward as thou art—come in all thy terrors—come with mine own evel deeds, which render thee most terrible of all—there is enough betwixt the boards of this book to rescue me!—What mutterest thou of gray hairs?—It was well done to slay him—the more ripe the corn the readier for the sickle. Art gone?—art gone?—I have ever known thee but a coward—ha! ha! ha!

With these wild exclamations he sunk the point of his sword, and remained standing still in the same posture like a maniac whose fit is over.

'The dangerous time is by now,' said the little girl who had followed; 'it seldom lasts beyond the time that the sun's ower the hill; ye may gang in and speak wi' him now. I'll wait for you at the other side of the linn; he canna bide to see twa folk at once.'

Slowly and cautiously, and keeping constantly upon his guard, Morton presented himself to the view of his old associate in command.

What! comest thou again when thine hour is over?' was his first exclamation, and flourishing his sword aloft, his countenance assumed an expression in which ghastly terror seemed mingled with the rage of a demoniac.

'I am come, Mr. Balfour,' said Morton, in a steady and composed tone, 'to renew an acquaintance which has been broken off since the fight of Bothwell Bridge.'

As soon as Burley became aware that Morton was before him in person,—an idea which he caught with marvellous celerity,—he at once exerted that mastership over his heated and enthusiastic imagination, the power of enforcing which was a most striking part of his extraordinary character. He sunk his sword point at once, and as he stole it composedly into the scabbard, he muttered something of the damp and chill which sent an old soldier to his fencing exercise, to prevent his blood from chilling. This done, he proceeded in the cold determined manner which was peculiar to his ordinary discourse.

'Thou hast tarried long, Henry Morton, and hast not come to the vintage before the twelfth hour has struck. Art thou yet willing to take the right hand of fellowship, and be one with those who look not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture for their directions?'

'I am surprised,' said Morton, evading the direct answer to his question, 'that you should have known me after so many years.'

'The features of those who ought to act with me are engraved on my heart,' answered Burley; 'and few but Silas Morton's son durst have followed me into this my castle of retreat. Seest thou that drawbridge of Nature's own construction?' he added, pointing to the prostrate oak-tree—'one spurn of my foot, and it is overwhelmed in the abyss below, bidding foemen on the farther side stand at defiance, and leaving enemies on this at the mercy of one who never yet met his equal in single fight.'

'Of such defences,' said Morton, 'I should have thought you would now have had little need.'

'Little need?' said Burley impatiently. 'What little need, when incarnate fiends are combined against me on earth, and Satan himself—but it matters not,' added he, checking himself—'Enough that I like my place of refuge—my cave of Adullam, and would not change its rude ribs of limestone rock for the fair chambers of the castle of the Earls of Torwood, with their broad bounds and barony. Thou, unless the foolish fever-fit be over, mayst think differently.'

'It was of these very possessions I came to speak,' said Morton, 'and I doubt not to find Mr. Balfour the same rational and reflecting person which I knew him to be in times when zeal disunited brethren.'

'Ay,' said Burley; 'Indeed?—Is such truly your hope? wilt thou express it more plainly?'

'In a word then,' said Morton, 'you have exercised, by means at which I can guess, a secret, but most prejudicial influence over the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and in favour of that base, oppressive apostate, Basil Olifant, whom the law, deceived by thy operations, has placed in possession of their lawful property.'

'Sayest thou?' said Balfour.

'I do say so,' replied Morton; 'and face to face you will not deny what you have vouched by your hand-writing.'

'And suppose I deny it not?' said Balfour, 'and suppose that thy eloquence were found equal to persuade me to retrace the steps I have taken on matured resolve, what

will be thy meed? Doest thou still hope to possess the fair-haired girl with her wide and rich inheritance?'

'I have no such hope,' answered Morton calmly.'

'And for whom then hast thou ventured to do this great thing, to seek to rend the prey from the valiant, to bring forth food from the den of the lion, and to extract sweetness from the maw of the devourer?—For whose sake hast thou undertaken to read this riddle, more hard than Sampson's?'

'For Lord Evandale's and that of his bride,' replied Morton firmly. 'Think better of mankind, Mr. Balfour, and believe there are some who are willing to sacrifice their happiness to that of others.'

'Then, as my soul liveth,' replied Balfour, 'thou art, to wear beard, and back a horse, and draw a sword, the tamest and most galless puppet that ever sustained injury unavenged. What! thou wouldst help that accursed Evandale to the arms of the woman that thou lovest?—thou wouldst endow them with wealth and with heritages, and thou thinkest that there lives another man offended even more deeply than thou, yet equally cold-livered and mean-spirited, crawling upon the face of the earth, and hast dared to suppose that one other to be John Balfour?'

'For my own feelings,' said Morton composedly, 'I am answerable to none but Heaven—To you, Mr. Balfour, I should suppose it of little consequence whether Basil Olifant or Lord Evandale possess these estates.'

'Thou art deceived,' said Burley; 'both are indeed in outer darkness, and strangers to the light, as he whose eyes have never been opened to the day. But this Basil Olifant is a Nabal—a Demas—a base churl, whose wealth and power are at the disposal of him who can threaten to deprive him of them. He became a professor because he was deprived of these lands of Tillietudlem—he turned a papist to obtain possession of them—he called himself an Erastian that he might not again lose them, and he will become what I list while I have in my power the document that may deprive him of them.—These lands are a bit between his jaws and a hook in his nostrils, and the rein and the line are in my hands to guide them as I think meet; and his they shall therefore be, unless I had assurance of bestowing them on a sure and sincere friend. But Lord Evandale is a malignant of heart like flint, and brow like

adamant; the goods of the world fall on him like leaves on the frost-bound earth, and unmoved he will see them whirled off by the first wind. The heathen virtues of such as he are more dangerous to us than the sordid cupidity of those, who, governed by their interest, must follow where it leads, and who, therefore, themselves the slaves of avarice, may be compelled to work in the vineyard, were it but to earn the wages of sin.'

'This might have been all well some years since,' replied Morton; 'and I could understand your argument, although I could never acquiesce in its justice. But at this crisis it seems useless to you to persevere in keeping up an influence which can no longer be directed to an useful purpose. The land has peace, liberty, and freedom of conscience—and what would you more?'

'More!' exclaimed Burley, again unsheathing his sword with a vivacity which nearly made Morton start; 'look at the notches upon that weapon; they are three in number, are they not?'

'It seems so,' answered Morton; 'but what of that?'

'The fragment of steel that parted from this first gap, rested on the skull of the perjured traitor who first introduced Episcopacy into Scotland;—this second notch was made in the rib-bone of an impious villain, the boldest and best soldier that upheld the prelatic cause at Drumclog;—this third was broken on the steel head-piece of the captain who defended the Chapel of Holyrood when the people rose at the Revolution. I cleft him to the teeth through steel and bone. It has done great deeds this little weapon, and each of these blows was a deliverance to the church. This sword,' he said, again sheathing it, 'has yet more to do—to weed out this base and pestilential heresy of Erastianism—to vindicate the true liberty of the Kirk in her purity—to restore the Covenant in its glory,—then let it moulder and rust beside the bones of its master.'

'You have neither men nor means, Mr. Balfour, to disturb the government as now settled,' argued Morton; 'the people are in general satisfied, excepting only the gentlemen of the Jacobite interest; and surely you would not join with those who would only use you for their own purposes.'

'It is they,' answered Burley, 'that should serve ours.

I went to the camp of the malignant Claver'se, as the future King of Israel sought the land of the Philistines; I arranged with him a rising, and, but for the villain Evandale, the Erastians ere now had been driven from the west—I could slay him,' he added, with a vindictive scowl, 'were he grasping the horns of the altar!' He then proceeded in a calmer tone. 'If thou, son of mine ancient comrade, wert suitor for thyself to this Edith Bellenden, and wert willing to put thy hand to the great work with zeal equal to thy courage, think not I would prefer the friendship of Basil Olifant to thine; thou shouldst then have the means that this document (he produced a parchment) affords, to place her in possession of the lands of her fathers. This have I longed to say to thee ever since I saw thee fight the good fight so strongly at the fatal Bridge. The maiden loved thee, and thou her.'

Morton replied firmly, 'I will not dissemble with you, Mr. Balfour, even to gain a good end. I came in hopes to persuade you to do a deed of justice to others, not to gain any selfish end of my own. I have failed—I grieve for your sake, more than for the loss which others will sustain by your injustice.'

'You refuse my proffer then?' said Burley, with kindling eyes.

'I do,' said Morton; 'would you be really, as you are desirous to be thought, a man of honour and conscience, you would, regardless of all other considerations, restore that parchment to Lord Evandale, to be used for the advantage of the lawful heir.'

'Sooner shall it perish,' said Balfour; and, casting the deed into the heap of red charcoal beside him, pressed it down with the heel of his boot.

While it smoked, shrivelled, and crackled in the flames, Morton sprung forward to snatch it, and Burley catching hold of him, a struggle ensued. Both were strong men, but although Morton was much the more active and younger of the two, yet Balfour was the most powerful, and effectually prevented him from rescuing the deed until it was fairly reduced to a cinder. They then quitted hold of each other, and the enthusiast, rendered fiercer by the contest, glared on Morton with an eye expressive of frantic revenge.

'Thou hast my secret; thou must be mine, or die!'

'I contemn your threats,' said Morton; 'I pity you, and leave you.'

But, as he turned to retire, Burley stept before him, pushed the oak trunk from its resting place, and as it fell thundering and crushing into the abyss beneath, drew his sword, and exclaimed, with a voice that rivalled the roar of the cataract and the thunder of the falling oak,—'Now thou art at bay!—fight—yield, or die!' and standing in the mouth of the cavern, he flourished his naked sword.

'I will not fight with the man that preserved my father's life,' said Morton,—'I have not yet learned to say the words, I yield; and my life I will rescue as I best can.'

So speaking, and ere Balfour was aware of his purpose, he sprung past him, and exerting that youthful agility of which he possessed an uncommon share, leaped clear across the fearful chasm which divided the mouth of the cave from the projecting rock on the opposite side, and stood there safe and free from his incensed enemy. He immediately ascended the ravine, and, as he turned, saw Burley stand for an instant aghast with astonishment, and then, with the frenzy of disappointed rage, rush into the interior of his cavern.

It was not difficult for him to perceive that this unhappy man's mind had been so long agitated by desperate schemes and sudden disappointments, that it had lost its equipoise, and that there was now in his conduct a shade of lunacy, not the less striking from the vigour and craft with which he pursued his wild designs. Morton soon joined his guide, who had been terrified by the fall of the oak. This he represented as accidental; and she assured him in return, that the inhabitant of the cave would experience no inconvenience from it, being always provided with materials to construct another bridge.

The adventures of the morning were not yet ended.—As they approached the hut, the little girl made an exclamation of surprise at seeing her grandmother groping her way towards them, at a greater distance from her home than she could have been supposed capable of travelling.

'O, sir, sir!' said the old woman, when she heard them approach, 'gin e'er ye loved Lord Evandale, help now or never!—God be praised that left my hearing when he took my poor eye-sight—Come this way—this way—And O! tread lightly. Peggy, hinny, gang saddle the gentleman's

horse, and lead him cannily ahint the thorny shaw, and bide him there.'

She conducted him to a small window, through which, himself unobserved, he could see two dragoons seated at their morning draught of ale, and conversing earnestly together.

'The more I think of it,' said the one, 'the less I like it, Inglis; Evandale was a good officer, and the soldier's friend; and though we were punished for the mutiny at Tillietudlem, yet, by ——, Frank, you must own we deserved it.'

'D——n seize me, if I forgive him for it though,' replied the other; 'and I think I can sit in his skirts now.'

'Why, man, you should forget and forgive—Better take the start with him along with the rest, and join the ranting Highlanders. We have all eat King James's bread.'

'Thou art an ass; the start, as you call it, will never happen; the day's put off. Halliday's seen a ghost, or Miss Bellenden's fallen sick of the pip, or some blasted nonsense or another; the thing will never keep two days longer, and the first that sings out will get the reward.'

'That's true, too,' answered his comrade; 'and will this fellow—this Basil Olifant, pay handsomely?'

'Like a prince, man; Evandale is the man on earth whom he hates worst, and he fears him beside about some law business, and were he once rubbed out of the way, all, he thinks, will be his own.'

'But shall we have warrants and force enough? Few people here will stir against my Lord, and we may find him with some of our own fellows at his back.'

'Thou'rt a cowardly fool, Dick,' returned Inglis; 'he is living quietly down at Fairy-knowe to avoid suspicion. Olifant is a magistrate, and will have some of his own people that he can trust along with him. There are us two, and the laird says he can get a desperate fighting whig fellow, called Quinten Mackell, that has an old grudge at Evandale.'

'Well, well, you are my officer, you know, and if any thing is wrong'——

'I'll take the blame,' said Inglis. 'Come, another pot of ale, and let us to Tillietudlem.—Here, blind Bess! where the devil has the old hag crept to?'

'Delay them as long as you can,' whispered Morton,

as he thrust his purse into the hostess's hand, 'all depends on gaining time.'

Then, walking swiftly to the place where the girl held his horse ready, 'To Fairy-knowe?—no; alone I could not protect them.—I must instantly to Glasgow. Wittenbold, the commandant there, will readily give me the support of a troop, and procure me the countenance of the civil power. I must drop a caution as I pass. Come, Moorkopf, he said, addressing his horse as he mounted him,—'this day must try your breath and speed.'

CHAPTER XV.

Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless for a little space he lay,
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.
Palæmon and Arcite

The indisposition of Edith confined her to bed during the eventful day on which she had received such an unexpected shock from the sudden apparition of Morton. Next morning, however, she was reported to be so much better, that Lord Evandale resumed his purpose of leaving Fairy-knowe. At a late hour in the forenoon, Lady Emily entered the apartment of Edith with a peculiar gravity of manner. Having received and paid the compliments of the day, she observed it would be a sad one for her, though it would relieve Miss Bellenden of an incumbrance—'My brother leaves us to-day, Miss Bellenden.'

'Leaves us!' exclaimed Edith in surprise; 'for his own house, I trust in Heaven!'

'I have reason to think he meditates a more distant journey; he has little to detain him in this country.'

'Good Heaven!' exclaimed Edith, 'why was I born to become the wreck of all that is manly and noble? What can be done to stop him from running headlong on ruin? I will come down instantly—Say that I implore he will not depart until I speak with him.'

'It will be in vain, Miss Bellenden; but I will execute your commission;' and she left the room as formally as

she had entered it, and informed her brother, Miss Bellenden was so much recovered as to propose coming down stairs ere he went away.

'I suppose,' she added pettishly, 'the prospect of being speedily released from our company has wrought a cure on her shattered nerves.'

'Sister,' said Lord Evandale, 'you are unjust, if not envious.'

'Unjust I may be, Evandale, but I should not have dreamt,' glancing her eye at a mirror, 'of being thought envious without better cause—But let us go to the old lady; she is making a feast in the other room, which might have dined all your troop when you had one.'

Lord Evandale accompanied her in silence to the parlour, for he knew it was in vain to contend with her prepossessions and offended pride. They found the table covered with refreshments arranged under the careful inspection of Lady Margaret.

'Ye could hardly weel be said to breakfast this morning, my Lord Evandale, and ye maun e'en partake of a small collation before ye ride, such as this poor house, whose inmates are so much indebted to you, can provide in their present circumstances. For my ain part, I like to see young folks take some refection before they ride out upon their sports or their affairs, and I said as much to his most Sacred Majesty when he breakfasted at Tillietudlem in the year of grace sixteen hundred and fifty one, and his most Sacred Majesty was pleased to reply, drinking to my health at the same time in a flagon of Rhenish wine, 'Lady Margaret, ye speak like a Highland oracle.' These were his Majesty's very words; so that your Lordship may judge whether I have not good authority to press young folk to partake of their vivers.'

It may be well supposed that much of the good Lady's speech failed Lord Evandale's ears, which were then employed in listentng for the light step of Edith. His absence of mind on this occasion, however natural, cost him very dear. While Lady Margaret was playing the kind hostess, a part she delighted and excelled in, she was interrupted by John Gudyill, who, in the usual phrase for announcing an inferior to the mistress of a family, said, 'There was ane wanting to speak to her Leddyship.'

'Ane! what ane? Has he nae name? Ye speak as if I kept a shop, and was to come at every body's whistle.'

'Yes, he has a name,' answered John, 'but your Leddyship likes ill to hear't.'

'What is it, you fool?'

'It's Calf-Gibbie, my Leddy,' said John, in a tone rather above the pitch of decorous respect, on which he occasionally trespassed, confiding in his merit as an ancient servant of the family, and a faithful follower of their humble fortunes—"It's Calf-Gibbie, an' your Leddyship will hae't, that keeps Edie Henshaw's kye down yonder at the Brig-end—that's him that was Guse-Gibbie at Tillietudlem, and gaed to the wappinshaw, and that'—

'Hold your peace, John; you are very insolent to think I wad speak wi' a person like that. Let him tell his business to you or Mrs. Headrigg.'

'He'll no hear o' that, my Leddy; he says, them that sent him bade him gi'e the thing to your Leddyship's ain hand direct, or to Lord Evandale's, he wots na whilk. But to say the truth, he's far frae fresh, and he's but an idiot an' he were.'

'Then turn him out,' said Lady Margaret, 'and tell him to come back to-morrow when he is sober. I suppose he comes to crave some benevolence, as an ancient follower o' the house.'

'Like enough, my Leddy, for he's a' in rags, poor creature.'

Gudyill made another attempt to get at Gibbie's commission, which was indeed of the last importance, being a few lines from Morton to Lord Evandale, acquainting him with the danger in which he stood from the practices of Olifant, and exhorting him either to instant flight, or else to come to Glasgow and surrender himself, where he could assure him of protection. This billet, hastily written, he entrusted to Gibbie, whom he saw feeding his herd beside the bridge, and backed with a couple of dollars his desire that it might instantly be delivered into the hand to which it was addressed.

But it was decreed that Goose-Gibbie's intermediation, whether as an emissary or as a man-at-arms, should be unfortunate to the family of Tillietudlem. He unluckily tarried so long at the ale-house, to prove if his employer's coin was good, that, when he appeared at Fairy-knowe,

the little sense which nature had given him was effectually drowned in ale and brandy, and instead of asking for Lord Evandale, he demanded to speak with Lady Margaret, whose name was more familiar to his ear. Being refused admittance to her presence, he staggered away with the letter undelivered, perversely faithful to Morton's instructions in the only point in which it would have been well had he departed from them.

A few minutes after he was gone Edith entered the apartment. Lord Evandale and she met with mutual embarrassment, which Lady Margaret, who only knew in general that their union had been postponed by her granddaughter's indisposition, set down to the bashfulness of a bride and bridegroom, and, to place them at ease, began to talk to Lady Emily on indifferent topics. At this moment Edith, with a countenance as pale as death, muttered, rather than whispered, to Lord Evandale, a request to speak with him. He offered his arm, and supported her into the small anti-room, which, as we have noticed before, opened from the parlour. He placed her in a chair, and taking one himself, awaited the opening of the conversation.

'I am distressed, my Lord,' were the first words she was able to articulate, and those with difficulty; 'I scarce know what I would say, nor how to speak it.'

'If I have any share in occasioning your uneasiness,' said Lord Evandale mildly, 'you will soon, Edith, be released from it.'

'You are determined then, my Lord, to run this desperate course with desperate men, in spite of your own better reason—in spite of your friends' entreaties—in spite of the almost inevitable ruin which yawns before you?'

'Forgive me, Miss Bellenden; even your solicitude on my account must not detain me when my honour calls. My horses stand ready saddled, my servants are prepared, the signal for rising will be given so soon as I reach Kilsythe—If it is my fate that calls me, I will not shun meeting it. It will be something,' he said, taking her hand, 'to die deserving your compassion, since I cannot gain your love.'

'O, my lord, remain,' said Edith, in a tone which went to his heart; time may explain the strange circumstance which has shocked me so much; my agitated nerves may

recover their tranquillity. O do not rush on death and ruin! remain to be our prop and stay, and hope every thing from time!'

'It is too late, Edith; and I were most ungenerous could I practise on the warmth and kindliness of your feelings towards me—I know you cannot love me; nervous distress, so strong as to conjure up the appearance of the dead or absent, indicates a predilection too powerful to give way to friendship and gratitude alone. But were it otherwise, the dye is now cast.'

As he spoke thus, Cuddie burst into the room, terror and haste in his countenance. 'O, my Lord, hide yoursel! they hae beset the outlets o' the house,' was his first exclamation.

'They? Who?' said Lord Evandale.

'A party of horse, headed by Basil Olifant,' answered Cuddie.

'O, hide yourself, my Lord!' echoed Edith, in an agony of terror.

'I will not, by Heaven!' answered Lord Evandale. 'What right has the villain to assail me or stop my passage? I will make my way were he backed by a regiment; tell Halliday and Hunter to get out the horses—And now farewell, Edith.' He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly; then bursting from his sister, who, with Lady Margaret, endeavoured to detain him, rushed out and mounted his horse.

All was in confusion—the women shrieked and rushed in consternation to the front windows of the house, from which they could see a small party of horsemen, of whom two only seemed soldiers. They were on the open ground before Cuddie's cottage, at the bottom of the descent from the house, and showed caution in approaching it, as if uncertain of the strength within.

'He may escape, he may escape,' said Edith; 'O, would he but take the bye-road!'

But Lord Evandale, determined to face a danger which his high spirit undervalued, commanded his servants to follow him, and rode composedly down the avenue. Old Gudyill ran to arm himself, and Cuddie snatched down a gun which was kept for the protection of the house, and, although on foot, followed Lord Evandale. It was in vain his wife, who had hurried up on the alarm, hung by his

skirts, threatening him with death by the sword or halter for meddling wi' other folk's matters.

'Haud your peace, ye b——,' said Cuddie, 'and that's braid Scotch, or I wot na what is; is it other folk's matters to see Lord Evandale murdered before my face?' and down the avenue he marched. But considering on the way that he composed the whole infantry, as John Gudyill had not appeared, he took his vantage ground behind the hedge, hammered his flint, cocked his piece, and, taking a long aim at Laird Basil, as he was called, stood prompt for action.

As soon as Lord Evandale appeared, Olifant's party spread themselves a little, as if preparing to enclose him. Their leader stood fast, supported by three men, two of whom were dragoons, the third in dress and appearance a countryman, all well armed. But the strong figure, stern features, and resolved manner of the third attendant made him seem the most formidable of the party; and whoever had before seen him could have no difficulty in recognising Balfour of Burley.

'Follow me,' said Lord Evandale to his servants, 'and if we are forcibly opposed, do as I do.' He advanced at a hand gallop towards Olifant, and was in the act of demanding why he had thus beset the road, when Olifant called out, 'Shoot the traitor!' and the whole four fired their carabines upon the unfortunate nobleman. He reeled in the saddle, advanced his hand to the holster, and drew a pistol, but, unable to discharge it, fell from his horse mortally wounded. His servants had presented their carabines. Hunter fired at random, but Halliday, who was an intrepid fellow, took aim at Inglis, and shot him dead on the spot. At the same instant a shot, from behind the hedge, still more effectually avenged Lord Evandale, for the balls took place in the very midst of Basil Olifant's forehead, and stretched him lifeless on the ground. His followers, astonished at the execution done in so short a time, seemed rather disposed to stand inactive, when Burley, whose blood was up with the contest, exclaimed, 'Down with the Midianites!' and attacked Halliday sword in hand. At this instant the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and a party of horse, rapidly advancing on the road from Glasgow, appeared on the fatal field. They were

foreign dragoons, led by the Dutch commandant, Wittenbold, accompanied by Morton and a civil magistrate.

A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Burley, who turned his horse and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer, but being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from thence, he made for a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carabines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took place when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong muscular man, had in the meanwhile laid hands on him. Burley, in requital, grasped his throat, as a dying tyger seizes his prey, and both losing the saddle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Balfour's grasp could not have been unclenched without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a ruder epitaph.'*

* Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend, Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins and cambrics as in small

While the soul of this stern enthusiast flitted to its account, that of the brave and generous Lord Evandale was also released. Morton had flung himself from his horse upon perceiving his situation, to render his dying friend all the aid in his power. He knew him, for he pressed his hand, and, being unable to speak, intimated by signs his wish to be conveyed to the house. This was done with all the care possible, and he was soon surrounded by his lamenting friends. But the clamorous grief of Lady Emily was far exceeded in intensity by the silent agony of Edith. Unconscious even of the presence of Morton, she hung over the dying man; nor was she aware that fate, who was removing one faithful lover, had restored another as if from the grave, until Lord Evandale, taking their hands in his, pressed them both affectionately, united them together, raised his face, as if to pray for a blessing on them, and sunk back and expired in the next moment.

CONCLUSION.

I HAD determined to waive the task of a concluding chapter, leaving to the reader's imagination the arrangements which must necessarily take place after Lord Evandale's death. But as I was aware that precedents are wanting for a practice which might be found convenient, both to readers and compilers, I confess myself to have been in a considerable dilemma, when fortunately I was honoured with an invitation to drink tea with Miss Martha Buskbody, a young lady who has carried on the pro-

wares, to procure me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage, a copy of the Epitaphion alluded to. And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus:

Here lyes ane saint to prelates surly,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,
Who stirred up to vengeance take,
For solemn League and Cov'nant's sake,
Upon the Magus-Moor, in Fife,
Did tak James Sharpe the apostate's life;
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.

fession of mantua-making at Gandercleugh, and in the neighbourhood, with great success, for about forty years.—Knowing her taste for narratives of this description, I requested her to look over the loose sheets the morning before I waited on her, and enlighten me by the experience which she must have acquired in reading through the whole stock of three circulating libraries in Gandercleugh and the two next market towns. When, with a palpitating heart, I appeared before her in the evening, I found her much disposed to be complimentary.

'I have not been more affected,' said she, wiping the glasses of her spectacles, 'by any novel, excepting the Tale of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy, which is indeed pathos itself; but your plan of omitting a formal conclusion will never do. You may be as harrowing to our nerves as you will in the course of your story, but, unless you had the genius of the author of Julia de Roubigne, never let the end be altogether overclouded. Let us see a glimpse of sunshine in the last chapter; it is quite essential.'

'Nothing would be more easy for me, madam, than to comply with your injunctions; for, in truth, the parties in whom you have had the goodness to be interested, did live long and happily, and begot sons and daughters.'

'It is unnecessary, sir,' she said, with a slight nod of reprimand, 'to be particular concerning their matrimonial comforts.—But what is your objection to let us have, in a general way, a glimpse of their future felicity?'

'Really, madam, you must be aware, that every volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion, just like your tea, which, though excellent hyson, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the one is by no means improved by the luscious lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so I think a history, growing already vapid, is but dully crutched up by a detail of circumstances which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every flowery epithet in the language.'

'This will not do, Mr. Pattieson,' continued the lady; 'you have, as I may say, basted up your first story very hastily and clumsily at the conclusion; and, in my trade, I would have cuffed the youngest apprentice who had put such a horrid and bungled spot of work out of her hand.—

And if you do not redeem this gross error by telling us all about the marriage of Morton and Edith, and what became of the other personages of the story, from Lady Margaret down to Goose-Gibbie, I apprise you, that you will not be held to have accomplished your task handsomely.'

'Well, madam,' I replied, 'my materials are so ample, that I think I can satisfy your curiosity, unless it descend to very minute circumstances indeed.'

'First, then,' said she, 'for that is most essential,—Did Lady Margaret get back her fortune and her castle?"

'She did, madam, and in the easiest way imaginable, as heir, namely, to her worthy cousin, Basil Olifant, who died without a will; and thus, by his death, not only restored, but even augmented, the fortune of her, whom, during his life, he had pursued with the most inveterate malice. John Gudyill, reinstated in his dignity, was more important than ever; and Cuddie, with rapturous delight, entered upon the cultivation of the mains of Tillietudlem, and the occupation of his original cottage. But, with the shrewd caution of his character, he was never heard to boast of having fired the lucky shot which repossessed his lady and himself in their original habitations. 'After a',' he said to Jenny, who was his only confidante, 'he was my Leddy's cousin, and a grand gentleman; and though he was acting again the law, as I understand, for he ne'er shewed ony warrant, or required Lord Evandale to surrender, and though I mind killing him nae mair than I wad do a muircock, yet it is as weel to keep a calm sough about it.' He not only did so, but ingeniously enough countenanced a report that old Gudyill had done the deed, which was worth many a gill of brandy to him from the old butler, who, far different in disposition from Cuddie, was much more inclined to exaggerate than suppress his exploits of manhood. The blind widow was provided for in the most comfortable manner, as well as the little guide to the Linn; and"——

'But what is all this to the marriage—the marriage of the principal personages?' interrupted Miss Buskbody, impatiently tapping her snuff-box.

'The marriage of Morton and Miss Bellenden was delayed for several months, as both went into deep mourning

on account of Lord Evendale's death. They were then wedded.'

'I hope, not without Lady Margaret's consent, sir? I love books which teach a proper deference in young persons to their parents. In a novel they may fall in love without their countenance, because it is essential to the necessary intricacy of the story, but they must always have the benefit of their countenance at last. Even old Delville received Cecilia, though the daughter of a man of low birth.'

'And even so, madam, Lady Margaret was prevailed on to countenance Morton, although the old Covenanter, his father, stuck sorely with her for some time. Edith was her only hope, and she wished to see her happy; Morton, or Melville Morton, as he was more generally called, stood so high in the reputation of the world, and was in every other respect such an eligible match, that she put her prejudice aside, and consoled herself with the recollection, that marriage went by destiny, as was observed to her, she said, by his most Sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, when she shewed him the portrait of her grandfather Fergus, third Earl of Torwood, the handsomest man of his time, and that of Countess Jane, his second lady, who had a hump-back and only one eye. This was his Majesty's observation, she said, on one remarkable morning when he deigned to take his *disjune*"——

'Nay,' said Miss Buskbody, again interrupting me, 'if she bring such authority to countenance her acquiescing in a misalliance, there was no more to be said.—And what became of old Mrs. What's her name, the housekeeper?"

'Mrs. Wilson, madam,' answered I; 'she was perhaps the happiest of the party; for once a year, and not oftener, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Morton dined in the great wainscoted-chamber in solemn state, the hangings being all displayed, the carpet laid down, and the huge brass-candlesticks set on the table, stuck round with leaves of laurel. The preparing the room for this yearly festival employed her mind for six months before it came about, and the putting matters to rights occupied her the other six, so that a single day of rejoicing found her business for all the year round."

'And Niel Blane?"

'Lived to a good old age, drank ale and brandy with guests of all persuasions, played whig or jacobite tunes as

best pleased his customers, and died worth as much money as married Jenny to a cock-laird. I hope, ma'am, you have no other enquiries to make, for really"——

'Goose-Gibbe, sir—Goose-Gibbie, whose ministry was fraught with such consequences to the personages of the narrative?"

'Consider, my dear Miss Buskbody,' (I beg pardon for the familiarity,)—'but pray consider even the memory of the renowned Scheherazade, that Empress of Tale-tellers, could not preserve every circumstance. I am not quite positive as to the fate of Goose-Gibbie, but am inclined to think him the same with one Gilbert Dudden, alias Calf-Gibbie, who was whipped through Hamilton for stealing poultry.'

Miss Buskbody now placed her left foot on the fender, crossed her right leg over knee, lay back on the chair, and looked towards the ceiling. When I observed her assume this contemplative mood, I concluded she was studying some farther cross-examination, and therefore took my hat and wished her a hasty goodnight, ere the Demon of Criticism had supplied her with any more queries. In like manner, gentle Reader, returning you my thanks for the patience which has conducted you thus far, I take the liberty to withdraw myself from you for the present.

PERORATION.

It was mine earnest wish, most courteous Reader, that the 'Tales of my Landlord' should have reached thine hands in one entire succession of tomes, or volumes. But as I sent some few more manuscript quires, containing the continuation of these most pleasant narratives, I was apprised, somewhat uncereinoniously, by my publisher, that he did not approve of novels (as he injuriously called these real histories) extending beyond four volumes, and, if I did not agree to the first four being published separately, he threatened to decline the article (O, ignorance! as if the vernacular article of our our mother English were capable of declension!) Whereupon, somewhat moved by his remonstrances, and more by heavy charges for print and

paper, which he stated to have been already incurred, I have resolved that these four volumes shall be the heralds or avant-couriers of the Tales which are yet in my possession, nothing doubting that they will be eagerly devoured, and the remainder anxiously demanded, by the unanimous voice of a discerning public. I rest, esteemed Reader, thine as thou shalt construe me,

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

Ganderclough, Nov. 15, 1816.

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